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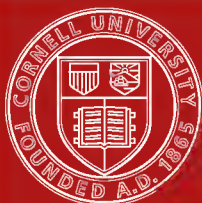
BY THE SAME AUTHOR

EMMA LADY HAMILTON

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Lord Glenelg
from an engraving of the portrait by Sir Allan Ramsay



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THE GLENBERVIE JOURNALS

EDITED AND ARRANGED

BY

WALTER SICHEL

ILLUSTRATED

With a Frontispiece and Sixteen Portraits

LONDON

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1910

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THE GLENBERVIE JOURNALS.

Introductory.

THESE Journals were sold, unclassified, together with other papers among the Sheffield and Gibbon documents recently disposed of at auction. I acquired them from a well-known bookseller who had bought them, and after perusing their contents, I found them to be the work of Sylvester Douglas, in 1800 created

ERRATA.

Page 2, line 26—*For* “1814” *read* “1815.”

Page 5, line 9—*For* “was asked” *read* “proposed.”

Page 23, note, line 3 from foot—*For* “This is” *read*
“Father of.”

Page 141, line 3—*After* “Dropmore” *insert* “(Fortescue)”.

„ „ 4—*For the words from* “letter” *to* “dis-
patch” *read* “dispatch from Sir William
Hamilton.”

„ „ 8 and 9—*For the sentence ending* “repro-
duced” *read* “Lady Hamilton’s letter to
Nelson reproduced in my work seems to
have followed a fresh and, presumably,
similar missive to her from the Queen.”

Page 256—“Sheridan, R. B., Associate of Cagliostro.” By
indexer’s oversight the “Sheridan”
mentioned on page 87 has been wrongly
classified as Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

scious humour that recall the pomposities of a vanished age. "May I beg of you," says Sir Barnet Skettles in "Dombey and Son," "to present my best compliments to your dear Papa." This elaborate air savours somewhat of Lord Glenbervie, who here and there seems proud of his stiff manners, circumlocution, and eruptions into accentless Greek and superfluous French. He loves moralisation, too, and shows himself the very Polonius of Diary, as Creevey shows himself its Paul Pry ; but his thoughts are often acute, for, as befits a Scotsman, he was both shrewd and observant. He can sum up character. And the trivial things recorded sometimes seem more human than the significant, as when he sends the young Gordon to Astley's. Nor is a certain pathos absent from a chronicle undertaken for the future benefit of a dearly-loved wife and an adored son. The youth on whom he set all his hopes did not live long enough completely to fulfil them, and his father survived him in sorrow.

Two only out of a series of these diaries found place at the sale of the Sheffield papers, and it would be interesting to know what has become of the rest. The first Journal deals with the stirring events throughout Europe towards the close of the year 1793 ; the second, with divers people and varied occasions from April, 1811, to February, 1814. So far as can be gathered, none of the Journals has ever yet been published, and they deserve to see the light as a real contribution to striking parts of the inner life of their period. Their author was renowned enough to be lampooned, nor did such a staunch and rewarded Pittite escape the lash of his brilliant contemporary, Sheridan. The young Douglas had started life as a student of medicine, a fact

which the champion of Fox turned to account in one of his impromptu political nonsense-rhymes :—

“ Glenbervie, Glenbervie,
 What's good for the scurvy ?
 For ne'er be your old trade forgot—
 In your arms rather quarter
 A pestle and mortar,
 And your crest be a spruce gallipot.
 “ Glenbervie, Glenbervie,
 The world's topsy-turvy—
 Of this truth you're the fittest attester ;
 For who can deny
 That the Low becomes High
 When the King makes a Lord of Sylvester ? ”

For the skeleton of the following short memoir I am indebted to the “ Dictionary of National Biography.” Sylvester Douglas was born on May 24th, 1743, the son of one John Douglas of Fechil, and Margaret, daughter and co-heiress of James Gordon. Lord Glenbervie claimed some kinsmanship with the Hamiltons, but the censorious begrudged full credit to the claim, though in a distant degree it was probably well founded. By the Gordon connection, too, he set store, as will be seen from his mention of a young relative, James Gordon, whose interests in the Navy he forwarded. Sent to study in Holland, like so many of his countrymen, including Boswell, he graduated in medicine and law at the University of Leyden when he was twenty-three. Adopting the latter profession, he entered Lincoln's Inn in the April of 1771, just two years before Richard Brinsley Sheridan was admitted a student of the Inner Temple. At Easter, 1776, he was called to the Bar, and soon distinguished himself as a reporter in the King's Bench. For a long time he seems to have been retained in important

cases, and he made many and influential connections, recommending himself to the powerful Lord North and his satellites, as in course of time to the young Pitt. He was welcomed at Lord North's *villeggiatura* near Bushey, and in September, 1789, married Lady Katherine Anne, one of the smiling statesman's daughters. It was said that at first the Lord of the blue ribbon did not much relish this alliance, and was curious as to the pedigree of the middle-aged suitor. But eventually he stood on the friendliest terms, and at his death he left them his Bushey "Pheasantry"—part of his suburban pleasaunce and a delightful retreat. The union proved of the happiest; an only child, Frederick, named after Lord North, was the fruit, and in him the whole hopes of his parents were centred. In 1793 Sylvester Douglas was made a King's Counsel and a Bencher of his Inn; possibly he was disappointed at the long delay in both of these honours, but, at any rate, he now began to feel dissatisfied with his profession and his progress in it. In 1790 the famed father-in-law died, and the effects of his ill-starred association with Fox in the Coalition of April, 1783, were well-nigh forgotten. Sylvester Douglas's bias, like his friend Sir Gilbert Elliot's, was that of a moderate Whig, and moderate Whigs were inclined to support the prescience and unfettered independence of the youthful Pitt. The first blasts of the French Revolution had sounded, the walls of loyalty and security already tottered, and the friends of monarchical order were alarmed. English Jacobinism shocked the old Revolution families into reaction. Douglas determined to quit the Bar and to take up politics as a staunch upholder of Pitt, ten years of whose long reign had by 1793 justified the national confidence. The opening

of the first of these Diaries shows Douglas as chosen by the "Atlas of the State" to accompany Sir Gilbert Elliot on a mission to Toulon, which the inhabitants had handed over in the August of that year to be held for the French Royalists by Admiral Hood. Sir Gilbert Elliot has commemorated his own journey to Toulon in his "Life and Letters." At the last moment his friend's part in it fell through, but, notwithstanding, Douglas was asked to accompany Elliot to Brussels. There he met many interesting people and gleaned much interesting information. He proceeded to visit the lines of the Duke of York's army and to meet the commander himself in a year the January of which had witnessed the execution of Louis XVI., the spring the French declaration of war, the succeeding months the Reign of Terror under the auspices of Robespierre, the siege of Toulon (a short-lived victory) with the emergence of the young Napoleon, the trial and execution of the Queen (which stupefied our diarist), the assassination of Marat, the beheadal of Philippe Egalité, and the suppression of the Royalist rising in La Vendée — truly an *Annus Mirabilis*. We are plunged at once into the thick of a fray which, under changing phases, was to last twenty-two years. The Duke of York's elusive conquests soon turned into defeats, and the anti-Jacobin campaign, first into a struggle to replace royalty, and then into the grapple with Napoleon culminating in Waterloo. Little was it thought at this beginning that only the wooden walls of Britain could save her.

Douglas prospered in the political sphere, and though never a leader or inspirer, he played some part for many years behind the scenes, exhibiting tact, and (what was then rarer) business ability. Ireland at that period was

the Tom Tiddler's ground of Parliamentary fortune-hunters. In 1794 he received the post of Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Westmorland, in the place of Lord Hobart, and was returned as Member for Irishtown. In the May of the same year he was made both an English and Irish Privy Councillor. Being replaced early in the following year as Chief Secretary by Lord Milton, he sat in the English Parliament for Fowey, and was appointed to a Commissionership of the Board of Control, which he retained till 1806 when Fox re-entered into power. In 1797 he exchanged Fowey for Midhurst, and secured a Lordship of the Treasury, which he resigned in 1800 on an appointment—never taken up—as Governor of the Cape ; while in this last year he was created Baron Glenbervie of Kincardine in the peerage of Ireland, one of the many titles bestowed by Pitt in furtherance of the Union. During the previous year Douglas had already spoken against Jekyll's motion for inquiry into the motives for Lord Fitzwilliam's recall at a moment when Catholic emancipation was in sight, and he had served his master by advocating the Union in the Irish Parliament.*

"Si vous ne demandez rien, vous n'aurez rien," says one of the characters in these pages, and this was certainly a political motto of the period. Lord Glenbervie did not cease his sinecures with the pigmy Addington's interregnum. He became Joint - Paymaster - General, and found a seat at a bye - election for Plympton Earle. In the summer of the next year he added the honour of Vice - President of the Board of Trade, a position for which he had real aptitude ; while the General Election of that year found him Member

* This speech (of April 23rd, 1799) was printed during that year in Dublin.

for Hastings. In 1803 he accepted the place, so much murmured at in his later Diary, of Surveyor of Woods and Forests. He had to relinquish his Joint-Paymastership ; which, however, he resumed in 1806. In 1807, too, he was raised to be First Chief Commissioner of the United Offices, and in that haven he remained till 1814, when Huskisson reigned in his stead. The allusions in the second Diary to the kindred of Dundas (Lord Melville) and to the hapless Princess of Wales, one of whose ladies-in-waiting Lady Glenbervie was, are not without a personal interest. With respect to Melville, Lord Glenbervie was appointed one of the secret committee of inquiry into the advance of one hundred thousand pounds for naval service, but he voted against Whitbread's vote of censure, and his bias against the radical denouncer is manifest ; as Chairman of the House he presented the report on this matter in June, 1805. As regards Queen Caroline, he gave evidence as a warm adherent in October, 1820. His closing years were clouded by the untimely death of his son, Frederick Sylvester North Douglas, before he had reached the age of thirty. Educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford, where he won a first-class in Classics ; the author of essays concerning some resemblances between the ancient and modern Greeks ; a Member for Banbury in 1812 and 1818, the young Douglas was an accomplished scholar and social favourite. He married a Yorkshire lady, Miss Wrightson, but left no issue surviving ; so that on his father's death, which occurred at Cheltenham in 1823, the title was not revived. Lord Glenbervie too had been an author in his own dry way. He published papers in the " *Philosophical Transactions* " of 1768 and 1773, a " *History*

of Controverted Elections " (1775), a "Dissertatio Medica " (at Leyden, in 1776), and what not of forgotten lumber on statutes and the like, while his correct if cold taste for the Muses was evinced by an edition of his brother-in-law James Mercer's "Lyric " Poems (which ran to three editions), by a "Translation of the first Canto of 'Ricciardetto,' with an introduction concerning the principal romantic, burlesque and mock heroic poets " (1821), and by the amateur translations comprised in the second of these Journals. Some of his lucubrations would appear to have been submitted to the then firm of Constable. He seems occasionally (though this is not certain) to have tried his pen (and perhaps his readers) in the *Edinburgh Review*.

The Journals themselves are kaleidoscope rather than panorama, but they are a kaleidoscope of vignettes.

The personal recollections of the French Queen, with which the first Diary opens, will be perused with interest ; so will Lord Glenbervie's information as to the real source of the Duke of Brunswick's famous Manifesto. Then, the glimpses of the Diarist's *tête-à-tête* with the celebrated and chivalrous Count Fersen ; of General Mack and the Prince of Coburg ; of Clerfayt, Beau lieu and Malonet. La Marck, Metternich, and the Neckers take the stage, while sidelights are cast on Cazalès, Lafayette, Mirabeau, Chauvelin, and Lucchesini. Women too play a prominent part in these pages — Madame de Vaudreuil, De Gand, De Coigny, De Flahault, Du Barry, D'Hénin, and eventually Madame de Stäel. It was a time when your fair, foreign neighbour at dinner might be a loyalist, a revolutionist, or a spy, or any of these under the guise of

the other. The profiles of Lord Loughborough, "Fish" Crawford, and "Old Q." are piquant, and Gibbon as a reminiscent guest is a figure not to be missed. We can see him rapping his snuff-box and preparing his terse points and ample periods. The interest shifts across the Channel. Very effective is the romance of Gaston and La Vendée, which might well furnish the subject of a drama.

Fresh aspects appear of poor Marie Antoinette's family and of the fated and hated Duke of Orleans—of whom 'twas said, "*Poltron sur mer, escroc sur terre, et vaurien partout.*" We can hear the flippant and callous laugh of the Foxite, Mrs. Bouverie, who was one of Sheridan's fairest allies, over the insulted "young Madame." Condorcet, Brissot, Sieyès and Lally Tollendal succeed, till at length we reach a convincing and early impression of Cagliostro, which preludes an interesting peep at Benjamin Franklin. Queen Charlotte, too, figures in more than one connection; nor would it be easy to find such an authentic picture of the Mecklenburg princess's queer *début* in England. Pungent are the retrospects of the big (rather than the great) Lord Bath, and of the "proud" Duke of Somerset, followed by curious anecdotes of English adventurers in Germany; while among these reminders of the past is one of Lord Bolingbroke, and another (in the second Diary) of Lord Chatham. The new story of young Pitt, while a barrister in Lincoln's Inn, encroaching on his capital rather than cut a poor figure on his income, exhibits the temperament of the future Premier in a much more reckless light than tradition reports it. Lady Craven is always a Bohemian fairy, while the strange story of Madame de Souza and the old tattle about Pamela and Sheridan

are not without their *sauce tartare*, though some of it has had to be wiped away, as, much later on, in the case of *chronique scandaleuse* concerning Devonshire House, and even in connection with the immaculate Miss Berry. But there is far more solid fare than the racy anecdotes interspersed. We hear of diplomatic imbroglios in Florence and elsewhere, and gain some estimate of Burke's true political position at the moment of his final rupture with his old allies.

The second Journal ushers in a new and less picturesque world: the eighteenth century was practically dead. Though some of the old presences lingered, a new generation had come into play. Politically, Sheridan was a ghost, and the Parliamentary giants were extinct. Except for Napoleon—and what an exception!—everything had grown smaller; we look at things through the wrong end of the telescope. It is the age of an aftermath. The curtain rises on the Bath of 1811, where some celebrities yet linger, mostly a remnant; but Lords Hood and Malmesbury, and the witty George Ellis are still to the fore. The departure on Lord Glenbervie's forest inspection was by a route which included a "railway caravan," and as usual he fell in with some out-of-the-way characters—a Countess Oeynhausen and her daughters. On his return, there is a touch of Sydney Smith, and Lady Glenbervie resumes her waiting on Princess Caroline. Then comes the news of the old King's relapse, and a grand *fête* at Carlton House has to be postponed. Soon afterwards, however, the gaieties recommence, and Lady Glenbervie takes a holiday from her attendance at Kensington Palace. We meet some of the Bourbons, and then the Glenbervies repair to Brighton for the air "on this elevated situa-

tion " and " the warm sea-baths." After an unusually sentimental episode of recollection and some pathetic *mots* of blind wits, a meeting with Blanco White, a tragedy before their windows, and some reflections on the Prince Regent's hideous statue, we begin to mix in the Brighton Society, including the Montalemberts and " a withered Nabob." Lord Glenbervie encounters the inextinguishable Lady Hamilton, who even now, four years before her death, displays her wonderful attitudes and bewitches him, at a " Mrs. Cowell's, the wife of a merchant in London "; and then we are told of " Old Q.'s " disastrous will, the protracted lawsuit over which disappointed the luckless Emma of a legacy. Next, the scene changes to Tunbridge Wells, and two influential and self-made families, the Johnstones and the Chinneries. Lord William Spencer, nephew of the Duke of Marlborough, the ruined man of fashion, talent, and album-verses, an *habitué* at the Chinneries' rich table, claims attention. In walks the " blue " Lydia White, and there is a mention of Mrs. " Psyche " Tighe, who still languishes alluringly in the Romney frontispiece to her " poems." Other figures are " the learned, silent and saturnine Lord Aberdeen," and Ward, the elaborate wit satirised by the elaborate " poet " Samuel Rogers. An interval of East Cowes Castle and of the Diarist's forest grievances introduces town again with lighter gossip about Princess Caroline and her daughter, Princess Charlotte ; " shocking, very shocking," is the retailer's comment. A disquisition in his most solemn style on a Greek epigram and some classical scraps yield to official grumblings, and his wrath at the intermeddling of Creevey, whom he calls " that *accusateur officieux*." And then, *à propos* of Whitbread,

we get some talk about the *Rejected Addresses*, and, above all, a graphic, full-length and most speaking likeness of Dr. Parr, the schoolfellow and tutor of Sheridan—the whig Dr. Johnson, “a hard-headed man of a powerful, coarse intellect, with the disposition and many of the qualifications of a Demagogue.” His alternate flatteries and rudenesses at the Princess Caroline’s Blackheath dinner-table are described, his dislike of Sydney Smith recorded, and Lord Glenbervie goes away set against “a third night of this harlequin-Dr. Faustus.”

The most fascinating part perhaps, however, of these old-world memories is the portrayal of Madame de Stäel, who now makes her appearance, fresh from Sweden and Bernadotte, to startle the London season. Stäel “the epicene,” as the Anti-Jacobin and Byron, who visited her bedside, term her, formed the sensation of months. Sheridan, as Creevey tells us, flattered her mind, and she, Sheridan’s morals ; but Lady Jersey, as we now learn, was among the first to receive her, the Princess of Wales coveted her company, and the Prince was absorbed, though Lady Hertford and Lady Castlereagh turned their backs. Through a stretch of this Journal this extraordinary woman (whom some thought a political spy) flits backwards and forwards. We learn something of her thoughts, much of her ways. Lord Glenbervie, who rather plumed himself on correct gallantry, cultivated her ; so did his son ; while his wife made a pencil drawing of her face. Talleyrand, of whom we get fresh *aperçus*, said of her *Delphine*, “*On dit qu’elle s’y a peint elle-même, et moi, en femme.*” We listen to the French oracle not only in London, but at Richmond, her pet theory about the superiority of emotion to scenery is mooted, and a curious episode of

her life recounted. Meanwhile, the town thrills with Wellington's triumph at Vittoria, and the great Vauxhall celebration of it: the Prince stayed away because the Princess managed to win admission. An authentic anecdote succeeds of the Peninsular hero, who was followed, it seems, by his old nurse, as the laundress of his "white neck-cloaths." Horace Walpole and the Berrys variegate the flatness of the landscape, and through the Stäel (among other recollections) we get a story about Talleyrand, Napoleon, and America. Through the Prince of Orange, too, Lord Glenbervie is able to give us some strange sayings of Maria Carolina, Queen of Naples, sister of Marie Antoinette, and friend of Lady Hamilton.

Lord Glenbervie, who knew all the wits of his time, except Sterne, and most of the sages, who was acquainted with Sir Joshua Reynolds and his circle, and who gives us a batch of scattered anecdotes about Burke, had somehow never spoken to Dr. Johnson, and indeed had only set eyes on him once while he was stepping into a coach. Under these restrictions he includes the long but now familiar letter which Johnson wrote to William Drummond in 1766 on the question of circulating polyglot translations of the Scriptures. Anyone can see it in "Boswell's Life," so it has been excided, but this is not the sole occasion on which Lord Glenbervie handles things of literary import.

There is a striking anecdote of Napoleon in relation to Mrs. Bathurst, widow of that murdered envoy, the mystery of whose disappearance has never fully been solved. Then follow some *traits* of Tierney, the most interesting of lost leaders and a brilliant political

"almost." And there are recollections of Lord Shelburne, of the Dowager Lady Lansdowne, of Chief Justice Eyre, and of the Horne Tooke prosecution. The rumours preluding Napoleon's defeat at Leipsic lead up to a story of Catherine of Russia and her English physician, Baron Dimsdale, with others, worth preserving, of Lord Mansfield in youth, and of the famous Duchess of Marlborough. The whole concludes with a short tour to Spa, Aix, and Nice, which has been printed with many curtailments, one of which, however, presents a charming picture of a peasants' ball in Bavaria.

Such is the *menu*. It is hardly perhaps an epicure's banquet, but it is a very serviceable dinner, and one from which it seemed a pity to exclude all but the reader of a manuscript which, be it remarked, is sometimes hard to decipher. Diaries of the past, written by those, whatever their capacity, who were conversant with men and affairs, often lead to something new, even when the novelty is chiefly that of first-hand information. Most of the minor Journals now current have a countenance of their own. Lord Glenbervie's, I think, presents the aspect of a substantial old Georgian house; it is balanced though rambling. There is a Dutch formality and restraint, yet there are queer whispers along the corridors and in the powder-closets. One by one bygone forms flit before us, and they flit in an age when personality and personages grow rarer than they were over a century ago.

Diaries are echoes of the past. Who are the best Diarists? They, surely, who can give us most and the most lifelike of what is memorable in themselves and others. Sympathy is their talisman. Pepys is perhaps the most atmospheric of them all, because a unique per-

sonality, at once formal and impulsive, plodding and joyous, clerk and gipsy, mechanic and musician, churchman and pagan, turned self-confessor in a long life of queer contrasts. Boswell is *par excellence* the dramatic Diarist, for he gives himself in tracking what Hannah More calls "the pyramids" of his gigantic hero, while he bodies forth a whole society in the process; Fanny Burney is the prim chronicler; Lord Minto, the after-dinner official; Lord Colchester, the matter-of-fact journalist; Greville, the peeper through keyholes; Creevey, like Croker, an irrepressible go-between; and in our own day, Grant-Duff, the receptive encyclopædist of miscellaneous story. Lord Glenbervie falls below the big names, but is not inferior to the small. He overheard much that has been concealed, while a sometimes irrelevant accuracy is tempered by a genial good-humour. Polonius has his due uses. Hamlet's Diary would have been confined to his feelings, and must have disclosed the self-consciousness of a monomaniac. Ophelia's would have been touching, but scarcely social. Nor is the dramatic aspect absent. "We are actors," observes Lord Glenbervie of Philippe Egalité's mode of making his exit "(except in scenes of mere privacy), through life, and even in death." Let us welcome Polonius as Diarist; he is at least a clubman. Most diaries are after dinner; it all depends on what sort of a dinner they follow.

It could be wished that the correspondence with Lady Glenbervie, which her husband notices as maintained during an earlier French visit in company with Windham, had been preserved, and that the missing volumes of these Diaries, already mentioned, may yet be found. Pending that, these two Glenbervie Journals are now

issued for the immediate entertainment of all who are disposed to incline a favourable regard upon the memorialist.

Lord Glenbervie's own comments are marked with his initial in the notes. My task has been simply that of showman. I have annotated, explained, and abridged. Where I have fallen short I hope to be corrected. If I have at all succeeded, the success is Lord Glenbervie's.

September, 1910.

WALTER SICHEL.

JOURNAL I.

[October 1793 to the close of that year.]

Thursday, 17th October, 1793.—This autumn we had resolved to inoculate our little boy, and as I have never had the small-pox, I had some intention of making a short excursion to Brussels while he was under the operation. When the day was fixed, viz., the 9th of Sept., I felt too much anxiety, both on his account and his mother's, to remove to such a distance from them, and my project was entirely relinquished. Afterwards a proposal was made to me by Sir G. Elliot, and, through him, by Mr. Pitt, that I should go to Toulon with a commission as Secretary to that joint commission, of which Sir G. himself is intended to be the efficient and responsible member for all matters of negotiation and treaty with the friends to Royalty in France. On Friday, the 11th of Oct., the terms on which I was willing to engage in that employment and to quit a profession which I had practised for several years, not without success but with very little liking, especially of late, were expressly settled, and to all appearance finally concluded between Mr. Pitt and me, in the presence, and by the intervention of Sir. G. The next day the whole was suddenly put an end to in a manner which surprised me a great deal, and for various reasons vexed me too, but to the greater surprise and, I believe, concern of my friend, who had commenced, conducted, and concluded

the negotiation between Mr. Pitt and me (and to which Mr. Dundas also was in some degree privy) from motives extremely gratifying to me. I had been to follow him two days after his departure, which was then fixed for Tuesday last,* and to overtake him at Brussels. When the affair as to me was off, I wished to show him some slight proof of my sense of his friendship, and of my sincere attachment. I had besides several private concerns both of his and of my own, to talk over with him. His journey was deferred till this day, and I resolved to accompany him still to Brussels. Mr. Elliot of Wells had also proposed to be of the party, who had first been thought by Sir G. as the friend whom he wished to have with him on his Mission, and had, after consideration, been under the necessity, from very amiable motives of a domestic nature, of declining what he had at first acceded to.

Sir Gilbert had some visits to make on the way to Dover, and Elliot was to join him at Cobham near Gravesend (Lord Darnley's) on Friday morning. I went this day to Waldershare, where I slept all night, and we all met at Dover the next day, and embarking about half past ten on board a government packet and attended by an armed cutter which the Admiralty had sent us convoy for Sir G., we arrived about eleven on Saturday morning at Ostend.

I had told Lady K.† that I should write to her every

* "An exact account of that transaction I wrote immediately after to Windham, and I have preserved a little red book, in Lady K.'s handwriting, a copy of my letter to him, and of his answer, and also of several other letters, and memorandums relative to the business."—[G.]

† His wife, Lady Katherine, daughter of Lord North and sister of Lady Sheffield.

day, and that my letters should contain a sort of diary of what I might see or hear, and think worth sending to her for her information or amusement. If she preserve those letters, as she did what I wrote to her from Paris, in Sept. and Oct. 1791, they will serve the purpose of a journal. The present therefore is only meant as a kind of supplement to them.

On Saturday the 19th we slept at Bruges—Hôtel de la Fleur de Blé. On Sunday dined at Ghent, and arrived at Brussels late that night, viz. Sunday the 20th of Oct.

At Alost [Aalst], we met a servant of Lord Elgin's who had been dispatched *en estafette* by Mr. Bruce, with the horrid news of the murder of the Queen of France. The intelligence had reached Brussels that day. This atrocious crime was shocking to human nature. It must have shocked the monsters who committed it, those monsters who have furnished the first example of a government of assassins, and by assassination. For the sake of virtue one must believe that none of the contrivers or perpetrators will ever enjoy peace of mind. It must have shocked the French nation more than foreigners, the individuals who had known and approached her more than others. My companions and I could neither think nor talk of anything else that night. I had happened to see that most unfortunate Princess at Vienna in the years 1768 and 1769. I had been presented to her, had spoken to her. Had in the Carnival of 1769 danced in the same country dance with her at the Ridotto balls where foreigners who had been presented at Court by the courtesy of that place, and the freedom of that season of amusement, were invited. I had been at Versailles on the occasion of her marriage in 1770 and had been presented to her then. I had seen her every day, I believe,

during the greater part of the *voyage de Fontainebleau* in the autumn of that year, and, on that occasion, I saw a good deal of several ladies and gentlemen who had offices about her person. Afterwards, in Oct. 1788, I had seen her again at Versailles. I was not presented at that time, but Mr. Hare* and I were carried by a Mr. d'Auvergne† (a person attached to Monseigneur d'Artois‡) to the room where the King and Queen dined, and placed very near them. He had mentioned to the Queen that he intended to place two Englishmen there who were desirous of seeing the sort of ceremony of this dinner. She probably had dined before, or meant to dine afterwards, for she eat nothing. But while the King, who sat by her and on the opposite side of the table to where we stood, was dining, she often looked at us with much earnestness, and a kind of stern attention, as she did from time to time at the other persons, her ladies

* James Hare, the famous wit, a friend of Charles James Fox, and later a figure in the Devonshire House circle. The "Hare of many friends" gambled, and died poor in 1804. Another Hare is mentioned afterwards.

† Théophile Malo Corret de la Tour d'Auvergne, born in 1743 at Carlaix, in Brittany. He served as a volunteer in the American War of Independence. In 1792 he threw himself into the French Revolution, accepted an inferior post, and commanded the "Colonne Infernale," a corps of 8,000 grenadiers. He was taken a prisoner by the English, retired to Passy and compiled glossaries and dictionaries till 1799, when he rejoined the Army under the First Consul, who named him "Premier Grenadier de France." He was killed by the lance of an Austrian Uhlan on the heights of Oberhausen in 1800. His heart was preserved by his regiment, the oldest sergeant of which long continued to answer, when his name was called, "Mort au champ d'honneur."

‡ Charles Philippe de Bourbon, Comte d'Artois (b. 1757), fourth son of the Dauphin (son of Louis XV.), brother of Louis XVI. and Louis XVIII.; married at the age of nineteen Marie Thérèse of Savoy, by whom he had two sons, the Duc D'Angoulême (d. 1844), and the Duc de Berri (assassinated 1820, the father of the Comte de Chambord). One of the first to fly from France in 1790, leaving debts to the amount of 28,408,000 francs.



MARIE ANTOINETTE.

From an old engraving, after R. Brookshaw.

and gentlemen who stood or sat on *tabourets*, in the room. Her mind was evidently full of unpleasant thoughts. In Sept. 1791 I was presented to her and the King in the Thuilleries, and went one evening to what they called *le jeu de la reine*, where she plaid two setts of Lotto, with twelve ladies, of whom Lady Sutherland our Embassadress was one. I saw her also frequently during that journey, as well as at the different Theatres, as at her window in the apartment of the Thuilleries which she occupied on the rez de chaussée. The Princesse de Tarente had more than once told me all the circumstances which she had known or seen of the insults and dangers of the 20th of June and the 10th of August, '92. She had read to me a letter written by her, at the desire of the Prince and Princess Castalcicala, to the Queen of Naples, containing a very clear and very affecting detail of what concerned the Queen on that fatal 10th of August.* These are all little circumstances. How many English travellers had seen her more. Several, as Lady Clermont, some of the Conways, and C. [onway] had been admitted into her society. Yet those circumstances gave a blacker tinge in my mind, to the melancholy which the news of her death imprinted on it.

On Monday the 21st, and Tuesday the 22nd, W. Elliot and I were chiefly engaged with Sir Gilbert. We dined on Tuesday at Mr. Bruce's, who seemed to act as Chargé d'affaires in the absence of his brother. We met at dinner Mrs. Harcourt, Mal[lonet], and a Mr. de la

* Prince Castalcicala, twice Ambassador at St. James's, and the assistant of Queen Marie Carolina's "Camera Oscura," or Star Chamber, was at this time on his way home, having been summoned to counteract the Jacobin ferment at Naples.

Porte, who has been a school-fellow of Sir G. at Paris together with Mirabeau.

Wednesday, the 23rd.—Sir G. left us. We had removed the night before from the Hôtel d'Angleterre, a disagreeable house, in a disagreeable situation, to the Hôtel du Prince de Galles, in the Park. We dined this day (as mess-mates) with Mrs. Harcourt, and her cousin Sir Gilbert Affleck, who are lodged in the same inn.

On Thursday, 24th Oct., we dined at Mr. Quintin Crawford's with Semolin, formerly minister from the Court of Petersburg first in London and afterwards at Paris, and the Count de Fersen.

Friday, October 25.—Mad. de Vaudreuil* dined with us on the invitation of Mrs. Harcourt. I had spent two hours in the morning with Mr. Crawford, who seems to be a man of good sense and observation, and a great deal of information, especially concerning the late events of France, and this country, and the political and military conduct of the war. He has also considerable knowledge of characters, and great sobriety and discretion in speaking of persons. He saw a great deal of the Comte de Mercy Argenteau, and seems to be in his confidence.† Among many other interesting particulars, he told me the history of the Manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick before he entered France.‡ It was certainly written (entirely)

* The brilliant wife of Louis Philippe de Rigaud, Marquis de Vaudreuil (1724—1802), the son of a distinguished naval commander and the grandson of a governor of Canada. He emigrated to England in 1791, but returned home under the Consulate.

† Mercy, Comte de Mercy Argenteau, Austrian Ambassador at Paris, devoted to Louis XVI. and the monarchy, compelled to quit Paris in 1790. He died during 1794 in London.

‡ As is well known, the Duke of Brunswick's manifesto, the fruit of the Austro-Prussian alliance against revolutionary France, was issued

here, by a Mr. de Limon,* formerly Intendant of the Duke of Orleans (an *intrigant* as Mr. Crawford, who says he knows him very well, described him), who has lately published a life of Louis 16th—and is at present the editor of a newspaper, printed at Brussels, called “Le Journal de la Guerre.” Mr. de Metternecht† [*sic*] and he went to Frankfort with this manifesto at the time of the coronation of the Emperor. Mr. Crawford had seen it in manuscript. Both the Emperor and the King of Prussia approved of it, and the D. of Brunswick adopted and published it without alteration, except that he added the clause of protection to those who should remain quiet in the countries through which his army was to march to Paris. Mr. Crawford thinks it never was sent to Vienna for the previous consideration of the Ministers there. Mercy had seen and disapproved of it. But, it seems, he is of a cautious over-prudent temper, owing probably in part to his age, and his long habits of diplomatic business, and he did not remonstrate as well as disapprove. He has been guilty of this fault in like manner with regard to several important measures of the present Campaign, which is the more blameworthy, as it seems he is invested with very full powers, as to everything that concerns the war in this country, insomuch that he may direct whatever is not merely a matter of

in the autumn of 1793. It followed on the adoption and propaganda of the Rights of Man by the National Assembly, and, on November 5, it was followed by Dumouriez's victory at Jemappes.

* Francois Limon was born at Quinton in 1742. He was Administrator in his Native Town, then Deputy of the Five Hundred, and a supporter of Desmolière's project of finance. His election was annulled on the eighteenth of Fructidor, and he was suspected of Royalist leanings. He died in 1807.

† This is the famous Diplomatist Metternich, the “Prince” and Austrian Minister of State. He was born in 1746; he represented Austria at the Congresses of Rastadt (1797) and of Vienna (1818).

military science, that is as far as the business depends on the Court of Vienna.

Saturday, the 26th.—I had the conversation mentioned in my letter to Lady Kath. concerning La Comtesse d'Albany, &c., and Mr. Elliot talked a great deal about the Queen of France with Mr. de Fersen.* I had avoided the subject, when Mrs. Sullivan introduced it once, but it seems Fersen did not discourage, or rather began it with Elliot. I did not find that he mentioned anything very particular. He seemed to believe, what has to this moment been doubted here, that the young King had been brought to accuse the Queen of incest, and he does not believe that they had made him drunk when he made the accusation. They are disposed to involve the Princess Elizabeth in the imputation of incest.

Mr. Crawford gave me the history of Colonel Mack,† an Austrian (I believe), who, in the character of Aide-de-Camp Major to the Prince Cobourg,‡ attended him

* The celebrated Swedish Count and chivalrous champion of Marie Antoinette, famous in the Varennes flight, and other episodes of her fate.

† Karl, Freiherr von Mack (1752—1828) was engaged in the March of this year (1793) in the Belgian Campaign. He attended the Antwerp Council of Allies, and acted as Chief of Staff to the Prince of Coburg. Afterwards, in 1798, he was summoned as General Mack, from Vienna by the Neapolitan Court to withstand the French Jacobin attack. As Commander of the Neapolitan Army he occupied Arno for the King (Nov. 24). He was brave but incompetent to direct the raw levies at his command, though he had assured Nelson he had never seen so fine a body of men. In strategy he clung to the Austrian system of enveloping movements. When the Neapolitan Bourbons fled to Sicily and Mack presented himself on board the *Vanguard*, "my heart bled or him, worn to a shadow," wrote Nelson. Cf. the editor's "Emma: Lady Hamilton." His forces were shattered at Fermo and Terni. Driven to the banks of Volturno, he ceded Capua and treated with the French, to whose camp he fled and from whom he received a scornful permission to retire to Northern Italy. For Mack's later career see De Ségur.

‡ Frederick Josias, Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Allies by the Antwerp Council in April, 1793,

in the beginning of the Campaign, from his situation had all the details of the army to manage, and from his known abilities had very great influence over the General. The people here (I believe all the French and the few English I have seen) think he governed him and that all went well while he continued with him. Mack had been Lieutenant-Colonel under Loudon* at the siege of Belgrade† ; who had distinguished his merit, and had solicited and obtained a promise of advancement for him, but M. at that time declined it, and for a very generous reason—not to wound the feelings of several of his friends, older officers than himself, by coming over their heads. Prince Cobourg applied for his promotion this summer and was refused. This is said to have disgusted M. and, having the pretext of ill health, he obtained his recall from this army. Since that time they have given him more than he asked. A regiment, one of the best in the service, as Col. Proprietor, which was what had been generally only bestowed on men of great family and old officers. This is one of the instances where by refusing a just claim, at the proper time, men try to repair the fault and injury, by some more profuse favour, when it is too late to cure the mischief. This army has lost the advantage of M.'s talents. The Prince Hohenlo[h]e is come in his place though of course with much higher rank. He is Quartermaster-General. He

captured Valenciennes on July 26, but was superseded by Clerfayt in 1794. His proclamation was denounced by Fox.

* Gideon Ernest Laudohn or Loudon, victor of Hochkirk, the famous Austrian general of the Seven Years' War, at the conclusion of which he was created a Baron of the Empire. Frederick the Great used to admit that he feared none so much as this intrepid commander. Born in 1716, he died in 1790. See Malleison's "Life of Loudon," 1884.

† By the Austrians in 1789.

is much undervalued here, though it is allowed that he served well last Campaign, when I believe he held a separate command. There is one Frossard or Froissard, a Genevan, with Prince Cobourg, and very much in his confidence, whom the Emigrants describe as a Jacobin. As a Genevan he probably has Republican principles. This circumstance and the precipitate measure of the manifesto published in concert with Dumouriez give good ground for questioning Cobourg's judgment and leads some to question his intentions, or at least his opinions. The general fault found with the conduct of the campaign since the departure of Mack, is that it has been defensive. The French in general, and especially those raw peasants who have been collected by the Decree, called the *levée en masse*, love to attack, and attack with spirit. They have forced the finest army that could be collected to raise the siege of Maubeuge and retreat behind the Sambre. This retreat has certainly been disapproved by Beaulieu, Clairfayt [*sic*], and most of the general officers. It was in agitation to represent the facts by a sort of *procès-verbal* in the name of them all. That plan has been abandoned as contrary to discipline, but there have been many private remonstrances sent to Vienna. Some think Cobourg will be displaced. If he is, Clairfayt* is said to have declared that he will not act if Hohenlo[h]e is not also removed, who being his superior officer, would if he remained have the command. Both Cobourg and Hohenlo[h]e have the morgue and

* Francois, Count de Clerfayt served with distinction with Austria in the Seven Years' War, and again showed his capacity in this Anti-Jacobin War, both in 1793 and 1794. In 1795 he became Field-Marshal and General-in-Chief on the Rhine. After foiling the French once more he resigned his command to the Archduke Charles, and died, full of honours, at Vienna in 1798.

stiff pride and pretensions of Princes of the Empire. This has always been disgusting to the Brabançons, who have more of the French character and prejudices. It seems Beaulieu,* with considerable talents, is a little of an egotist and boaster, at least so he has been described to me by a Bohemian officer, aide-de-camp to old Marshal Rueder. According to that officer, Beaulieu owes his rise to Rueder. He had been a lieutenant-colonel in the War of Seven Years, but, on the peace, retired in disgust from some quarrell with Lasçi, and lived in this country on a small estate, which he cultivated as a sort of philosophical farmer and gardener. When the Revolution of the country happened, and on Dalton's going to Vienna the command devolved on Rueder, he employed Beaulieu. Probably his merit after that was his best patron, but the aide-de-camp ascribes his various promotions to the favour of Rueder, and seems to tax him with ingratitude. He is about 70 ; Clairfayt, between 50 and 60. Beaulieu is not a man of great family, having the rank of Baron only by being Commander of the military order of Marie Thérèse. Clairfayt is by birth a man of rank and fortune, and has the great cross of the same order. Tarvé, the general of the French on the first irruption into Flanders in the Spring of last year, and whom they call the incendiary, because on retiring from Courtray he burned the suburbs of that town, is a person remarkably well acquainted with the military geography, posts, etc., of this country. He prepared a plan for the present Campaign which was communicated to our Ministers. He is now in England.

* Jean Pierre, Baron de Beaulieu, the Austrian general, was born in 1725 in Brabant. Eventually defeated by Bonaparte in Italy, he fled with his army to the Tyrol. He was replaced by Wurmser, and died in 1820.

I have heard something since I have been here of the state of the parties in the Austrian Nobility. The States are to meet on Tuesday, when the differences between them and the emperor are to be discussed. The basis of what is to pass is to be a sum of money to indemnify the individuals who suffered by the revelation of other concessions on his part, and a large subsidy in money (not troops) from them.

Sunday, the 27th.—I dined with Bruce, Abercrombie (who is a sensible young man), and the aide-de-camp. I have received an officer from the German part of Bohemia. He told me, in French scarcely intelligible, that he once spoke English as well as he now did French. "Wahrhaftig!" was my answer, which he took very seriously and seemed much flattered. Abercrombie and Bruce gave a strange account of the King of Prussia, his court, his mistresses, and his ministers. One of his mistresses is a cook maid. He is the most gross of sensualists, with a strange mixture or rather cover of Mysticism. They both confirm the truth of Mirabeau's portraits and characters, as far as they knew or could learn, and Sir Jas. Murray, who is the Anglois *fort observateur* mentioned by Mirabeau, told Abercrombie that he is quite correct in his facts so far as his conversation or knowledge goes. This is the place to mention that Mad. de Flahaut told me that Mirabeau's letters were written to the Bishop of Autun, who was the person who recommended him to Calonne.

27th October.—I had a long conversation this day with Mal[1]onet,* who gave me the character and history

* Pierre Victor Malonet was born in 1740, and he became Minister of Marine in 1763. After serving at St. Domingo and other colonies he was



HONORÉ GABRIEL, CTE. DE MIRABEAU.

From an engraving.

of Moulozier. They are both from Auvergne ; Moulozier is of a gentleman's family.

28th October.—I had a great deal of amusing and interesting conversation, last night at Crawford's. He talked over the events and principles and causes of the French Revolution with a great deal of knowledge and a great deal of sober sense. I fear he knows more of the matter, and has a cooler and more impartial judgment on the subject than most of our ministers. Fersen and Semolin were there. They lodge in the same house and probably mess with Crawford. Fersen speaks Italian and French equally and extremely well and English better than most foreigners. He served in America—where they all learned it more or less. Of course he speaks German, and Swedish is his native language. This possession of so many modern languages is a great pleasure and a great advantage, though the advantage is greater to those who live on the continent than to us. In England a man can very seldom have a necessity to speak French, and certainly can never feel any serious inconvenience from the ignorance of Italian, German, &c. This may in some measure explain why so few English are good modern linguists. The Poles, Swedes, Russians, Danes, and Germans are the best,

Intendant of Toulon when the Revolution broke out, and he was deputy for Riom, his birth-place. He sat as the head of the Constitutionals, founded the Club des Impartiaux, and was much consulted by the King. After the fatal 10th of August, 1792, he migrated to England, but he returned to France under the Consulate, and was appointed Commissioner General of the Marine. In 1814 he was both disgraced and recalled. He was again Minister of Marine under the Provisional Government, and under Louis XVIII. He published works on slavery, on the administration of his department, and about the influence on America of the French Revolution. He died in 1814.

and are proportionably so in the order in which I have named them. The Italians and French are inferior in this respect to us. The French find their own language answer all their purposes. The Italians find French sufficient and from the similarity to their own find it very easy to understand and be understood in it. There are some other causes. The Northern languages have every sort of articulate sound. It is easy, therefore, to accommodate the Northern organs of speech to the softer languages of the South and West. A Frenchman or Italian never speaks English or German with a good accent. Indeed they never speak their respective languages well, but that is from another reason still. When there is a very great affinity between two languages, a man comes to speak that which is not his own, very soon with considerable facility. Therefore he does not find much pains and attention necessary, and confounds terminations, phrases, and pronunciation. When two words in two different languages have the same sense and differ only a little in sound, or in any other respect, it requires an effort not to employ the one for the other. Most Italians, in speaking French, say *massime*, for *Maxime*, and *la carosse* for *le carrosse*, because they say *massima*, and *la carrozza* in Italian. Semolin is a German. He and Fersen and I had some conversation about the Northern languages. They both agreed that the *Finnois* has no affinity either to the Sclavonian or Teutonic dialects. Fersen says the Swedish has more affinity with the English than the German. "Come, let us go," in Swedish is a common expression, and each word has the same sense and is the same part of speech as in English. The literal French translation of both would be "*Viens, laissez-nous aller.*"

The Swedish words are only differently spelt. He mentioned other instances of the same sort. Clairfayt is a man of sense and abilities, but is thought to be too indecisive. This must be a great defect in a general as it is in a judge. In a general, after all the deliberation which the urgency of circumstances will permit, *savoir prendre son parti*, must be a most important quality.

Le Prince Auguste Comte de la Marck, one of the brothers of the Duke d'Arenberg came into Crawford's in the evening.* He was deep in the French Revolution and I believe in those of this country. He is reckoned a clever man, but not well thought of. He was executor to Mirabeau. He has not the countenance of a clever man, but has in his *abord* that sort of reserve which the commerce of the world and political situation naturally and properly produces, mixt however, as I fancied, with a kind of circumspection arising from the consciousness of discredit. I often recollect what Lady K. told me of Lucretia P.† when she was going into all the company of London with her sister-in-law one half of the year, and the other half laying-in of or nursing a child of Harc's. She used to say that she was always *on her guard* in company, and that young women who

* Auguste Marie Raymond, Prince d'Arenberg, Comte de la Marck, the "invisible angel" of Mirabeau, to whom he made a regular allowance, was the son of a favourite General of Marie Thérèse, and was an intimate friend of Marie Antoinette. Indeed she, liberty, and Mirabeau were his beliefs. In 1789 he was Deputy for Quesnoy. Recalled from the Low Countries in 1790, he was the intermediary between Mirabeau and the Court. He, Mercy d'Argenteau and the Queen loved Mirabeau to the end. In 1791 he met Bouillé at Metz, as emissary for the King. He was with Mirabeau when he died and received all his papers. He wrote his Memoirs in Vienna, and died in the October of 1833 at Brussels. The two volumes of his correspondence with Mirabeau were published there in 1851.

† ? Poyntz, a connection of the Duchess of Devonshire's.

had a regard for their character always ought to be so. Fersen is said to go very little into company here. He was Colonel of the Royal Suedois, in the French service. He has the Yellow ribbon. The Regent of Savoy sent it to him, telling him that he had found, in his brother's bureau, a memorandum purporting that this was his intention.

30th October.—I had a sort of audience of Mr. de Mercy yesterday, that is he appointed an hour when I went to him with Mr. Bruce. He talked openly enough, for a hackneyed Ambassador and politician, about France and the War. He said truly that he had had great experience of the French. He is a thorough alarmist, and so is every man of sense and candour that I have conversed with, who has taken the pains and is capable of understanding the subject of the French revolution. He said he thought he must be impartial, as he was getting old, and had no family to leave behind him, for the sake of whose fortune he might be biassed to one set of opinions or another. I told him that though that might be true, he had that to leave behind him which must be a strong motive to continue to employ his talents in the public service—his *renommée*. This piece of civility he received with politeness, but did not seem to swallow it like a man who is fond of flattery. I saw him in the evening at Crawford's, where he goes very often. During the summer he has been chiefly with the army. He, Lord Elgin and Lord Yarmouth, have been a new sort of Diplomates out of the common course. Lord Auckland was so when he negotiated the commercial treaty.* Sir G. Elliot's commission was something of

* As Sir William Eden in 1785.

that anomalous nature. But, if a good choice is made, such sort of missions, in the present state of things, are very necessary. I have collected that there is little understanding between Metternecht and Mercy, and Bruce seems to think that Mercy is not very much in the secret of the Cabinet of Vienna. Sir G. Elliot told me that he had talked what we should call half opposition language to him. If I had not pressed Sir G. to see him he would not have taken the trouble. But it seems to me a great advantage to know the countenance and *manière d'être* of public men.* I heard from Bruce that Mercy had told his secretary that he had great satisfaction in his discourse with me. Yet I was almost *auditor tantum*.

We have formed the plan of returning by Mons [and] Valenciennes, the general head-quarters now, near Barmerin, the Duke of York's head-quarters near Tournay, and then by Courtray to Ostend. We set off to-morrow at 6 in the evening, and hope to get to Ostend on Saturday in the night.

31st October.—I dined yesterday at Mr. de Mercy's; we were 12. The Comte de la Marck, the famous Walckiers, the Abbé de Montesquiou,† whom I had known in London, at Mad. de Stael's and at Madame Hen[n]in's,‡ Mal[l]onett, a young Comte Diedrichstein,

* Readers of Disraeli's "Endymion" will recollect that this view is there urged as essential.

† He was a Gascon Deputy, Agent-General of the Clergy in 1785. He voted with the Right, but was considered an Independent. He fled to England in 1792, returned to France after the ninth of Thermidor, and became Agent of the Comte de Provence (afterwards Louis XVIII.). Exiled to Mentone, he returned quietly as Member of the Provisional Government in 1814, in which he held the portfolio of the Interior. He was a member of the Chamber of Peers, and of the Academy. He died in 1832.

‡ The widow of a very distinguished officer, De Chimay, Prince

from Vienna,* a certain Marchese Gardagni, Mr. Bruce and myself, are those I remember of the company. I sat next the Comte de la Marck and drew him into some conversation. He is the brother of the D'Aremberg—was deep in the French revolution and intimately connected with Mirabeau, who made him his executor. The Abbé Montesquiou is agreeable, gentle, eloquent for conversation, was, so I have been told, in the Constituent Assembly, but I should think must have wanted force. Mercy, after dinner and at night when I met him again at Crawford's, talked to him a good deal. He is strong for making La Vendée the great object. He says taking fortified places on the frontier is very well in ordinary wars *entre puissance et puissance*, but that it can do no good in this war. That the blow must be given to the heart and head of the Hydra. He says he holds Alsace to be no object; that the French would not care if they lost it. (It has been said in the Assembly that instead of being anxious to defend Alsace they should reconquer it in Flanders and Holland.) He has never mentioned Toulon of his own accord. He seemed to speak from strong conviction. Perhaps, however, he also spoke a little politically as an Austrian Minister. But (1) it is difficult to see why that court should wish the Allies to consider the conquest of Alsace as no object. (2) He is a *bonâ-fide* alarmist, partly from his general speculations and knowledge of the state of things, partly because he had great property in France and in St.

d'Hénin, who had been executed. He is not to be confused with the Vicomte d'Hénin, the ambassador at Constantinople, who served under Napoleon in the Russian Campaign. For a fuller account of this lady, who became Madame D'Arblay's close friend, see later on.

* Dietrichstein—When Lady Hamilton first arrived at Naples this young Austrian nobleman was constantly in her train.

Domingo. I believe he is entirely of what was the Queen's party. He said, last night, "The English ought to make themselves masters of all the French West India Islands, particularly St. Domingo, which is equal in value to above three-fourths of the whole. The whole produces between two and three hundred million, and St. Domingo near one hundred and fifty millions of that whole." He says we ought to be masters of those islands, but seemed to think things not yet ripe for that measure. He says he knows that the negroes are well disposed. He has direct information of this from his own stewards and agents. "Of between four and five hundred thousand negroes," he says, "not above a tenth are for the present anarchy." It is probable, as he has so strong an interest, he speaks from opinion and feeling on the subject of St. Domingo. He said, when in England, that his estate there was about two hundred thousand livres a year. I have heard Mal[1]onet's called as much. Mal[1]onet, who had endeavoured last winter to persuade our Ministers to invade St. Domingo, has, since the expedition of the Spaniards, sent a memorial through [? the French] King to Lord Grenville, proposing that we should by treaty with Spain, assure the free entry of British goods into that island, that our merchants should then supply the planters with what is necessary to re-stock and cultivate their estates on the *hypothèque* of those estates, and render Great Britain thereby commercially and virtually masters. He seems to believe that this may be better for us than the conquest. I was therefore surprised to find Mercy, who sees him very much, and has a common interest with him, talking of the conquest by us. I used to think Mal[1]onet was a St. Dominigan, but he tells me he is of Auvergne.

The Baron Gillet* brought me a plan for raising a corp of light troops, partly horse, partly infantry, in Dauphiné. He seems a person of a very active body and mind—disclaims all system—is very quick. I have heard him called *intrigant*, and I can easily believe he is so. He saw Lord Grenville very often last winter, and Mr. Pitt sometimes, and gave them plans for La Vendée, Lyons, &c. He says he first procured a communication between us at the Vendée. He is at the Comte de Croix's, in this neighbourhood, who has been in my house in London. Mal[l]onet is connected with De Croix, and told me they had acted together in their Assembly. I believe he is mentioned in my letters to Lady K. from Boulogne, November, 1791.

Gillet mentioned to me a Mr. Belin who is here, formerly an advocate at Aix, a great friend and deep in all Mirabeau's successes—first in that country, and afterwards in Paris.† Belin, according to him, was the instrument for gaining Mirabeau over to the Court. His expression was, “C'est Belin qui l'a donné à la cour.” He says Belin has great connections and great influence among the different classes of people in Provence—the corporations, &c. He at last insinuated that he was a proper man to be employed under Sir G. Elliot. Gillet then talked of *the want of experienced Generals*, and Mad. de Flahault had told me she had seen the paper of

* Apparently the Syndic of the District of Vannes, and Deputy from Morbihan. He was a Member of the Committee of Public Safety, he defended Nantes and was sent on a mission *aux armées* to announce victories to the Convention. He died in 1795 while General Jourdan's Army was on the Rhine.

† Jean François Belin, born at Aisne in 1749, and a Deputy for that place. He was an extreme Member of the Convention, and voted for the detention of the King, pending a settlement, or for his death should the foreign allies enter France.

conditions sent by Mirabeau, and acceded to and signed (by his express stipulation) not only by the King, but by the Queen. There was fifty thousand Louis d'ors at his disposal for secret service, meaning *our* service. And we ought to have an Austrian General. He said we ought to have an Austrian General in the south, under control of the British *Commissariat*. I said, "Who is there?" He answered, "I could name you one immediately." Who? "Beaulieu." He probably knows that Beaulieu would like to go. He seemed to admit certain defects in Beaulieu, but said he would be very pliant under the British authority; that though old he has *la santé et la tête verte*. I find from him and the Abbé Mau, that Beaulieu is but just turned of 68.

Crawford showed me part of a sketch of the French Revolution which he has collected materials for. The French are said to have three great bodies of troops near this frontier, one at Charleroi, one near Maubeuge, one near Marcienne. It is believed they mean to make a great push on this frontier. Cobourg is marched from Barmerin towards Guise and St. Quintin to destroy their magazines. This will probably alter our plan for our journey, as his head-quarters must be too far off for the little time we have.

The present system of the French, according to the Abbé Mau (which I suppose he collects from some speeches in the Convention), is to reduce all the subjects of France to two classes—Agricultors and Soldiers—the manufacturers of implements of husbandry and military weapons will not form a separate class, being modifications of one or other of the two. This is in some measure a corollary from the system of the Economists.

Found in Mr. Crawford's *Mémoire*, that Mr. de Maurepas, who had been persuaded by Vergennes* openly to take part with the Americans, upon coming out of the Council where that measure had been decisively resolved upon, said to one of his friends : " *Les Anglois ont fait une sottise en se querellant avec les Americains, et nous, une toute aussi grande en nous mêlant dans leurs disputes.*" In the same manuscript (which has very great merit) I find the following anecdote.

" Mr. and Mad. Necker† had formed friendships with some men of letters, and were countenanced by a few women of rank. A woman of high fashion, who was distinguished for her wit,‡ said of them. " *Si leurs manières avoient approché de celles du bon ton, elles n'auroient été que ridicules. Mais comme ces femmes les trouvoient tout différentes de ce qu'elles avoient jamais vu jusqu'alors, elles crurent qu'elles tenoient à la philosophie.*"

It appears by the same, that de Perc[e]y (whom I knew when he had a secret correspondence with Louis XVI. when Dauphin), continued it when King, and, on this being found out by Maurepas, was courted by the Minister and obtained places and pensions to the amount

* Vergennes, Chief Minister in 1782, died in 1787. "A solid phlegmatic M. de Vergennes sits there," writes Carlyle of him in the former year, "in dull matter of fact, like some dull punctual clerk" (which he originally was), Maurepas was his predecessor, and dated from the old régime.

† Necker, the famous Finance Minister. His wife was, of course, the Suzanne Curchod who was Gibbon's first ascertainable love. They were the parents of Madame de Stäel.

‡ Mr. Crawford told me this was La Mademoiselle de Luxembourg, and that she meant it particularly of her god-daughter, Madame de Brion, and La Comtesse de Boufflers.—[G.]

of 90,000 livres a year. He recommended Necker to Maurepas.*

It appears there, that La Fayette offered himself to Maurepas to come to England to find the intentions of our Ministry, to observe the dispositions of the people and transmit information, and that he employed himself in that manner in England when people thought he was only thinking of Quadrilles. Crawford says of him, "His only passion was ambition—his only talent, intrigue—a stranger to those feelings and principles which bind men to each other by sentiment as well as affection. It was indifferent to him in his pursuits what means he might employ to obtain the object."

I forgot to mention in its place that Limon and Metternecht carried with them another memorial or declaration prepared by Limon, of much greater length, containing a discussion and refutation of the principles or pretexts of the revolutionists. From the opinion suggested by his other known words I suppose it was worse than the Manifesto in the proportion of their respective lengths. This was too impudent, even for those who adopted his Manifesto, to publish.

Mr. Crawford told me to-day that he used to write down conversations he had had, and by her desire, sometimes, with the unfortunate queen.

Last night I supped at Mad. de Vaudreuil's. Her father regretted he had not seen Sir G.[ilbert] E.[lliott]. He had been Governor of Provence at the time of the

* Pierre Francois, Baron de Percy, born in Franche Comté, was Surgeon-Major to the French Gendarmerie, and in 1782 served in a regiment of cavalry. He organised a mobile Surgical Corps for the Army, and much later, a battalion of ambulance soldiers at his own expense, for Spain. He continued active till Waterloo and the Siege of Paris. He published surgical works and died in 1825.

last Notables. Mirabeau (who was of Provence, but whom he had not seen for 14 or 15 years) came to him and asked him if the Noblesse of Provence would dislike his going there. He promised to ask them. He mentioned it to Mr. de Ventimilia and others, who bade him tell Mirabeau, "*qu'ils ne le souhaitoient ni ne le craignoient pas.*" He delivered this answer to Mirabeau, who only said, "*En ce cas-là j'irai.*" He soon formed a coterie of persons fit for his purposes, and he was elected for Marseilles. Mr. de Caraman continued in Provence till some time in 1790. But he said his authority diminished as that of the King decreased. I had heard he was not a clever man, and I should have thought so if I had not heard it. He wears the St. Esprit. Mr. de la Marck wears an Order.

Mal[1]onet told me his opinion of the Prince of Condé to-day.* He is polite, active, well-informed, reads and writes a great deal, and has a great deal of character. He has lived with the greatest simplicity, partaking the food and hardships of his little army ever since it has been formed. But Mal[1]onet says he is decidedly for the *ancien régime*, in all its force.

Friday, 1st November [1793].—Valenciennes, half-past one. We left Brussels this morning at half-past two and breakfasted at Mons. We are just arrived. I postpone anything I may have to say on the state of the town. The entry into it carries yet marks of considerable devastation.

Last night, after dining at Sheldon's, Mr. Bruce carried me to Madame de Metternecht—and I saw Mr.

* Condé (son of the great Condé) had early attended Louis as Dauphin. He escaped from France in 1789 with the first batch of the Emigrés.

de Metternecht. He is not, I should suppose, fifty—his wife about forty. He has the *Toison d'or*. He had just received a sort of report from the Magistrates of Nieuport, by which it appeared that yesterday after two new summons to the garrison of the place, into which the Highland Regiment at Ostend had been thrown, they made a sortie (under the command of General Dundas), destroyed the battery of the French, repulsed them and took their cannon, consisting in all of seven pieces. This happened in the middle of the day. The more important affair of Marciennes took place between about two and nine in the morning of the same day. There, 2,000 were killed and about 2,000 made prisoners.

In the evening I went to Crawford's. The Baron de Breteuil* was there and did me the honour to desire to be introduced to me. He had on his order of the Saint Elizabeth and also the Toison, I believe, of Spain. I had said in conversation to Mrs. Sullivan, a few days before, that I believed a person might always be what they strongly resolved to be. She recollected this position, which I had not advanced upon much consideration, to-night, and mentioned it. Mr. de Breteuil immediately said—"I am very much inclined to that opinion, and remember it was a favourite opinion of the Maréchal de Bellisle, who had been very kind to me when a young man, and often conversed familiarly with me. He used to say that by persevering in a steady plan he had himself attained to no less than thirteen different objects, any one of which would have satisfied the ambition of most men. From a fortune of thirty thousand livres per annum, he had come to possess an income of

* The liberal ministre de la maison du roi, 1783—1788.

six hundred thousand. He was governor of a Province. He had been Minister of State. He had the Cordon bleu and the Toison d'or d'Esprit. He had been Ambassador at a Congress, &c., &c., &c. Mr. de Breteuil seems to be 60. Has an agreeable countenance (and pleasing manners. I have heard aristocrats describe him as a man of strong understanding. Many circumstances induce me to think otherwise. He has, at least, much less genius than Calonne (who is in some respects his rival), but he has less talkativeness and egotism. Calonne is vain, and Mr. de Breteuil proud. Both, I believe, equally indiscreet.

2 o'clock.—I have just been to call on Mr. de Bellisle for whom Mal[l]onet gave me a letter. He is a Maréchal. His father's was a very considerable house at Paris—and here. He had, like most other persons of his description, become one of the National Guards, and growing tired of being in the ranks, had become an officer, when Dumouriez perceiving his alertness and activity (he is a young man about 30) made him one of his aides-de-camp in his expedition through this country towards Holland. Mal[l]onet told me he had accepted of this situation because he could not help it. He himself said to-day, it had been *bien forcément*—and I can easily believe it. He says assignats were current here sometime after the capture of the town and the proclamation on that subject which left them as merchandise, that they then passed at a loss of 70 per cent. here—that since the great inundation of false assignats from England and Holland, they had become quite null and that the people who have them keep them locked up. That you could not get now 100 livres for 10,000 livres in assignats. He tells me almost all the ecclesiastical

property had been sold here, and has been left with the new proprietors. That this is done merely because as other sieges, particularly that of Lille, may take place ; if the inhabitants who have bought church land should find it was to be taken from them, they would be more unwilling to surrender. He said undoubtedly in the course of time it was the intention to restore the church property. (Query, as to his informer or if this was information, or opinion.) No Emigrant land had been sold here, and they therefore are in possession of their property. He says there have been no considerable removals from this place to the interior of France, except those who went at first, and by whose emigration and the loss of about 1,000 that were killed in the siege, the number of inhabitants is reduced from about twenty-two to between fifteen and sixteen thousand. He is to show us, to-morrow morning, the town, and we mean to dine with him and set off for Tournay in the evening.

Saturday, 2nd November.—I have been thinking that it would be useful to collect under different heads the various points of information and knowledge I have obtained in this journey and formerly, and the ideas those facts have suggested relative to the French revolution. I intend to do something of this sort on a separate paper.

Last night we went to some music at Madame de Bellisle's. We saw the Commandant-General Lilieu there. I had a letter for him.

Saturday, 9 p.m.—We arrived at the Inn of the Impératrice at Tournay. I met the Duke of York by accident in the courtyard, who asked me to dine with him at his head-quarters, six miles off, to-morrow.

Sunday, 9 o'clock.—We breakfasted to-day with Mrs. Harcourt, who is quartered in the House of the Marquise de Templeuve. Sir Jas. Murray breakfasted there. He gave a very distinct account of the taking the horned work at Valenciennes. According to him, the Duke of York and he had both been of opinion in the morning, if it should be taken, to make a lodgment there—but the Austrian Generals thought otherwise. When they got into it, facing the right of the French from their posts, he resolved to take the measure on himself. An Austrian officer of Engineers objected, but he told him, knowing the Duke's mind, that it was his R.H.'s orders. The Austrian desired it might be communicated to General Juvains[?]. Sir Jas. rode to that General and stopped and carried with him an officer who was coming with positive orders to spike the cannon and retire. Sir Jas. represented to Juvains the practicability of keeping the Post. Tronner, the Chief Engineer of the Austrian who was with Juvains, positively declared that it ought not to be attempted, and Juvains desired Sir Jas. to remark that such was Tronner's opinion. At last Sir James said the Duke of York, *who commanded the siege*, thought otherwise. Juvains on this said, "*Est ce que Mgr. le Duc d'York l'ordonne ?*"—"Oui."—"En ce cas là je n'ai rien à y opposer," and sent immediately the necessary orders. This was a very hazardous, but proved a very successful, step. Moncrieff was warmly of the same opinion with Sir James. We saw the Duke in the Château Camphlin to-day about 11. He gave us some copies of the Declaration. Lord William Bentinck lent us horses and accompanied us to the Camp. It extends from the village of Barseux on the right to Asomy—at the distance of two miles on the left. The plain is extensive and has

the small river Marche in front. Nearly in the same place Louis XV. encamped before the battle of Fontenoy and had his headquarters at Asomy, where there is still a small pyramidical monument erected to commemorate that circumstance, which has escaped, or from its solidity resisted the fury of the French invaders.

I sat by the Duke at dinner and he described to me very distinctly the situation of the different posts from Ostend, along the frontier, to the Army of the Allies on the Rhine.

His R.H. talked to me afterwards with considerable earnestness concerning his ground of complaint against the King's Ministers, and particularly the Duke of Rd. [Richmond*] in the affair of Dunkirk. His heavy artillery which had been promised did not arrive till a fortnight after the time. When it did the package of the ball and powder, &c., was so ill-contrived that for many days it could not be got at for the purpose of using it &c., &c., &c. He told me he had no reason to be satisfied with any of the Ministers, but the Chancellor said he wished our conversation to be communicated to him. But he declared, and I took the liberty to encourage him in the resolution, not to make an Opposition question of his ground of complaint, and he professed a firm attachment to the constitution, and a strong sense of the danger to Great Britain from the propagation of French doctrines. I find St. Leger's† complaints, in a conversation with Elliot, were stronger and less guarded than the Duke's to me. He told me his Camp did not consist of more than seven thousand effective men, nor his whole army of more than twenty-two thousand. That Prince

* Master-General of the Ordnance since the beginning of 1784.

† This is the St. Leger whose portrait is now at Hampton Court.

Cobourg must have with him about forty thousand. The Duke and all his officers are very impatient to go into winter quarters, and I see he is very anxious to be in London.

Monday, 4th November, 11 a.m.—We left the Duke of York at 6; drank tea with Mrs. Harcourt; set off at 10 p.m. and, travelling all night, are just arrived at this place and are to embark for Dover at 1.

Wednesday, 6 November, 7 a.m.—Dover. We did not embark till 2 on Monday and did not get on shore till yesterday evening at half-past 6. As my chaise could not be got on shore till this morning I have been forced to relinquish the plan of getting to Whitehall this morning, though for several reasons I except Anglois [? his valet] to do it.

In my conversations with the Duke of York I found him much pleased with the success of his army in clearing West Flanders of the late overflowing of the French. St. Leger gave me a copy of a letter Prince Cobourg has written to the Duke on the occasion, full of compliment to him and the British nation and army. Indeed this conclusion of the campaign has been fortunate in many respects. It has put him in better humour. He said as much to me. It will probably contribute to prevent him from leaning to Opposition next winter. It will besides, if made a good use of, serve to keep down what dislike is rising against the war. But unfortunate events may yet happen in Flanders. He is very near the strong garrison of Lille, with his sickening army of 7,000 men.

He spoke with freedom and indignation against the Dutch, and said he was very glad he had got rid of them.

He agrees with what we heard at Ostend about the Surgeon's matter. Hunter, he thinks, had too much preferment. He was both Surgeon-General and Inspector-General of Hospitals. These two employments, he thinks, are now wisely divided between Gurney and Keate.

St. Leger and Lord William Bentinck and Lord Herbert were very communicative. The Austrians they think by far the best troops in that army. The Hessians next. The Hanoverians, the worst. The English surpass them all for a spirited attack. The Duke shows too much partiality to the Austrians over the Hanoverians, inviting the officers of the former much oftener to his table. Prince Ernest, who has become in a degree Hanoverian, complains of this. The Duke speaks in high terms of my old Vienna acquaintance, Walmoden, as an officer. He particularly says that on the retreat from before Dunkirk, Walmoden sacrificed himself and hazarded his own reputation to save the English army. He took a post which was a very bad one, and where the 2,000 men he had with him were in danger of being all cut off (many were). He was blamed for this. By the Duke of York's account it was both the handsomest conduct and the best generalship possible. By that means his retreat was secure, which he says he could not otherwise have effected. Walmoden sent him word that the post he had taken was very bad, but he had done it on purpose to produce the consequence which it did.

I was told at the army that the King does not like Walmoden. I remember to have heard that the late King did not like him, but I never heard any reason given, and he is a very popular man in general, and very like an Englishman.*

* Louis George Thedal, Count von Walmoden-Gimborn, was a great

In walking along the ramparts at Valenciennes with Bellisle, we passed by a church the end of which having been knocked down by the bombs, discovered to us a crucifix, pretty high towards the roof, fixed against a rafter that ran across the church. Bellisle said to me, "*Dieu a du avoir eu grande peur?*" I seemed not to hear him and he repeated, "*Voyez-vous ce Christ—il a du avoir eu diablement peur.*" He is a decent well-behaved young man for a Frenchman, and certainly from the tenor of our conversation then and all the time I was with him, nothing could have given a turn of levity to his thoughts. He had spoken with horror of the sacrilegious impiety of the present French government. This little circumstance therefore may serve as an instance to shew how wide and deep the roots and habits of irreligion are spread in France. In my intercourse with that nation, since I first knew them in 1766, I have met with millions of proofs of that position, and my travels in other parts have fully convinced me of an opinion I have often maintained, viz., that the English (not the Scotch) are the most religious people in Europe. Bellisle repeated what he had said, as if it had been a sort of innocent *bon-mot* to Ryan and Elliot, and then

organising Austrian General and Field-Marshal. Born at Vienna in 1769, he served in the Russian and Hanoverian Armies. After the Peace of Basle he entered the Austrian Service. In 1793 he succeeded Marshal Freytag in command of the Hanoverian Army, and on September 8 was repulsed by the French in the engagement at Hondschoote, but on the next day the Duke of York relieved Dunkirk. Between 1796 and 1801 he was employed on several important diplomatic missions, and in 1810 he concluded a Treaty between Austria and England. He fought at Wagram. In 1813 he again joined the Russian Army, but after the second Treaty of Paris, he returned to Austria. Sent in command to Naples, he took possession of Sicily, where he stayed till 1823. He retained his command of the Austrian Army in Italy, and lived to a great age. Prince Ernest was afterwards King of Hanover.

added, "*Je ne dirois pas cela à nos dévots.*" A Frenchman, knowing us to be heretics, concludes (by their strange sort of logick) that we are all free-thinkers.

We are this instant setting off for London.

Wednesday, 6th November. The first day of Term. 7 o'clock p.m.—I am just arrived. Elliot parted from me at Rochester from whence he went to Cobham, Lord Darnley's—which he describes as a beautiful place. I find so much amusement and so little trouble in writing down these desultory memorandums and reflections, that I intend to continue them.

Between Dartford and London I met Sir Jas. S—and his brother, the Commissary, posting to Toulon. We stopped and talked for a few minutes. He seemed not to know how to look. I find his wife is as violent and indiscreet a democratic as ever—more violent and more indiscreet than her mother. See what I have said on John's appointment in one of my letters to Lady K.

November 7th.—This morning I called on the Chancellor [Lord Loughborough] before I went to Whitehall. He was ravenous for my news, as far as any appetite with him is ravenous. He wished for a copy of the Prince of S.[axe] C.[oburg]'s letter to the Duke of York which I gave him before he went to the Levée. I dined with him this day, with Sir Grey* and Mr. Cooper, and after dinner told him (after they were gone) the material parts of what the Duke of York told me and expressed a desire that I should repeat to the Chancellor. I may perhaps state this more fully afterwards. The Chan-

* Sir Grey Cooper, a politician and barrister, was a Rockinghamite who wrote pamphlets, was pensioned, and sat in Parliament (1765–90). He was Secretary to the Treasury, and a Commissioner of the Treasury. He died in 1801.

cellor asked me if I thought it would do good for him to write to the Duke and take notice of this conversation. I said truly I could form no opinion, but that I thought it would do no harm and might do good, and he said he would write, but very generally. As he set me down at my own house, he said, "I hope you approve of the judge I have made—Brooke in the room of Wilson." Brooke is a very honest man and a good lawyer, but I think Lord L.'s motives for appointing him were not those, but of a nature consonant to his character and general conduct in cases of patronage, viz., to gain the reputation of professional propriety and approbation from strangers or indifferent persons. In short, to avoid the imputation of jobb, or partiality in legal appointments. This is a liberal and politic course, at least on the first blush of it. When more *approfondi* I doubt whether it is either.

I found the apothecary at my door as I entered it Wednesday evening. Poor Fred had had a fit on Monday. He was now pretty well, except a cough and hoarseness. His mother had suffered as usual on his account. The obvious care of Mr. Congreve not to alarm me had the very effect he wished to prevent. Thank God, he has continued well since.

8th November.—Jamie Gordon [his grand-nephew] arrived. He is handsome. Has a mild but chearful countenance and though gentle seems to have sufficient spirit. He has learned nothing. His aunt wanted to set him a task in Arithmetic. He said, "O no. It will spoil me. They say it will spoil me if I learn any such thing before I am 14. He is very *sauvage*, but yet good-natured, and through his romping manner, and ruder dialect, is even polite.

9th November. Saturday.—In the procession to-day the Lord Mayor was insulted because he had been active as a Magistrate against the combination of journey-men bakers, who refuse to work on Sundays.

10th November.—I dined by invitation at the Duke of Queensberry's. The company were, the Duke, Churchill, Sir John Macpherson,* Miss Monckton [afterwards Lady Cork] and her brother [Sheridan's colleague for Stafford], Mad. de Gand,† Madlle. Fagniani [afterwards Marchioness of Hertford], and myself. I sat next Mad. de Gand, who sat next the Duke. The husband of Mad. de Gand has some estates near Tournay, and was there, it seems, the other day when I was there. His principal fortune, however, is in French Flanders, towards Lille, and is still in possession of the French. She and I talked at first in a quiet way about the beauties of the country in that part of Flanders, and about the situation of the Camp of Cesoins. Very soon however, and long before the second course was served, the Duke and she began a dispute about the war, the probable event of it, and the probable intentions of the allies with regard to the future government to be established in France. They both seemed to be maintaining only the opinions of the moment. The Duke's argument was most intelligent, though not always most intelligible. He has a great deal of general principle, and theory on the subject which he pours out with equal volubility and an impartial indifference as to which of the two languages he uses, in French and in English. He has also much

* The musical and witty Governor-General of India; an intimate of the Prince of Wales and his circle; he lived in Brompton.

† I am unable to ascertain who she was.

more knowledge of facts than his antagonist seemed to have. But he says everything that occurs to him in the order in which it occurs, which is not the clearest and most intelligible order. The Duke of Queensberry has certainly many points of eloquence, as all his acquaintance have remarked, and would, I think, if he had taken to public speaking, have become, with practice, a considerable orator. But this would have cost him infinitely too much trouble. In private, especially at home, he can give a free course to the redundancy of his words and ideas, and is not obliged to marshal[l] them and select the best, for the pleasure and convenience of his auditors. He does not hear very well, but Madame de Gand complained, with some justice, that his great fault as a disputant is that he will not hear, but will speak always. She has been and perhaps is still a Jacobine. When the Duke had got tired of a very long argument more against what he thought or chose to suppose she had been going to say, than what she had said, he told her, if she pleased, she might now talk for four hours. She then began to explain to me, not what she thought might, but what would, happen in France, and what would be done with the Allies, and she made me a sort of harangue (not in a loud voice like the Duke, but quietly enough in that respect) in the style of phraseology, as well as with the emphasis and accent which I still recollect so well, on the *Côté gauche* of the Constituent Assembly. Her positions were not unreasonable. That the Prince of Condé was the only person of the House of Bourbon fit to be King or Regent. But that the Powers cannot and will not choose to put him (for the sake of precedent) over the heads of Monsr. and M. d'Artois. She maintained that the Convention did a

politic thing in putting the Queen to death, whom she described as the head of the Constitutionalists or at least as intimately connected with that party, which according to her is infinitely the most numerous in France. That her execution was a fatal blow to that party, because they hate or distrust Monsieur, the next claimant, or the rival of the Queen for the Regency, and also M. d'Artois. I told her that of the Constitutionalists whom I knew, the most considerable had not appeared to me to view the murder of the Queen as so ruinous to them as a party. She answered that her death had annihilated that party. Madame de Gand is of a smart slender figure and has fine eyes, fine teeth and good hair. Her mouth is very large, but you see white, even teeth as far back as you can see. Her other features are bad. Sir John Macpherson (who sat on the other side of me) told me that he had that day walked along the footway and all round Hyde Park with Lord Guildford, to whom as the representative of his father [Lord North] he professes (to me) his chief and only political attachment. Sir John is an alarmist, and stated to Lord Guildford, he says, a great many things he had learned abroad concerning the Jacobine plot in this country, which were new to Lord Guildford. The general purpose of his conversation, as he represents it, was to convince Lord Guildford of the danger the constitution is in to satisfy him that he ought to think more of supporting that constitution, in which he has so great a status, than whether Pitt or Fox shall be minister. That Lord Loughborough is extremely inclined to renew his connection with Lord Guildford. That the Prince of Wales is not much attached to Mr. Pitt or Mr. Fox—but is now deeply sensible of the hazard he, his family, and

the country run at present. That the cleverest man by far in this country is Lord Loughborough, &c., &c., &c. I find it difficult to conjecture what was the intention of this discourse. Perhaps it was the consequence of conversations with Lord Loughborough, who may feel himself (as there is reason to believe he does) of less importance and weight in the Cabinet than he had expected, and who, wishing to strengthen what he thinks his *own* party, has not given up entirely the hopes of gaining over Lord Guildford. From my knowledge of him I do not think this guess quite unfounded, and I think that Sir John Macpherson was a likely man for him to employ, or without any express commission, to take the hint. Sir John says he had talked, in the course of what passed, of me, and Lord Herbert, and represented to Lord Guildford that all the branches of his family ought to act together, as the means of increasing his consequence, and that of each of his connections. He represents Guildford as having listened with favour to all this, and says he believes he shall bring matters round. He dines with Lord Guildford to-day.* I spoke my mind on the impolicy of Guildford's conduct since his father's death. (My opinion of its unreasonableness is sufficiently known, in so far as I am a believer in danger, an enemy to Republicanism and a friend to the war.) But with some reserve, and with all the expressions of attachments to him and belief in his honourable motives which my conviction has ever dictated on all occasions and to all persons. Sir John, says Lord Guildford, justi-

* At this time strong efforts were being used to bring about a coalition between Pitt and Fox. A few years later, Sir John Macpherson wrote a long letter on the state of affairs to Sheridan, which the editor found among the Sheridan manuscripts, and excerpted from in his second volume of his "Sheridan."

fied to him my late intention of quitting the profession, and on the topics which I had mentioned to him. I can perceive therefore that I did wisely, as I certainly did right in telling him that whole business at Waldershare. Sir John Macpherson is a very good-natured man, and not without abilities (as his success in life proves), and I believe he is sincerely attached to the family of his patron, the late Lord Guildford, but he is, alas, such a flatterer, such a placebo, such an universal and habitual sycophant, that it is difficult to get at his real object or his real sentiments from what he says. His slow, soft drawling manner is very tiresome—and even Lady Anne North never said a better thing than when she observed that Sir J. Macpherson's words "come from his lips like drops of laudanum from a vial, and that they produce the same effect."

After dinner, came Madame de Co[i]gny, Mr. de Poix, and his son Charles Noailles, Crawford, &c.* I had a great deal of conversation with Madame de Co[i]gny, who even condescended to flatter me. She spoke in the highest terms of my father-in-law's [Lord North's] character and abilities, and it was rather ungracious in me to take that occasion (which I did) to tell her that in all the abundance of his wit he was never known to say a thing that could give pain. Lady K. tells me that the late Lord G[uil]dford] used to give a very enter-

* The notable "Fish" Crawford, politician, epicure and amateur. An intimate of the Devonshire House circle. In Duten's "*Mémoires d'un Voyageur qui se Repose*" there is a long character of him under the pseudonym of "Astaque" (*cf.* vol. 2, pp. 521—525). He is described as an epicurean eccentric, with a frail body and vivacious mind, well read, of a kindly nature, but at once angry and gentle, lively and lazy. Madame de Coigny, the radical wife of the sinecurist Duke, and the Noailles, who owned some of the best hearts and blood in France, were among the increasing flood of *Emigrés*.

taining account of a dinner he had had with her [*i.e.*, Madame de Coigny] when she came over some years ago with Couflans[?] (her father) and the Duke of Orleans. It was of her father that it used to be said that he had so hot a head that he could not bear to wear powder. A lady of more wit than her sense and good nature will in general let her use, said sily, on this being mentioned, that the daughter's heat is not in her head.

Madame de Co[i]gny is certainly very clever and has true wit, but of the most biting sort. I find she has also a great deal of *belles-lettres* reading, and even in English. She knows a good deal of Shakespeare and of Milton, whom she admires, and considers as a great Democrate. She has resembled him in that respect, and is not yet converted, I believe. Many people wonder she should be in all the society of London, and Madame de Flahaut * treated as not receivable. Last summer at a supper at Mrs. Crewe's at Hampstead—Mr. B[ennet] L[angton]† desired the younger servant to shew Madame de Co[i]gny to him, as he was anxious to see her, but unwilling and afraid to make her acquaintance. The servant pointed her out, and in the course of the evening took occasion to mention to her the curiosity a friend of his had shown. "In what light," says she, "does his curiosity consider me—as a handsome woman, a wit or a spy." In the course of my conversation with her this

* The Mother of Napoleon's famous General, and the wife of the Field Marshal de Flahaut, who had succeeded Buffon as Intendant of the Royal Gardens, and was guillotined in this very year of 1793. Madame de Flahaut wrote novels as Madame de Souza (from the name of her second husband). Her celebrated son married the daughter of Admiral Keith, who became an Irish Peeress, and the mother of Lady Lansdowne, wife of the fourth Marquis.

† Dr. Johnson's friend: Professor of Literature at the Royal Academy.

evening I told her an anecdote which I thought would succeed with her, and which did so very much. One day at Bushey, at dinner, Lord Guildford was praising Burke very much for talents, virtue, &c.; Lady K., who sat next the late G. Onslow (vulgarly called "Cockney George"), heard him, in a sort of muttering soliloquy, say by way of protest against that general panegyrick, "It may be so, but by God he would neither have been for the Reformation nor the Revolution."

11th November.—Churchill advised me to call on the Prince, as I have been so lately at the army, and he is to announce me for to-day at half-past 12. Sir John Macpherson told me a trait of the Prince, which is to his credit. The other day at the Duke of Queensberry's, at dinner, the Duke was palliating the conduct of their old companion, the Duke of Orleans—which is a common topic with him—and in which his motives are commendable—even though on behalf of such a monster. He could only, however, say that he had been led on by resentment for ill-usage from the court, and had gone lengths beyond his original intentions, because he found it impossible to stop. But that he had ruined his own fortune and life, had lost the one and was in danger of losing the other. The Prince, who had taken the other and the easier side of the argument, observed, that if he had a right to risk his own safety he certainly had none to risk the safety of his country. When the Prince first came out in life, it seems the King reproached him, one day, with his indolence in laying in bed very late in the morning. "I find, Sir," said he, "however late I rise, that the day is long enough for doing nothing."

11th November. 'At Night.—I went to Carl[e]ton House, but the Prince sent out word he was sorry he could not see me to-day. I am sorry that I took an advice which may have exposed me to be thought officious.

Mr. Gibbon and Mr. (Gilly) Williams dined with Lady K. and me to-day.* They are both very amusing men and seemed glad to meet one another. Both abound in anecdotes, and Gibbon particularly was not sparing of his. He mentioned one of Madame du Barry, or rather of the Duke d'A [*illegible*] (the Marshal de Noailles, who died the other day) and Louis XV., concerning Madame du Barry, which struck me as very good. The Duke d'A * * * passed for having been one of the very numerous predecessors of the King in the good graces of Madame du Barry, which the King having heard, he said one day to the Duke, "*On me dit que je suis vôtre successeur!*" "*Oui, Sire* (said he) "*comme de Pharamond.*"† Anecdotes are particularly interesting when they have the effect of painting characters. Here is one of that sort, which Madame de Gand told me yesterday. La Fayette, on his return from America, was extolled at Paris as the greatest of heroes. He was presented to Choiseul, then out of office, and the person presenting him asked, "*N'est ce pas que c'est un grand homme?*" Mr. de Choiseul answered, "*Oui, on devoit l'appeller Gilles le Grand.*" Gilles is a foul part in the vulgar French farces and parades commonly acted at Paris, and is a personage of great pretensions. This

* "Gilly" Williams was an intimate of Horace Walpole's.

† Pharamond was the first Frank King of France (415 ?). Between Louis XV. and this remote chieftain lay a very complicated chain of succession. The *mot* is evidently that of an historian, and of the historian of the "Decline and Fall."

remark might pass for a prediction from the subsequent history of La Fayette.*

Mr. de Lally T[ollendal]† often relates a repartee of the Comte de Lauragais somewhat in the same style. An acquaintance of his, a gentleman poet, had made an absurd tragedy on the subject of Achilles. Having read it through to Lauragais he said to him, "*Hé bien, ne trouvez vous pas mon Achille bien fier?*" "*Oui,*" answered L., "*fier comme un dindon.*"‡

12th November. 7 a.m.—Having received a letter to-day from Sir G[ilbert] E[lliott] I called on the Chancellor [Loughborough] in the evening to show it to him. After a great deal of conversation, rather intimate, but in which he followed too much his usual practice of positively denying whatever he was desirous should be thought true, he desired me to read the sketch of a letter which, in consequence of what I had reported to him of the Duke of York's conversation with me, he means to send to the Duke. It was a general profession of gratitude and attachment, of compliment on the late events of the war, and even on the unsuccessful as well as the successful part (because, though he said it would appear too refined, he thought those enterprises where we had failed had been of service inasmuch as they had tended to make more apparent the persevering ill intentions of the

* Except Mirabeau, all those who have stood forward in France, even Du Mouriez himself, have proved only so many "*Gilles les Grands.*" [G.]

† The royalist Duke and chief, an *émigré* of 1792. Carlyle's the Abbaye. He tried to plead for Louis XVI. after his trial, wrote an essay on Strafford, and lived to be a Privy Councillor of Louis XVIII.

‡ De Brancas, Comte de Lauraguais, an amateur of the drama and *belles lettres*. Paid the debts of members of the Théâtre Français. In 1761 he published his tragedy of "*Clytemnestra,*" and, in 1788, some political treatises. He died in 1824.

governing party in France and of their partizans here). It concluded with a declaration that as far as he had seen, other persons who had been less personally known to his R. H., had been equally desirous with himself to contribute what lay in them to the promotion of his R. Highness's interests and wishes. The letter began by supposing the Duke to have *directed* me to repeat to Lord Loughborough what he had said. I desired him to substitute the word "permitted," which he did. I also took the liberty to advise him to soften a little or at least to introduce with a little more attention to the ill-humour which I knew the Duke still felt towards the other Ministers, and particularly towards the Duke of R.[ichmond], the sort of justification of them at the end. He also did this. For its purpose the letter I thought very well written, the purpose being only general conciliation in order to open a door to closer intercourse on its difficult topics, on the Duke's return. The Chancellor said, the intention of every body is that the Duke of York shall have a command again next Campaign.

We had a great deal of conversation about Cazalès.* I found him not sufficiently informed about his character, or his history, and persevering to declare that it was not true that Cazalès had used any of the indiscreet discourses concerning his journey to Toulon, which Lally, Mal[l]onet, &c. have imputed to him. Even Sir Gilbert Elliot, before he left Brussels, was convinced of their truth. I heard of them there from fifty people, Aristocrats as well as Constitutionalists ; from persons con-

* The Royalist Duke and chief, an *émigré* of 1792; Carlyle's "learned young soldier" and "eloquent orator." He took part in Mirabeau's May procession of the six hundred in 1789. In 1790 he had fought a duel with Barnave.

nected with ; from others who did not know him ; from many who detest both Lally and Mal[1]onet. When I said this to Lord Loughborough, he resorted to his disbelief of Cazalès having said this or that particular thing, and to the impossibility of such a man having done so. I grew a little impatient, and said it might be thought right to declare this belief of facts, which I knew to be true, that is as to their substance, for as to particular words, it was idle to insist in such a case on the correct recollection of them—and with regard to Cazalès, I added that because he had been in the Assembly an eloquent and spirited Advocate for the King and the Noblesse, and though he might be a very honourable man, it did not follow that he was necessarily a very discreet man. I found him not well informed of Cazalès' history and told him what I in part knew, and in part had heard from good authority. Cazalès was a youngish subaltern officer (or at most Captain) when he was sent to the States General. He is the son of a Capitain of Thoulouse, which office ennobles and has no other pretence to noblesse. Lord Loughborough said he was the son of a *Conseillier au parlement*, but as he added that he was not from Thoulouse but from near Bordeaux I was persuaded my informant is more correct, because he certainly is not from that part. Having remained to the end of the first Assembly he went, on its dissolution, immediately to Coblentz, but was very ill and, I think, very ungratefully received by the Princes. This I have heard ascribed partly to his inferiority of rank (it was said Monsieur or Mr. d'Artois either hesitated about his dining at their table, or actually did not invite him to do so) but more because in a famous speech at the end of the Constitutional Assembly, on the neglect of the new elections to

the legislative assembly, he had seemed to acknowledge the people as the original source of legitimate power. This was a whimsical ground for the cold reception he met with, for the speech in question was the warmest and finest he had ever pronounced in support of the cause of the Princes and Noblesse, and had such an effect that on concluding it with "*Vive le roi*," the whole assembly and all the galleries rang with repetitions of that expression. At Coblenz, Cazalès met with young Burke, who was also, as I have heard, affronted by or with the Princes, because having abused James II. and his father to Monsieur, with his usual want of management or diffidence, Monsieur had checked him, by reminding him of the relationship between the two families. Dick B.[urke] brought Cazalès to England with him and carried him to Beaconsfield, where he had chiefly lived till his late departure for the South of France, except that I believe he made the last unfortunate Campaign under the Duke of Brunswick and Mr. de Broglie. Burke, the father, pressed him on Elliot—and the ministers. His expences were given him, but he has no mission, and is to find himself at Toulon, as a person of the country—and not in any manner connected with Sir Gilbert. He has certainly not so represented the principle of his journey, neither here nor at Brussels. I find Mounier has also a mission—and Mallet du Pan has received money from us and is returning from Brussels to Geneva to co-operate, by writing or otherwise.

Gibbon, to-day, told us the history of the Chevalier Acton, now Minister of the King of Naples. His grandfather had been a merchant, or in some way in trade, and he is a relation of Gibbon's. When his (Gibbon's) father was on his travels, he met with Acton, who was

bred to Physic and was then attending the medical lectures and hospitals at Paris. Afterwards he went to Besançon, married a lady of that town, turned Catholic and settled there. Mr. Gibbon's father was the remote cause of this, and of all that has since happened to the family, for he having been taken ill at Besançon and having a reliance on the skill of his relation and countryman, he sent for him to attend him there, and it was on that occasion that he met with his wife, who fell in love with him, and was a person of fortune. He had three sons by her. The Neapolitan Prime Minister is the eldest. He was first in the Duke of Tuscany's naval service at Leghorn, and in that situation distinguished himself on some occasion, where the Neapolitan as well as Tuscan ships were engaged. After this he entered into the Neapolitan Sea service, and very soon, by his abilities, rose to his present eminence. The other two sons are Emigrants—one with the Princes, and one in Switzerland. This last called on his relation, Gibbon, at Lausanne, last summer, and introduced himself as "*Monsieur Acton, mais pas le bon.*" The *bon* (the Minister) has very lately succeeded to an estate of near £3,000 a year, in Shropshire, and a baronetage, by inheritance from a Sir Richard Acton, the elder branch of his family.

Mr. Gibbon also told us the following curious circumstance concerning the King of Naples. The French Ambassador happened to mention some *traits* of Henry IV. which struck the King very much, and induced him to ask who he was, when he lived, whether any account of him was to be met with. This ignorance of so illustrious a character in one of his own descendants would seem incredible, if the grossest ignorance were not well known

to belong to the King of Naples. The ambassador said there were many histories of Henry IV., and particularly mentioned Prefixe's life of him. The King, with great eagerness, desired that he would endeavour to procure it for him. It was got at a bookseller's immediately. He began to read it next morning, and employed himself in that way, during the time which he usually devoted to his favourite amusements of shooting or fishing. At night he signified that he should spend the next forenoon in the same way. But when he went to resume his study, the book had disappeared. Nobody could tell what had become of it. The bookseller who had furnished the copy, was sent to for another. He had had his lesson, and unfortunately what he had before sent to his Majesty was the only copy he had left. All Naples was ransacked—but in vain, and the King, after being vexed and out of humour for a week, forgot, in the enjoyment of his usual pleasures, his new taste, Prefixe, and perhaps Henry IV. It was supposed that the Queen had taken the alarm at this sudden inclination for reading and information, and contrived to check it in its early growth.

Wednesday, 13th.—I dined at Lord Guildford's—with him, Lady Guildford and Frank [North]. After dinner he and I had a very long discussion of politics, and of the part he had taken last year. I spoke my mind very freely to him on all the points:—On his political and personal situation. On the principle of his connection with Fox, and the Duke of Portland. On Lord Loughborough's attempt to carry him over last year. On the probability that he would have made a large party of following last year if he had acted differently from what he had done. On the question whether it was quite consistent with the

dignity which he ought to feel, that he should be the implicit follower of anybody. 'Why should he belong to Fox or to the Duke of Portland, &c., &c. He heard patiently, and could not be displeased, for I mixed with a strong mode of putting everything, a great deal of just commendation of himself, and a great many true expressions of affection. But he continued to keep his ground. After the conversation was over, and something else had intervened, he said, "A great deal has been said by you, but to what end? It is now too late." He agreed with me in opinion about Sheridan—and about Grey—who was an indiscriminating admirer of Burke's book when it first came out. He tells me he hears that Grey and the friends of the people are going to let their measure drop. He did not seem to know what Fullarton intends to do.

When I came home at night Lady K. told me two little circumstances of Jamie Gordon, which gave her great pleasure. He had been to see a 'Guillotine where they represent the execution of the King of France, and had been much affected by it. Lady K. said something concerning the murder of that unhappy monarch and Queen, but added, "They are now happy." The boy said instantly, "And I hope together, aunt." She told him the Jacobins were endeavouring to make the young King vicious and wicked. He said, "I hope they will not succeed, aunty—but if they do, I hope God will forgive him at the last day, because it will not be his fault but theirs."

Thursday, 14th November, 7 a.m.—Yesterday morning Lord Sheffield and Farquhar [Sir Walter, the Court doctor] called upon us. They had just come from Mr. Gibbon. His malady has increased very visibly of late,

and a few days ago Lord Sheffield received a letter from him in which he said the time was at last come when he must draw aside the veil and talk about his health. "You may *perhaps* have observed of late an uncommon protuberance," &c. He had sent for Farquhar, who has pronounced it to be a hydrocele, and has called in two other surgeons. One of the three is to perform the operation of tapping this morning. I shall be very anxious about the event, as he is a very good-natured as well as an ingenious and learned man, and a man of great probity in his conduct, however censurable in his opinions, and he is very kind to me. The disease has been coming on for thirty years.

Lord Sheffield is in a state of great irritability, both on account of his political and of certain domestic interests. He is of a very active, bustling temper and turn of mind. But I fear he has mistaken that turn for genius, and because it has raised him to the Irish peerage imagines it entitles him to be a Minister of State.

He and Sir G. Elliot were, I believe, the only two persons who, in the beginning of the last session of Parliament, declared their dissent and disapprobation of Mr. Fox's opinions by directly naming him. Sir G. had used guarded and civil language when he did so, and expressed strong feeling of regret and great personal regard. Lord Sheffield, as is his nature, was more abrupt and he had said that he was ashamed for the enthusiasm he had formerly felt for the Rt. Honble. Gentleman. He seems to think his services to the Alarmist party, or rather to the Administration, and particularly to the Chancellor, have been neglected, and he talked to me, when I was twice at Sheffield Place this summer, of absenting himself from parliament, or sometimes seemed

inclined to say that though he had approved of the war he might be at liberty to censure the conduct of the Campaign, which he truly thinks will be best ground for opposition to take this winter. I had taken the liberty to tell him that he could not do the one or the other consistently with what he had been forward in doing last year. I found him equally anxious for efficient office and for new rank. Of the two, I conceive him fittest for the last, and I advised him to make an English peerage *his object*. He had, sometime after my last visit to Sheffield Place, gone over to see the Chancellor at Tunbridge, and had talked such *frondeur* language about the Campaign, Dunkirk, the Duke of York and the Duke of Richmond (*indiscriminately*), had indiscreetly mentioned some very angry and indiscreet conversation of the latter, which he had held to him at the time of the failure of the enterprise against Dunkirk, and some indiscreet letters of Windham's to him (which he had before shown me), had repeated a number of topics of complaint and censure which had been written or said by officers at the army or who had lately come from it, and had ended by saying that he was neglected by both parties, that he might be opposed and lose election at Bristol, &c., and had insinuated that he expected some substantial proof of attention from the Ministry, pointing (as I understand from Lord Loughborough, who told me all this) at a place on the India board, or some such office. Lord Loughborough had, by his own account, treated his pretensions a little contemptuously, and ironically advised him to go into Opposition, had insisted that he had been sufficiently taken notice of, &c., &c. Since this conversation Lord Loughborough has talked of it on more than one occasion to me. God

knows whether Lord Sheffield had mentioned me, as he had some others of his friends, as having been of opinion that he had been ill-used. If he had he must have misapprehended me very much. But the Chancellor repeated to me what he had said to Lord Sheffield, deprecating his merits and his abilities. I told him that he and I had often on former occasions talked of Lord Sheffield and had agreed as to the sort of degree of his talents ; that his pretensions might be too great, but that every man's secret standard is his own breast, went beyond his real value. That however he had one real value not inconsiderable, that of being personally attached in private friendship and public conduct to the Chancellor to whom he had always professed his obligations and regard. This he seemed to admit. Yesterday I reported a good deal of this conversation to Lord Sheffield and repeated my former arguments to dissuade him from political neutrality as too late and very disadvantageous to his character, and, after a great deal of discussion in which the desultory incoherent sort of understanding which belongs to him, and his over-weening vanity, as well as some quickness of parts and a great deal of frankness and good nature displayed themselves very fully, I brought him to the resolution of calling on the Chancellor and telling him that he considered him (since Lord G.'s [Guildford's] death, to whom he had been introduced by the Chancellor) as the person in high political situation to whom he was attached from long acquaintance, friendship, and habits, and secondly, that he felt that as he had supported the measure, and thought it must be continued, he could not consistently, and therefore should not support or even countenance any attack in Parliament this winter on the conduct of the

last Campaign. He asked me if he should not *mention* his wish for an English peerage. I said I believed the direct mention of it now would not succeed and therefore would injure his future pretensions. At night he called on Lady K., wishing (I suppose), if he had found her alone, to talk on the domestic business I have alluded to, and when he went away he told me he had, on reflection, changed his mind, that he was going to the Chancellor to shew he was in good humour, but that he had determined to say nothing of what we had talked of. I said I thought him very much in the wrong. He answered, "Several reasons have occurred since the morning." I said that I could not judge of the weight they might have not knowing them.

* * * * * *

I must add a circumstance about Lord Sheffield. I saw when I mentioned Sir G.[ilbert] E.[lliot]'s appointment to him, when he was last at Sheffield Place, that he was uneasy at it. The Chancellor told me that he knew that he had written to a person [*The rest of this episode is omitted, as it deals merely with Lord Sheffield's anxiety for an appointment.*]

Friday, 15th November, 7 a.m.—I called on Pelham* yesterday. We talked about the Duke of York. He had been with him, just before the enterprise against Dunkirk, and has since corresponded with him. We agreed in many respects about him. St. Leger had sent Pelham a copy of the Prince of Saxe-Coburg's letter, and I find, by a letter I had yesterday from the Duke of Portland, that his son had sent him one. The Duke thinks it has been an improper neglect of the Duke of York not to

* Afterwards the second Earl of Chichester.

have published that letter by authority, and says it is one of many instances of that sort of neglect. His letter is anti-ministerial, but strongly alarmist. It is very good-natured and kind to me.

Pelham has heard from Mr. Du Moûtier (who is an ex-minister, since the revolution, and brother, I believe, to the Mr. de Brehan and Madame de la Suze, the friend of the Scotts, and of Crossley) many particulars relative to the Royalists of La Vendée.* According to him, Gaston was a barber of a village called Clisson, or of that neighbourhood, and a national guard. When, last autumn, a great levy of national guards were ordered to march to the frontier to oppose the Duke of Brunswick, Gaston, and many of his acquaintance, were extremely unwilling to obey this order. There were about 600 national guards in barracks in the Chateau of Clisson—400 of them were of Gaston's opinion, or brought over by him, and it was concerted between them, that as soon as the corps marched out of the castle, they disarm the remaining 200 and distribute their arms to other persons. This was executed with great success. Each two of the 400 disarmed their man. The little corps thus purged and new-modelled, put Gaston at their head, and very soon marched to Saumur, where a body of 1,000 Austrian prisoners were confined, forced the place and released the prisoners, and these Austrians have been the *noyau* of their regular troops, who are now said to amount to a very considerable army. Gaston was killed in one of their first engagements, but the name had been found so popular that they gave it to another leader. Such, as he has heard, is the real fact with regard to this

* Du Moûtier has a great deal of correspondence and intercourse with La Vendée.—[G.]

mysterious Gaston who has so long puzzled all the world. I think people have now ceased to talk of him, or to call the Vendée party by his name. That army, according to Pelham, who has also this information from Du Moutier, is now in possession of several posts on this side, the Loire, from Rendom on La Vilaine, to Laval inclusive, forming a line which if completed, would run quite across from the Bay of Biscay to that of Concale, separate that great tongue of land from the rest of France, and facilitate greatly the possibility of our access to co-operate with these Royalists. Du Moutier is preparing a sort of Memoir, which he is about to print, concerning the party of La Vendée and the conduct of the war as to them, and the other parts of France. I find Pelham blames the sending so many troops to the West Indies instead of keeping them to be employed in France. He seems to be a censurer, though an alarmist.

Last night at Lady G[uildford's] the party was Mr. and Mrs. Concanen (?), at first, and Mrs. Merricke. Then came Mrs. Bouverie,* Lady St. Clair, Miss Bouverie and Sheridan, together, and then Mrs. Bruce. I talked a little with Mrs. Bouverie, but avoided certain openings concerning politics. She looked very handsome and is still armed with a great deal of sober matron-like seduction. She looks very like a lady to be such a democrat. Last summer, Lord Orford (Horace Walpole) said a good, though a very severe, thing about her. Somebody reported to him that Mrs. Bouverie had been talking a great deal of democratical language, and had declared that she hoped to see the time when there would be no

* Mrs. Bouverie was a close friend of Sheridan and Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. She was called "Amoret" (after the verses by Suckling), and was concerned in the FitzHerbert Affair.

overgrown fortunes, and when the poor would be in easy circumstances and the fine ladies lay down their coaches and walk the streets. Lord Orford said he had, no doubt, a great regard for his relation, Mrs. Bouverie, but that he owned he always thought she had a turn for street-walking. He is only related to her because Mr. Churchill, whose sister, Lady Falkener [*i.e.* Fawkener], was Mrs. Bouverie's mother, married a sister of Lord Orford's, Lady Mary Cholmondeley.

The report, yesterday, was that the Duke of Orleans, that monster of cowardice and cruelty, who has contributed so much to the misery of France and the just terror of Europe, in order to gratify an unmanly resentment against the King and Queen, and has for that contemptible as well as wicked purpose sacrificed the most elevated situation and the greatest fortune any subject can hold, has been guillotined.

Another report begins to prevail—almost too loud to work down—that the young Madame, sister to Louis XVII., who is hardly, I believe, fifteen, is with child. Whatever sort of force has been used, whether violence, intoxication, or a more systematical corruption of mind of this unfortunate being, as the mode of obtaining the pollution of her body, this is the most refined, and if it were still possible to discern degrees and shades in their guilt, it is the blackest and deepest of all the crimes they have yet committed.

A Monsieur de St. Amand, an Emigré, who had dined at Colmore's, and whom I found there when I went to call on them from Lord Guildford's, told us many particulars about Landau. An uncle of his had been Governor of it. It is not large, as a town, but the works are very extensive. It would require 60,000 men to invest it tho-



MRS. BOUVERIE.

From an engraving after Reynolds.

roughly. It is not by nature a strong place, but Vauban fortified it with uncommon art. St. Amand mentioned an entertaining but not a very probable reason for his having bestowed uncommon pains on the occasion of fortifying this place. It seems he was in love with a young Chanoinesse of Landau. From its situation, though it had been ceded, he thought, in the case of a new war, it would be an early object of attack and easily taken. In which case he would have lost the power of seeing his mistress. To secure to himself therefore a communication with her, he directed all his skill (but at the expense of his sovereign) to render the place impregnable. If literally true, this would certainly be one of the great effects produced by little causes.*

Saturday, 16th November, 7 a.m.—I saw Lord Grenville, yesterday, at his office, and explained to him the Baron de Gillet's plan for raising a corps of light troops in Dauphiné and delivered his memorial to him. He is to talk the matter over with Mr. Pitt and Mr. Dundas, and let me know their determination.

I received an answer yesterday from Mr. Burke.† Except a very obliging, elegant compliment to me at the beginning, it is written entirely *at* Sir G[ilbert] E[lliott] for having yielded in some degree to the objections which had been raised against the employment of Cazalès, and at the Ministry for want of vigour, and for being afraid to employ those who think according to their own system in France. It is a rememberable letter, and seems to in-

* The Prusso-Austrian Army had to raise the siege of Landau in 1793. History does not relate whether St. Amand raised his, also.

† At this time Burke, in his indignation against the French Revolution, was addressing reams of letters to all the old Whigs. His letter to Sir Gilbert Elliot is given in his "Life and Letters."

dicare a possibility of hostile conduct from him in the next Session. The Duke of Portland's, which I received two days ago, breathes the same tone. Pelham's conversation the same, who may have inspired Lord Sheffield's and even Windham's silence hitherto, considering the contents of my last letter to him, augurs something of the same sort. The news yesterday was that Lord Malmesbury is going Ambassador to Berlin (an appointment which in my opinion ought to have taken place long since) and that Lord Spencer is not so averse as he has been to Ireland.

Marianne Colmore told Lady K., yesterday evening, a strange, wicked story of her friend Madame de Co[i]gny. It seems the Duke of Biron had wanted a grant of the survivance of the Marshal de Biron's regiment and had applied to the Queen to solicit it for him. She had told him that if he would apply himself to the King, she would support his application but did not choose to mention it first. Letters had passed between them on this subject, and one day, when she was getting on horseback, and Mr. de Biron holding her stirrup, she was overheard to say, "*Si vous ne demandez rien vous n'aurez rien.*" Afterwards, not obtaining the regiment, he quarrelled with the Queen, and having then an intrigue with Madame de Co[i]gny he gave her the Queen's letters, which were perfectly innocent. But Madame de Co[i]gny by selecting particular passages to which she gave unequivocal sense, and by getting hold of the expression above mentioned, and perverting it, contrived to make out a plausible story as if the Queen had been on the same footing with Biron as she herself was known to be, which story she circulated and made use of at political meetings, held at her house, in order to ruin the Queen and her

friends. Miss Colmore did not mention dates. I should presume the thing must have happened a little before, or about the beginning of the revolution. Madame de Co[i]gny cried violently the other day at a service which was solemnized for the Queen at the Spanish Ambassador's Chapel[1]. No wonder, if this story is true, and she has any feeling left.

Le Comte du Moûtier left his name with me yesterday. I expect Lally T[ollendal] to dine with us to-day. I met Smith [soon to be Lord Carrington] in Pall-Mall who was hunting for a lodging for Madame de Fl[ahaut?] She is coming soon to London.

Sunday, 17th November, 8 a.m.—Lord Malmesbury dined with us—Lally did not come. He is going to Berlin on a special mission, without any character (his own expression) except what belongs to himself, *i.e.*, without the name of ambassador, &c. He says his mission is to try to bring the King to act decisively with the alliance or, if he will not, to bring him to some explicit declaration of his intentions. By the correspondence he has lately received at the office, he says he thinks there is some apprehension as if Lucchesini's favour were on the decline.

Lucchesini, he says, was a mere man of letters—native of Lucca. He supposes the name is a *nom-de-guerre*. That he first came to Vienna and offered his services to Prince Kaunitz, and that court. That Kaunitz rejected him, on which he contracted or pretended a hatred to Austria, and with that profession went to the old King of Prussia, and was employed by him as a reader. Some Italian Abbé who had acted in the same capacity was just dead. Lord Malmesbury thinks Lucchesini was

never employed in political business by the old King. He never has seen Lucchesini.* The Chancellor, whom I called on in the evening, says it is not very clear from the correspondence whether Lucchesini's favour is declining or not.

Monday, 18th November.—I breakfasted yesterday at Lady Bristol's, at Wimbledon, with her and Lady Louisa†—called on Madame de Cambis on my way to Bushey Park, where I found Car. Cooper with Lady Guildford and Ch. and H. and also Mr. Williams. I dined with Lady Hardwicke at Richmond. Lady Margaret, Hugh Lindsay, and Mr. Henry Hope dined there.

I had a good deal of conversation with the Chancellor on the subject of Tithes. I think he used to be a friend to the commutation of tithes. But he agreed with me that the right of the Church to tithes is so interwoven with the rest of our ecclesiastical and civil polity, that, in these times it would be extremely dangerous to meddle with them, unless by private voluntary commutations. He says that tithes fall heavier in England than in other countries, where they do not, as here, take the tenth of the gross produce, but first deduct the seed, which is reckoned at about three-thirteenths ; so, there remaining ten-thirteenths, and one of those making the tithe, that in

* The Italian Marquis de Lucchesini had been Frederick the Great's Minister and literary friend. In the next reign he attended all the Diplomatic Congresses and Conferences, from that of Warsaw to that of Paris. He died in 1825. Prince Kaunitz, the Austrian premier, who held the scented hand in his iron glove, has recently met with an enthusiastic eulogy in Mr. Belloc's "*Marie Antoinette*."

† Lady Bristol was the wife of the Bishop of Derry (Francis Hervey, Earl of Bristol, who "resided" in Italy). They lived chiefly apart. Her daughter, Lady Elizabeth Foster, became *en secondes nocés* Duchess of Devonshire in succession to Georgiana, her intimate friend; Lady Louisa Hervey married Lord Hawkesbury, the second Earl of Liverpool, while Mary, a third daughter, became Lady Erne.

those countries is but one-thirteenth. He does not know whether they have moduses in other countries. Probably they have. He says Parliament has had no fixed rule as to the quantum of land to be allotted for the tithe on enclosing commons. That Dr. Warren (Bishop of Bangor), who takes a great share in those tithes, has an opinion that one-fifth should be allotted, because the tenth of the gross produce is computed to be a fifth of the net produce, *i.e.* after deducting the seed and labour which fall on the husbandman. He talked of the Farnham Hop Bill, which I was counsel against last year, as a most unjust and impolitic measure. It was patronised and supported by Mr. Rose, and though opposed by the Attorney-General and all the principal lawyers in the House, there were decided majorities in its favour, on every division, and it was only thrown out by repeatedly telling the House.

Lady Bristol and Lady Louisa told me that the other night, at Devonshire House, there happened to be but about twenty people, of whom the Prince of Wales was one, and that there were three of the twenty whom he did not speak to—the Duke of Bedford, Charles Greville, and Madamede Coigny. How his intimacies and his quarrels [1] injure and degrade him! His familiarity lowers him under the level of others, and the sulks and quarrels, which such familiarity tends to produce, occasion hatred in those in whom he has already excited contempt. His brother, the Duke of Clarence, has all his faults much exaggerated and without the grace of his manners, or his parts. He is an absolute nuisance at Richmond. People do not like to receive him in their houses. He assured Mrs. Keane, the other day, that I had been sent abroad to explain to people at Brussels our Declaration, which according

to him, is arrant nonsense, and therefore must have been written by Pitt.

I find from Lady Bristol that Lord Sheffield was abusing the Declaration and the conduct of the war, at Devonshire House. He called on Lady K. the other night, and held the same language, and talked of a third party, with Windham and Lord Spencer at the head—who might censure the conduct of the war, and yet support it on essential questions. Lady K. controverted the propriety of such a conduct or of forming such a party. There is at present pretty strong revival of the report that Lord Spencer is coming into office. Lady Bristol has heard that he will not go to Ireland, and that they talk of his being President of the Council.

Lady Bristol told me of the manner in which Chauvelin was sent from Florence.* He arrived there as Minister of the Republic, and was to deliver his credentials next day. But, that evening, Lord Hervey insisted that he should be sent to tell him that they would [not] be received and that he must depart immediately, which he did. When he arrived, the arms of France were taking [*sic*] down from the Hotel where he was to lodge and which La Flotte, his predecessor, had just quitted. It is said that he has quarrelled with his wife, a handsome young woman and very rich, daughter of Madame de Boulogne, who is sister or daughter of Walckier, of Brussels, and was there when I was. They say Chauvelin beat her, and that she left him in Switzerland and returned to her relations. Lady Bristol says that

* The Marquis de Chauvelin had attended Talleyrand on his ambassadorial and spying visit to England in 1791. In 1793 they had just been dismissed from London, "Ambassador and Ambassador's Cloak," as Carlyle terms them. It will be remembered that Carlyle names the Bishop of Autun "Soul's overseer, Talleyrand-Perigord."

Manfredini, the Minister at Florence, when the French (whom they are sending all away in consequence of Lord Hervey's more than spirited requisitions) come to him to try to obtain leave to remain, he tells them that they should go to Lord Hervey, for that it is he, and not the Grand Duke, who sends them away. She says also that he executes the order with great harshness in order to render Lord Hervey odious.

Yesterday's report was that Lord Rawdon [afterwards Moira] is to command an armament to the Vendée, or rather, now, to Brittany. Lady Margaret F[ordyce] * wonders they have not sent her brother, Lord Balcarres, who is with his regiment at Jersey, and two days ago, sent up a sort of *procès-verbal*, or examination, of a person just then arrived in Jersey from that part of France and who, according to the Chancellor and Mr. Dundas, gives the most promising accounts. They have, it is said, an army of 60,000 and are in hopes of taking St. Malo, though there are said to be 26,000 patriotic troops there. Lady Margaret says Sir M. Keith has been offered the command of the British troops in Flanders at the beginning of the campaign, and declined it on account of his health. This must be quite impossible.

Tuesday, 19th November.—Lord Sheffield called me out of the court of Exchequer, yesterday forenoon, but I found he had nothing to say, and only wanted to vent his fidgettyness about the domestic concern I have before mentioned and about politics. G. Newham, an acquaintance and sort of relation of his, says he will marry soon, and one of the Pelhams.

* The Bath Beauty whom Sheridan celebrated in his youth. Her sister, Lady Anne Lindsay, was equally charming and nearly as beautiful.

I called on Gibbon, and afterwards on Madame de Co[i]gny. Gibbon gave me the history of his complaint. He seemed to doubt whether I had ever taken notice of it. He was as usual full of anecdote. I admire a *trait* he told me of the late King of Prussia. It is well known that Marshal Laudon [*i.e.* Laudohn*], when a young man, offered his services to the King of Prussia, who rejected them. He had soon and very often reason to wish he had not done so. At the first interview between the Emperor Joseph and the King of Prussia Laudon accompanied the Emperor, and at dinner, one day, the King kept a place at table next himself till Laudon, who had been detained by some necessary avocation, came in, after everybody was seated, and was looking about for some humble place. But the King immediately called to him and said, "Monsieur le Maréchal, venez-vous mettre ici. J'aime mieux vous avoir à côté que vis-à-vis de moi."† Here is another anecdote of a different sort. When the French Constituent Assembly had decreed what they called the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, and many of the Bishops had abdicated, so that new ones were to be named who had conformed to the New System, it became a matter of great difficulty to find any of the remaining Bishops who could be prevailed on to consecrate those persons. At last, Talleyrand, the Bishop of Autun, who himself was beyond the suspicion of such scruples, persuaded two others, Bishops *in partibus*, viz., the Bishop of Babylon, and Gobet, Bishop of Lydda and secretary to the Bishop of Basle, to unite with him in those consecrations. The

* Victor of Hochkirk, Kunersdorf and Belgrade. See p. 25. We have here the French form of the name.

† This anecdote was hardly new when Gibbon repeated it.—[G.]

first of them was to take place the morning after the day when the thing was concerted and settled between the three. But early that morning the Bishop of Lydda came to Talleyrand and told him that, after reflection, he had determined not to proceed. Talleyrand immediately said, "This must proceed from some reason different from religion or conscience. We know one another too well for me to impute that sort of way of thinking to you." On this, Gobet owned that he was deterred by the apprehension of danger to his life from the resentment of the *Côté droit*. The other Bishop argued a little with him against such vain and unmanly terrors, but finding such reasoning without effect, he took a pistol from his pocket and turning it towards him said, "Have you thoroughly considered the danger you may run if you should recede from what you have solemnly engaged to?" Gobet, on this, immediately acknowledged that his calculation was a false one, and they soon afterwards proceeded together to perform the Ceremony. Madame de Stael told Gibbon that she heard this from the Bishop of Autun himself. Gobet has been since Bishop of Paris, and on the 10th (I think) of this month appears to have come to the Assembly and renounced his character of Bishop and Priest, abjured religion in general, and declared that in all its forms he thinks it is an imposture. Several other priests did the same thing that day, and among others, that detestable apostle of the present plot against human civilisation and happiness, the Abbé Sieyès. He and Condorcet are, or have been, the two grand movers of the great levelling machine. Condorcet, unfortunately, after falling into disgrace of Brissot, has escaped and he is now said to be at Lausanne. How weak that government must be if, after arresting

Rotondo, who was only a murderer,* they suffer Condorcet to remain at large. Some protracted, humiliating, mortifying, degrading punishment of those two cold-hearted, philosophical, metaphysical monsters, would *perhaps* be of service to the cause of virtue.† But Sieyès as yet seems to swim in guilt and blood with Robespierre. Indeed, they are the only two of the original or subsequent leaders whose power or influence have survived the various sub-revolutions which ever-increasing and ever-successful guilt has produced during four years among the parties at Paris. Lally, who called upon me last night, told me that the details of the Duke of Orleans' trial and execution had just arrived. The whole lasted but four hours. He said the hour of his trial was the only one when he had not been miserable for years. He showed no signs of terror or cowardice. When he passed the Palais Royal in the *tombereau*, in which he was conducted to the place of execution, he fixed his eyes steadfastly on that scene of his greatness, his pleasures and intrigues, and continued turning towards and looking at it, till he was drawn out of that street (the rue St. Honoré) towards the Place de Louis XV. When he got to the scaffold, he sprang from the cart with a sort of slight and agility which he had always been remarkable for, and with instantaneous alacrity laid him-

* Rotondo was a brigand agitator, suspected of having some three hundred mercenaries at his call to pillage and massacre members of the Committees. He was arrested both in Paris (1791) and Geneva (1793). Forty thousand livres were found in his possession.

† Curiously enough this is almost a prophecy. The Marquis de Condorcet's Jacobinism ended next year in his suicide by poison, while Brissot, the puritan Girondin, was guillotined before this year of 1793 closed. The Abbé Sieyès, however, escaped every danger and lived to see Louis Philippe on the throne, and to reach the ripe age of eighty-eight.

self along and placed his head on the block of the guillotine without uttering a word. He seemed quite unmoved by the insults and execrations which the crowd bestowed on him as he was drawn along. One feels sorry that such a man (there never was, however, such another man) should die in this manner. But it is a proof (among many) that nothing is to be inferred from the manner in which a man dies in public. We are actors (unless in scenes of mere privacy) through life, and even in death.*

I had seen Laudon [Loudon] in Vienna in the year 1768. He was a plain, silent, unaffected modest man. I saw him and was presented to him at court. He said he found himself not at home there. I asked him if it were true that he was of the family of Lord Loudon. He said he believed not, that they had done him the honour to suppose he was, but that he was of very obscure birth.

I had often met with the Duke of Orleans when he was Duke of Chartres, and afterwards. In 1770 I spent a fortnight, or three weeks, at L'Isle Adam. He (then Duke of Chartres) and the Duchess were there part of the time. He was a slender, graceful figure, but the scorbutic humour had already begun to show itself in his face. He was droll rather than lively, full of little tricks of activity, well-bred, and popular in that society. But he was then known to be very dissolute and to drink hard. There were, besides, there at that time his friend,

* What can have been the principle of the Duke of Orleans' foolish not less than detestable conduct? It was not the ambition to be King, at least those who knew him best say he had not spirit for that thought. The Duke of Queensberry says it was resentment against the King and Queen for their harshness to him, and especially for his banishment to Villars-Cotterets. That motive seems very slight and inadequate to the effect.—[G.]

the Duke de Lauzun, Madame La Comtesse de Marck, wife of the present Prince de Conti, the Comtesse de Boufflers, the Mr. de Boufflers, the old Maréchale de Luxembourg, Mr. and Mrs. Mathews, Madame de Choisy (a Lady of the Duchess of Chartres), &c., &c. Madame de Chartres was large and full—rather than fat—of a fine red-and-white complexion, white teeth, light and thick hair, and an open, honest countenance. Her subsequent life has not belied the opinion then formed of her goodness. The Prince de Conti was a very gentleman-like man, and for a Prince of the blood of France, well-informed.*

I dined yesterday at the Bench in Lincoln's Inn for the first time since I have been a bencher. The Company was Master Holford, Master Leeds, George Newnham, Messrs. Long, Grubin[?], William Jackson, and myself. After dinner, Erskine came into the little room to move for Moore, one of Dr. Moore's† sons, being called to the Bar. He talked about his causes, about Toulon, &c., &c., &c., during the half-hour he was there, and invited discussions about politics, libels, &c., but the Company did not give in to it, and I particularly avoided it.

Wednesday, 20th November, 7 a.m.—If this journal shall prove, at an after period, useful or amusing, to myself, or to my wife and my son, or children, it may be considered as a conquest of some value made upon indolence, for I write it in general during an hour which for the greatest part of my life has been wasted in sleep

* Of these, the Maréchale de Luxembourg and Madame de Boufflers had been, of course, associated with Rousseau.

† The Archbishop of Canterbury who worked on the King's conscience regarding the Union.

or indolence. This is perhaps an advantage derived from a little essay I composed, last year, on the subject of indolence, which, together with several others only projected, I intend as lessons to our little Frederick, drawn in part from my experience and partly from reading.

I called on "Fish Crawford" yesterday. His surgeon (one of Dr. Moore, the traveller's, sons) was just leaving him. He had been dressing and probing his feet, which are lame from the gout, and constantly throwing out chalk stones. Crawford's acquaintance are very apt to blame him for his constant complaints of his health, and the facility with which he used to listen to quacks and try their medicines. For instance, when Cagliostro came over here, after the affairs of the Cardinal de Rohan, he consulted him and took his prescriptions. But it is easy for those who enjoy sound health, interrupted only by temporary illnesses, which last but a short time, and yield to known and established cures, to exclaim against the impatience or folly of others who, after passing years and years in constant or periodical pain, have experienced the inefficacy of medical science, and are found to catch at anything which has the most distant chance of recovery or cure, even anything which merely *promises* them relief.

It is a singular circumstance that I should have known Cagliostro, in London, before his fame began. Before he had been in Prussia at Strasburg[h] or Paris.* It is

* This glimpse of Cagliostro's first visit to London is very striking. Joseph Balsamo, the self-styled Count of Cagliostro, was born in Sicily and brought up by the Friars of Mercy, who instructed him in chemistry. Attended by a handsome Neapolitan woman, he travelled in Spain, Portugal, Italy, and England. Then he got mixed up with the Cardinal de Rohan and the Diamond Necklace, the best account of which is to be found in M. Funck-Brentano's "L'Affaire du Collier." He returned to England, practising his cures and divinations, but eventually (1795)

perhaps more singular that the first brief I ever had was in a cause of his. He was here about the year 1776 (in which year I was called to the bar) and then called himself a Colonel in the Prussian service, and, if I recollect, pretended to be a German, though his name and his accent clearly proved that he was not. There was one Bristow or Bristol, who was supposed to be an humble lover of Lady Fitzroy's,* the mother of the Duke of Grafton, and was a protégé of hers and of her husband Mr. Jeffrey. This man who had been in various situations, in trade, a custom-house officer, &c., had, about that time, opened a little bookseller's shop near the Tower. He and his wife were toad-eaters to some city acquaintance of mine, and by way of a party, and also to please Mr. and Mrs. Bristow, we went one day to dine with them. At dinner we met Colonel Cagliostro and an Italian *soi-disant* Countess whom he insinuated to be a sort of incognito wife. She was a handsome woman, tall and rather fair, according to my recollection. She was probably the person who afterwards acted a part in his history. He, that day, pretended to great knowledge in the occult sciences, and particularly gave out that he knew exactly how to calculate and discover the successful numbers in the lottery which was then drawing. Molesworth's imposture was at that time in vogue. The ignorance and, I thought, the stupidity of Cagliostro were sufficiently obvious. However, one of my friends was very near

fell a victim to his own frauds and the Roman Inquisition in the Castle of Saint Angelo. Goethe visited his parents during his Italian Journey in 1786—8. Dumas' novel of Joseph Balsamo shows him as intriguer and wonder-worker, but not wholly a charlatan.

* She was properly Lady Augusta Fitzroy, but generally called Lady Fitzroy. Lord Orford once told me the very singular history of her and her brother-in-law, Lord Euston, and of the privy of Lady Euston.—[G.]



COMTE DE CAGLIOSTRO.
From an old engraving.

giving credit to his skill as to the lottery, and Bristow either had, or affected, entire faith in it. Bristow and Cagliostro were connected with Mr. Cornelys, a Mr. Sheridan and a Mr. Frere,* or a person of some such name, and there had been a traffic among them about certain jewells, which I think Cagliostro claimed, and which Frere had got possession of, and an action, or some summary proceeding, had been instituted with regard to them in the Court of King's Bench. Bristow, who was a sort of petty intriguer, and thought I might be of some service to him, or at least wished to oblige my city friends by procuring me a little business, made Cagliostro's Attorney, a Mr. James, bring me a motion, in this clause, on behalf of his client. The motion and rule which I obtained will still appear in the rule-book of that time. Bristow soon afterwards broke, and having by the interest of Jeffrey and Lady Fitzroy, obtained some situation in the East-Indies, he went there, and died a short while after his arrival. Cagliostro did not find dupes to satisfy him in England, and went, I believe, from London to Petersburg. He was of a short, thick, stumpy figure, with a florid complexion, and about thirty-five years of age. I thought his person and manner not unlike those of another famous Italian cheat whom I had often dined with at Prince Kaunitz's at Vienna, Colonel Affligio. I believe both the one and the other were Neapolitans.

I believe that I have already mentioned that the Duke of Queensberry is very apt to palliate the conduct of the

* It is curious that such names as Sheridan and Frere, both allied to political and literary fame, should occur in this connection. "Cornelys" may have been the husband of Madame Cornely, the mistress of the Carlyle House revels.

Duke of Orleans. Since the news of his execution, Crawford was with him one day, before dinner, in his little room, in which he has the small picture which was taken from that in the possession of the Prince of Wales and from whence the print of the Duke of Orleans was taken. Crawford made some observation on the extraordinary folly and guilt of their old acquaintance. The Duke took up his usual line of defence, and said that he had begun, as many others have in that and this country, who, from resentment, employ their influence and fortunes in opposition to the court, and that a concurrence of causes had driven him forward, and made it impossible for him to stop or recede. He then said, I have a mind to make a present of this picture to the Duke of Devonshire or the Duke of Bedford. It will be perhaps a lesson to them, and check them a little when they are spending their money, or exciting their interest for measures which tend to subvert the constitution, under the idea that they are only promoting a fair opposition to this or that ministry. Crawford says he told this to the Duke of Devonshire, who laughed, but made no observation.

Crawford, like every body else, is apt to remark on the Duke of Queensberry's egoism[e] and selfishness. He does not always recollect that the same disposition has been imputed to himself. It is even supposed to have been the origin of the name of "Fish," which was given him at Eton and has stuck to him ever since. It was originally, as I have been told, an abbreviation of selfish. But he says what is true, that the Duke of Queensberry has no hypocrisy on this subject. He avows his *personnalité*, as the w[omen] of late have begun to term it. He declares frequently that he has nobody he cares much for, as he

believes there is nobody who cares much for him. This last, however, he might consider more truly, at least more liberally, as the consequence, and not use it as the apology of his own insouciance. Crawford remembers that one evening at Brookes's, Lord MacCartney was making a collection for a Lady of Quality who had fallen into poverty. He had got ten guineas from the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Egremont, &c., and five from various other persons. The Duke of Queensberry came in. Lord MacCartney said to Crawford, "Here are ten guineas more, Crawford." "I will lay you what you will to the contrary." Lord MacCartney assailed the Duke, painted the rank, distress and merit of the subject of his application, and told him that such and such persons had given ten and others five guineas. When he had done the Duke said, "You want five *guineas* for a poor Lady of Quality. There are in this town several poor Ladies of Quality my relations. I never give any of them five guineas." This was all Lord MacCartney got from him.

Lady Margaret Fordyce and her brother, Hugh, dined with us yesterday. Lady Margaret told Lady K. that the other night at supper at Lord Guildford's, when the horrid report that the young Madame is with child was mentioned, Mrs. Bouverie's reflection was—"I am very glad she has amused herself so well during her imprisonment."

Madame d'Hen[n]in* sent for me last night to pour

* Madame, the Princess D'Hénin, lived with Lally Tollendal at a villa in Twickenham. They were supposed to be secretly married. She had been assisted to escape from Paris by Madame de Stäel, of whose Swiss maid she had taken the place. She knew the Burneys, and was a visitor of the Emigrés at Juniper Hall. Madame D'Arblay tells us much of her, and speaks of her death in November, 1824. Indeed, she calls her her most intimate friend. In 1815 Madame D'Arblay was with her and Lally in Paris, and escaped with them to Brussels, passing once as her *femme*

forth her heart, as she said, about Lally, and the cold indifference of his friend and relation, the Chancellor. She (and Lally, too) say he has totally changed his tone since he came into the Cabinet. She concluded by saying, "*Je l'abhorre, et le deteste, mais je ne le dis qu'à vous.*" The Prince de Poix and Mr. de Mouciel, who was minister at the time of the 20th June, 1792, and author of a splendid proclamation after that affair, were with her, but retired to leave us to talk together. The Prince de Poix afterwards returned, and Lally came in after him. Lally told me several new anecdotes of the Duke of Orleans. He was to have had twenty-four hours between his sentence and execution, but when the gaoler, on shutting him up, told him so, he said, "I hear three others are to go off to-night, why should I be put off till to-morrow?" The gaoler obtained this favour for him, and he was guillotined a few hours afterwards. Lally, Madame d'Hen[n]in and the Prince de Poix will not consider Condorcet as equally guilty with Sieyès. They concur in saying that Sieyès has been much deeper in all that has passed. Lally, it seems, owes some gratitude to Condorcet. He had exerted himself in some way or other on the affair of his father. Besides I believe he or Madame Condorcet had contributed towards his release last year from the Abbaye. Lally, in some remonstrance or appeal to Condorcet on his conduct, mentioned what he owed to him as having inspired an *insurmountable gratitude*. He says if ever he writes the history of the Revolution, the name of Condorcet will not appear. Poor Bailly, whom I had seen so often in

de chambre. As Madame D'Hénin's title was derived from a Prince of the Low Countries, Talleyrand allowed her to preserve it. Lafayette was another of her great friends; he corresponded with her in prison. She was universally admired, clever, amiable, and attractive.

1791, and concerning whom I believe there is a good deal said in my letters to Lady K. from Paris, has been beheaded. His crime was the having given orders to the national guards to fire on the mob in the Champs de Mars. On that occasion Madame de Coigny said, "*C'est la Nation qui vient de lever sur le peuple.*"* Lally, who has perfect means of knowledge, says the Queen and court spent a great deal of money to support Pethion's election, as successor to Bailly in the mayoralty, against La Fayette. He imputes the subsequent ruin of everything to that step. It seems after the 14th July, 1789 (if I am right in the date), at least during the short interval that Breteuil was Minister, after Necker had been sent away, and when the Maréchal de Broglie was at the head of the army which was collected in the neighbourhood of Paris, the Duke of Orleans sent the Comte de la Marck to offer terms of accommodation with the court, and that the chief article he insisted on was that he might have leave to go to England whenever he pleased without asking permission of the King. Was there greater frivolity in making a serious point of this or weakness in refusing it?

Lord Malmesbury told us the other day, that, about the year 1774 or 1775, the Duke of Biron came to Berlin on a sort of secret commission, in order to conciliate that court to the then plans of those of Versailles and Vienna. Lord Malmesbury lodged him in his house, and he stayed a twelvemonth, during which time he thought he was outwitting his host, who found easy

* Astronomer Bailly, first Mayor of Paris and first President of the Assembly, was first frozen and then guillotined amid a howling mob that tortured his old age. When asked of what he was dying, he replied, "Of cold."

means of reading all his dispatches and taking copies of such parts as he chose.

Thursday, 21st November, 8 a.m.—I am going to carry Jamie Gordon to introduce him to Captain Hawkins, who happens to be in town. I find the *Arrogant*, his ship, is to go round to Portsmouth in a fortnight and to sail in about a month. I have very great anxiety about that boy. He is, by my advice to his father and mother, sent from them, among strangers, at the earliest period of life, to begin a profession which requires the hardest constitution both of body and mind. He seems to have many excellent qualities for it. Strength, agility, and courage, and a manly temper. But he has also great gentleness and softness of heart. His character seems a composition of his father's and his mother's and grandmother's. I perceive little of Major Mercer in him but a quickness of feeling and a considerable likeness of countenance. He is in his features very like his mother and his cousin, Lady Hampden. He betrays, hitherto, not the smallest taste for reading, which is strange in a grandson of Mercer's.

It is supposed that Lord Rawdon, Moira, is to sail to-day to attempt a descent somewhere near Cancale or St. Malo. This expedition was meant to be secret, but there is, I imagine, great difficulty in keeping such secrets in any country, and particularly in this. I hear he accepts this command without terms, without acceding to the Ministry, merely as a military man. If he is successful he may make his own terms. Part of Sir Charles Grey's armament is to go with him, and it is said that the West India Expedition is again relinquished for the present. In this, and in most of their military operations, there

seems to be great unsteadiness and want of premeditation in our ministers.

Thursday, after dinner.—I have just dined at home with my wife and James Gordon. He is gone with Hamnet, our favourite footman, to Astley's, and our little Frederick has been with us while we drank our tea. I have a pleasure to think that it may give him pleasure, some time or other, when I am gone, to read these simple circumstances mentioned in this place. They have in truth a greater interest for me than most of what forms the subject of these memorandums. My wife, our child, the grandson of my sister, even that honest and faithful servant, are nearer to my heart than wits or statesmen or Generals, and every time I spend such a domestic day, seems to make me a better and indeed a wiser man. For there is no true wisdom but in virtue, and the feelings of natural affection and the exercise of natural duties are the genuine sources of every species of virtue.

I have been much entertained in reading with Lady K. part of the life of Dr. Franklin, written by himself. What I have got is the first volume of a publication in two volumes by Robinson, printed, I believe, very lately. It is a translation of memoirs, published about two years at Paris, and in French. The French was a translation from Franklin's manuscript. The original, I understand, has been advertised.

Franklin says, on occasion of a little incident in his early life, "A man is sometimes *more* generous when he has little, than when he has much money; probably because, in the first case, he is desirous of concealing his poverty." The observation is certainly

just, and there are many such interspersed in his narrative, but I doubt whether he has hit upon the true or the only cause. To save a little of a little is not worth the while, unless you have already set off on a plan of accumulation, or think you can live without encroaching on what you have. Besides, a poor person is more awake to the distress of the poor. He is in a situation for sympathy. I remember Mademoiselle Dubois saying once on an occasion which made the thing fix itself in my memory, "*Les gueux sont toujours tendres.*" I am not sure whether this is a proverb, or whether she expressed herself accidentally in that proverbial form. It has been often seen that a man has begun by profusion, having a small original fortune, and ended, after acquiring riches, by becoming a miser. I remember hearing that Mr. Pitt, when he lived in Lincoln's Inn, and had the establishment of a carriage and other expences considerably beyond his income, told a friend of his, who had hinted something to him on that subject, that he soon found it would be impossible for him to live on the interest of the few thousand pounds he was master of, and that he therefore had made up his mind to encroach on the capital, and take the chance of what might turn up, for a future provision. . . . Voltaire is a rare instance of a young miser who, when he grew very rich and old, became generous. However, he was rich, for an author, in his youth.

There was a print of Franklin published some years ago at Paris, with a verse under it, which I have always admired, as expressing, with a sublime brevity, the two remarkable features belonging to his history, as a philosopher and a politician :—

"Eripuit fulmen caelo sceptrumque tyrannis."

It does not follow from my admiration that I adopt his political principles or approve his political conduct. But taking them hypothetically, there surely cannot be a happier example of a perfect inscription. I have lately found the origin of this line, in a book now seldom read, Cardinal Polignac's "Anti-Lucretius." Speaking of the attempt of Epicurus to destroy all belief in the interference of heaven in human affairs, he says of him, "*Eripuit fulmenque Jovi, Phæboque sagettas.*"

Perhaps the happy application is as admirable as the invention would have been.

On the subject of Franklin, I remember some other verses which Windham * repeated to me, when we were at Paris together in 1788, which are not without both epigrammatic and historical merit. I think they are put down in my Journal of that journey. They are these, or at least something like these—

While you great G. for knowledge hunt,
And sharp conductors turn to blunt,
Your kingdom's out of joint.
Franklin another course pursues,
Unmoved, he all your lightn'gs views,
By sticking to his point.

The controversy between the partizans of blunt conductors, of whom the chief was Benjamin Wilson the painter, and those who adhered to the sharp wires of which Franklin was the author, forms an epoch in the history of our Royal Society, and the part which the King was supposed to take on the side of the blunt conductors gives a political dignity to this philosophical dispute.

* Windham, the fastidious and paradoxical politician who coddled his health and his conscience; the friend of all Fox's friends. At one time Sheridan's associate, and the pupil of Dr. Johnson.

Thursday, 11 p.m.—Lally has just been here. He got for a moment into a paroxysm of declamation and gesticulation, which half diverted and half alarmed Lady K. He was sitting in a chair next her, but, before he got up, he and the chair under him had reached the door, he then rose and gave full scope to his legs and arms and his voice. He has, however, a great deal of eloquence, and a very great deal of good nature.

He told us that a few months ago, at Court, the Queen (our Queen) said to him, speaking of the horrors acting in France, "*Avouez, que les lettres de cachet valaient mieux.*" To Lally—whose father had been seized, imprisoned and executed under a *lettre de cachet*. Lally answered, "*Oui, je le pense, s'il faut choisir.*"

Lally returned to Paris last Spring. At the instance of some friends, he was induced to renew his acquaintance with La Fayette, whom he had been connected with formerly, but had broke off all intercourse with for above two years. He managed a correspondence between La Fayette and the King, and in his letters to the King on that occasion he used to call La Fayette "*Monk.*" He says La Fayette was become entirely Royalist, and Du Port (the fellow-labourer and friend of the Lameths) more so—inasmuch that Du Port told Lally to write to La Fayette that he must restore everything. That he must even replace "*les bancs des Seigneurs*" in the churches. These were places of distinction, and strong marks of feudal Aristocracy. How circumstances had altered Du Port since I was at Paris in 1791.* Lally was privy to all La Fayette's measures before the 10th of August. He has written a memorial, detailing all those circum-

* The two Lameths and Du Port were Jacobins, who turned Constitutionalists.

stances, which he has sent to be delivered to the King of Prussia. I am to see it.

He told us a great many particulars of men and things, but with such rhetorical rapidity that it is impossible to recollect them.

He says about 35,000 of the 40,000 curés of France have remained in the country, having taken the oath to observe the civil constitution, and he justly thinks that it is an important consideration how they will act with regard to the late attempt to abolish religion.

He mentioned several circumstances relative to Maury. He is a man of low birth, but of considerable talents and eloquence. He was a very celebrated preacher. An *Éloge* of St. Vincent de Pol [*sic*] which he pronounced from the pulpit had particular success, and he was chosen of the Academy of forty. At that time he had no benefice, and the Academy sent a deputation to the King to request that he would bestow some preferment on him. He had, when the revolution began, about fifty thousand livres a year. He was a most enterprising and impudent person with women. (I have heard from others that he owed his advancement a good deal to his talent of pleasing them.) In a discourse in the *Assemblée du Clergé* (before the revolution) he once said a truth, which Lally seems much struck with, “*J’entens parler des évêques de fortune—et ces évêques là sont précisément les seuls qui ne doivent rien à la fortune.*” They used to give that appellation to bishops who were not men of family, as we talk of soldiers of fortune.*

* Carlyle’s “vamper up of rotten leather.”

Saturday, 23rd November, 7 a.m.—As this is always a day of little business in the Court of Exchequer, and I am going to carry Jamie Gordon to Bushey Park [Lord North's residence] by Lady G.'s desire, I mean to play truant this morning. I have only missed one other day, in that Court, since the Term began, and yet though Mr. Partridge has not been there and has given notice that he will not be in town all this Term, I have as yet neither had a single brief, nor a retainer. I cannot account of this, nor can, or at least will, any of my friends endeavour to account for it to me. It can hardly be explained by supposed incapacity. The reputation of the books I have published and the business I have conducted, before the Committees of the House of Commons and on the Carmarthen Circuit, very generally with success, preclude so mortifying an apprehension. It can as little proceed from personal dislike, or umbrage taken, by any of the Attorneys or Clerks in court. In the first place I am not conscious of having given occasion to dislike or umbrage in any of them, and then, it is hardly possible that any unknown offence which one or two may have taken should produce a general resolution not to employ me. Whatever the reason may be, the thing is matter of very deep concern to my fortune and interests. I was heartily tired of the Welsh Circuit when I quitted it last spring after attending it near sixteen years, and it certainly was an unpleasant circumstance that I should have made so little progress in Westminster Hall and on the Oxford Circuit as to be unable with prudence, before that time, to quit that line of the profession, which has in general, and justly, been considered as only a sort of school, and introduction for

young lawyers. When I was made King's Counsel last year I found it was the opinion of the Profession that I could not with propriety continue to go the Welsh Circuit. Though this opinion was very consonant to my inclination, I certainly did not take the resolution till after a thorough enquiry into the way of thinking on the subject not only of the bar, but of the Judges. When I quitted it, I gave up nearly £500 a year. It is true that during the last two years my parliamentary business has rendered it impossible for me to go into Wales in the Spring, as it had done during the two first years of the general elections in 1780 and 1784. Elections and Canal bills have been for the two last Sessions very productive. But there are not above five or six Election petitions still depending, and they are only concerning rights, and may very probably be dropped. There will be four years with nothing but accidental contests. Besides the plans that are on foot, and approved of by both sides of the House of Commons, for altering the mode of procedure as to election causes, will most probably very much affect that branch of business. Canal business is also precarious. My footing in it is yet not very firm, and it has so little connection with legal science, that it is quite irksome to a man who has loved and taken pains to understand his profession, to find, after belonging to it twenty years, that he is to consider such a branch of it as his only province. It is indeed singular, that after a very severe study of the scientific part of the law, before, and for many years after, I came to the bar, of which my Election Cases and my Reports were public proofs, and which was well known and always acknowledged by my numerous acquaintance, I should never have had any of that sort of business

for which it is thought requisite that a man should be what is called a good lawyer. I never argued a special demurrer and never but one special case, during sixteen years' attendance on the King's Bench. It may be easy to form conjectures sufficient to explain the not having been employed to lead causes at Nisi Prius, and the not having got into what is called the business of course, the business of moving and debating rules, &c.—but it is very difficult for me to find adequate reasons for my failure, or rather for my never having been tried, in the other respect. When I first came to the bar, I believe some of my friends used fair endeavours to introduce me into the business of Special Appeals in the House of Lords. I was known to all the eminent Sol[ic]itors in that branch, and I had several of those causes for the first year or two. Since then I have been quite left out of them all, except in some cases connected with Election causes which I had to conduct, and one or two instances where I had a personal connection with the parties. I have never had above two briefs at the Cockpit, although in the case of others, that branch has been generally much connected with parliamentary business. On this short outline of my professional history and situation, it is not wonderful that I should wish, if possible, to shift into some other situation, where I might try the value of other acquirements and qualities different from those necessary for the practice of the law, and in which my legal knowledge and experience would have their use. My first object and duty is to obtain some certain permanent income, as a harbour for old age, and a source of adequate maintenance and of comfort for my wife and family. My next would be to leave the law, where the retrospect has so little to flatter my vanity, and the pros-

pect toward the future has many things which may reasonably alarm, and take my chance in public business, for which I may be better qualified, in which at least many have succeeded who had not succeeded at the bar, and which, though perhaps it is as precarious as the law, is more correspondent to my taste and inclinations. If I could secure anything permanent, the precarious event of my pursuits in other respects would not be of essential consequence. The scheme, which was so nearly matured, of going to Toulon, with a certain retreat of £1,000 a year for life, would have satisfied my prudence and gratified my taste and inclinations at the same time. But I cannot foresee any present probability of such a desirable combination of circumstances occurring again.

The kindness I have experienced from Lady K. since the first shock which that plan gave her, because she thought it might lead to a much longer separation than I believed there was any chance of its doing, and her readily entering into my views and wishes, though not consonant to the opinions she had hitherto entertained, have made an impression upon me, of so pleasing a nature as to furnish ample consolation under the failure of the Toulon business, and courage to bear the present unpromising aspect of things. I have before borne a great deal of difficulty and have struggled, with persevering fortitude, through situations almost desperate. I was young indeed then, but I had not the prop and support of an affectionate wife, with understanding to advise, temper to soothe, and kindness to alleviate or partake all my vexations. I have a mind tempered by much disappointment and repeated ill-success, and, though so late in life, with the advantage of such a helpmate, with the

blessing of such a wife, and of the child she has brought me, I will not despond under the last—

“Τλησομαι εν στηθεσσιw εχων Ταλαπένθεα θυμον” [*sic*].

Lord Moira is about to sail with an armament, to assist the Insurgents of La Vendée. The general object of this most important enterprize has been no secret for some time, but I believe the particular point where he is to endeavour to land has been very well concealed. It cannot be St. Malo, as that place, by its natural situation, is inaccessible. It cannot be Cancale, which, though open when our troops landed there in 1758, is now strongly fortified. It cannot be the island of Noirmoutier. I believe the Vendéeists have still possession of that island, but it is at too great a distance from their present operations. Perhaps it is Granville, to the North of Cancale Bay, on the coast of Normandy. The Mayoralists, by the last accounts in the Convention, are pressing that way. So much has transpired relative to the expedition, and there may be so many delays yet, from the tardiness and formalities of office, and from the accidents of weather and other too probable causes, that the Convention may be able to defeat the plan or the fortunate moment may not be hit. If it is, and the measure succeed, it may prove fatal to the Convention. This consideration makes one contemplate it with a sort of awful suspense and anxiety. Lord Moira has many qualities fit for this command. He is bold, and yet deliberate. He is very ambitious, and thirsts both for military and political fame. He has sufficient confidence in his own powers, and yet I do not believe he is obstinate or intractable. Though he has a lofty manner, which is a little beyond dignity, he affects popularity, and I have

often observed that manners of that sort succeed better than the meretricious familiarity of some who, by too much courting of everybody, seldom gain anybody.

Bush[e]y Park, Saturday, 23rd November, 11 p.m.—I came here to dinner with Jamie Gordon. We were talking before dinner about Persfield, in Monmouthshire. Storer said if he had that place, with a large fortune, as it is so inconvenient to cross the Bristol Channel every time you wish to go from home, he would get a society to his mind to come to him there. I said I believed the most agreeable man, with the largest fortune, could not secure agreeable company in his house at that distance and in that situation. Mr. Williams declared himself of my opinion, and mentioned several anecdotes to prove how difficult it is for anybody to command their own society in the country even at a much smaller distance from London. The old Duke of Newcastle, though minister, never could do it at Clermont, which is but twenty miles from town. One day Sir Robert Walpole reproached old Giles Earle, grandfather of the present Mr. Earle, for never calling upon him of late, and asked the reason. "Why," says he, "if I must tell the reason, you must know that since by your favour I have been in easy circumstances, I have formed, at my own house, a comfortable little circle of toad-eaters of my own."

Sunday, (Bush[e]y Park), 24th November, 12 at noon.—I have been listening, more than taking part in a conversation between Mr. Williams, Storer, and Sir Gr. Cooper. When Sir Grey went out of the room, Williams said his figure and method of walking put him strongly in mind of old Lord Bath, though Lord Bath was larger every way.*

* Lord Bath, the William Pulteney of Queen Anne and the first

He had knees bent outwards, large belly and an immense backside, and from his gait, he says, he went among his young acquaintance by the name of "*Waddling Will*." He says he used to come to White's in a morning and pick up five or six people to take home to dinner with him, and that if the party was to his mind, he would sit on till 11 o'clock at night. He had a great deal of wit, liked to tell over all the history of former politics, and was not impatient in answering questions. Lady Bath was the daughter of a great glass-man who had his warehouse over a sort of open building resembling the present Exeter Change, and which stood on the opposite side of the way, where Coutt's, the banker's, now is. She was the famous Moll Gumley. The letter in verse supposed to have been written by Lord Bolingbroke from her bed-chamber, and the singular date of that letter, are well known.* . . . Mr. Williams told many circumstances of the old or proud Duke of Somerset, father to the late Duchess of Northumberland, to Sir William Wyndham's wife, and to the Dowager Lady Aylesford, who is now living, though her father was made a knight of the Garter by Charles II. He had once dined with him at Pet[t]worth, and instead of finding him of a lofty, haughty figure and deportment, he was surprised to see a very quiet and apparently unpretentious and humble person. He recollects his making a joke which, he says,

George, the associate of Bolingbroke in the *Craftsman*, but, later, the deserter to Walpole. He lived to flirt with Mrs. Carter and the old maiden muses at Tunbridge Wells, to be painted for the last time by Gainsborough, with Sterne to amuse him, and to end an octogenarian.

* This always appeared to the editor as likely. Miss Gumley was a great beauty, and the letter in question was one in the course of the Utrecht negotiations. Lord Glenbervie confuses between the "letter" and the free-rhymed satire upon it which created a sensation directly Bolingbroke had fled to France.

he seemed to enjoy very much. The fruit was not very good, and when the Duchess complained of it, he said, "I have been asking the gardener how it happens that no good peaches are sent in, and do you know what his answer was? That all the good ones are devoured by the *Finches*."

Sir Grey had his anecdote, too, of the Duke of Somerset. The Duchess had sent for Seymour, the celebrated painter of horses, to make the portrait of a race-horse at Pet[t]worth. Seymour, during his stay, used to dine in the Steward's room, but one day the Duke was so pleased with the picture as it advanced that he desired he would dine at his table. At dinner, Seymour, who probably had not been expected to mix in the conversation, took occasion to say that he believed he had the honour to be related to his Grace. This gave such offence that he was either sent away, or put so much out of humour as to go away from Pet[t]worth without finishing the picture. Afterwards, the Duke's pride gave way to the desire he had of possessing a good portrait of his favourite horse, and he ordered his steward to write to Seymour, and engage him to return to finish his work at Pet[t]worth. Seymour directed his answer to the Duke himself, in these words—"Your pride would not allow that I am of your family. To convince you that I am, your picture shall remain as it is, for by G—— I won't come." The present Lord Egremont is his grandson. He is a singular character, but all his acquaintance like him and represent him both as a sensible and a remarkably generous man. If the account I have heard of his reason for breaking off his intended match with Lady Horatia Walpole (now Conway) so abruptly as he did,

thinks Landau must surrender from want of provisions, but seems to have great doubts as to Strasburg, where the garrison is near 30,000. The Prince of Condé's division of the Army is posted very near Saverne. It is singular that this Prince, who beat the Duke of Brunswick in the War of Seven Years, and commended Wurmser, who was at that time a Colonel in the French service, should now be commanded by both.

Wurmser is about seventy-four. He is a native of Alsace, and now occupies a house belonging to himself in Hagenau.

Lord George Conway met Lord Malmesbury, in the night, on the Dover Road. They did not know one another when they passed, and if they had, would not have had much inclination to converse together, as Lord Malmesbury has superseded Lord George, who is on his way home.

The Genoese, it is said, have declared for the French. Lord Hervey is recalled from Florence. This looks as if we did not think ourselves able to persist in dictating to the States of Italy. Conway says Lord Hervey is to be replaced by William Wyndham, Lord Egremont's brother, who married Mrs. Morris, or Miss Harford, the natural daughter of Lord Baltimore. *Vide* a singular circumstance concerning him in my letters to Lady K. from Paris in 1791.

Conway says the King of Prussia never speaks any language but French, and that if anybody begins talking German to him, he very soon changes the conversation to French. When he came to the throne he affected to patronise the German language, and to discourage everything French.

We had from Lord George and from Lionel Colmore,



LA COMTESSE DU BARY.

From an engraving by J. Coude of the portrait by R. Cosway.

the history of two English *parvenus* in Germany. Sir Alexander Thompson, formerly Under-Secretary of State under Lord Sackville (though I believe he is properly an American) and now Minister to the Elector of Bavaria, and created by him Graf von Rumford, and Mr. Jennison, the favourite of the Margravine, and Minister of the Margrave of Hesse Darmstadt, who has the title of Graf or Comte de Waterworth. It is most likely that neither have any great share of property in the places in Essex from whence they have taken those German titles. Jennison is the brother of Mrs. William Spencer, who, instead of having a jointure of £10,000 a year, which she forfeited on marrying him, as Mrs. Harcourt told me at Brussel[1]s, had only, according to Lionel Colmore, about £40 a year, as the widow of an old Chamberlain of the Margrave. He represents the marriage with Spencer as a gross take-in concerted by the brother and the Margravine.

About £40 a year (1,000 livres) is what the French Convention, or Revolutionary Tribunal, is said to have allowed Madame du Barry, whom they have discharged from prison, but with the confiscation of all the rest of her fortune. I saw her here last year, about this time. She had recovered a great part of the valuable jewells she had been robbed of at Lussienne, about three years ago, and might have made out a tolerable income by selling them. But after staying here a month or two, she returned to Paris. I had seen her sometimes at Madame de Mirepoix's at Fontainebleau, in the autumn of the year 1770. She was a slender person, and a pleasing good-humoured countenance. She had grown very fat and clumsy when she came to England. She was here twice, on account of her diamonds. In Spring,

1791, and last Autumn. She said to me, one day at the Duke of Queensberry's, that it was no wonder France had fallen into such Anarchy, as the revolutionists had begun by setting at nought all the principles of religion and morality. This was no doubt very true, but it sounds rather oddly from her lips.

Wednesday, 27th November, 10 p.m.—I have dined by myself these two days (Lady K. and Fred being at B[ushey] Park), and have passed the evenings in reading "Don Quixote," which I now do with considerable ease, and "Apollonius Rhodius," who is, I think, a very pleasing poet. I began to study Spanish about two months ago. The only assistance I have had for the pronunciation has been (besides the rules in the English and Spanish grammar) two lessons from a very indifferent Master—an Andalusian, of Xeres, and some conversation on the subject with Mr. Santandar at Brussel[^l]. This morning I received a letter from Count Benincasa to mention to me that the Margravine of Anspach (Lady Craven)* wished to consult me about her affairs, and begged I would appoint some morning when I could call upon her. I met him afterwards in Piccadilly, and found that she has been endeavouring to procure a settlement of £600 a year for her life from the Margrave, that no settlement was made upon her previous to their marriage two years ago at Lisbon, that he has no estate in this country on which such a jointure could

* Lady Craven, divorced from her first husband, and married to the Margrave, from whom she separated, was a well-known figure in fashionable, literary and theatrical circles. She herself wrote or adapted plays, for one of which Sheridan wrote a prologue, and she adapted his mother's "Nourjahad" to the boards. She had visited Naples, and been a great friend of Sir William Hamilton, just before the future second Lady Hamilton first arrived there,



LADY CRAVEN.
From a portrait by George Romney.

be secured, the whole income of what he has bought in Land not amounting to above six or seven hundred a year. That he has no ready money in the Funds, as has been supposed, that a Deed has been prepared in which the Duke of Bedford, Lord Moira, and Lord Thurlow, are named Trustees, but that Lord Thurlow, when it came to be executed, declined having any concern in the business ; that she has since talked with the Chancellor on the subject, and that she wished to converse with me to see whether I could suggest any proper mode of securing this jointure, and avoiding all imputation of undue influence in obtaining it. I told Benincasa that I wished to decline the honour intended me. That I did not like to enter into the family concerns of the Margrave and Margravine. That, as to the question of undue influence, that, in this and, I believed, in all countries, must depend on the truth of the case, and not on any legal forms that might be used, &c., &c., &c.

Benincasa tells me that Count Hagewitz, who was *Ministre de l'Intérieur* at Berlin and had undertaken to superintend the printing of Madame de Rosenberg's works, which Benincasa is about to publish, has been removed from that situation, and appointed Governor of Silesia, and that there is great confusion at present in the Ministry of the King of Prussia.

Benincasa's brother is *Ministre des Affaires étrangères* at Milan. There has yet been no news from Lord Howe, since the Defence, and Montague left him last Monday se'nnight.

William Elliot writes to me from Reigate (dated yesterday) that he has just received a long letter from Sir G[ilbert] E[lliot] dated the 9th at Genoa. He was then going to embark for Toulon.

Bush[e]y Park, Wednesday, 4th December.—I have found very little to write, and have had very little inclination for above a week. On Wednesday and Thursday last (the two last days of Michaelmas Term) I did not go down to Westminster Hall, not having spirits to exhibit myself so repeatedly in the Court of Exchequer without the appearance of business.

William Elliot communicated to me the letter he had received from Sir Gilbert. He seemed to doubt the policy, though he said from what Mr. Drake our minister at Genoa had communicated to him,* he was satisfied of the justice of our late conduct towards that Republic. They had just declared that they would not submit to our requisition that they should send away all the French Jacobins, particularly the French President, Tilly, and agree to break off all commerce with the Republic. In consequence of this resolution the British Fleet only waited the embarkment of Sir Gilbert (and I believe of Mr. Drake) to blockade the harbour. Sir Gilbert writes that the accounts he has received from Toulon are not favourable. He had missed Lord Mulgrave, who had passed him on the road. He understood that he had left Toulon on account of some disputes about rank, and I have heard from other quarters, that there have been violent differences between the Spanish and English officers on that subject. This inconvenience was to be foreseen.†

* Drake was a valuable intermediary of secret news about French affairs, and several of his communications for the ears of Pitt and Grenville remain in the Dropmore Papers.

† The Genoese had issued an order for all strangers who had come there since the beginning of October to quit the Republic. Elliot writes that by fixing that date all the French Emigrants, and none of the Jacobins, would be obliged to depart.

Lord Hood had prohibited all the French indiscriminately from

Frederick North came here last night from Bath. He had written to Mr. Dundas to inform him that he was coming to town, that on understanding that Lord Hervey was coming from Florence he had abstained from making any application for that mission on account of what had passed on the subject of his going on some negotiation to Malta, and desiring to know if that plan was abandoned. He received an answer from Dundas, by the course of the post, in which he told him that the plan was by no means relinquished, but that many difficulties had occurred with regard to it, and he added that as soon as he came to town, Mr. Pitt, Lord Grenville and himself would be glad to have a conference with him on that subject. By everything I can observe or learn, those three form the not efficient Ministry at present.

It seems Lord Hervey is really recalled, though it is to be in a way as little offensive to him as possible. Lady K. had a letter yesterday from Lady Louisa in which she mentioned that her brother Frederick had suddenly departed with dispatches for Lord Hervey at Florence—and Fred North had some time ago a letter from Lady Br[istol] to inform him that her son was certainly recalled, and advising him to apply for the place. This was extremely liberal and friendly. But the next day Frederick H[ervey] wrote to him not to waste an application for no purpose, as it was certainly already given to William Windham, Lord Egremont's brother. Windham is so well known to be a weak and a strange man, that it must have a very bad appearance in the world, and give a poor idea of the judgment or motives of

coming to Toulon, in consequence of which Sir Gilbert, who had found Cazalès at Genoa, was obliged to leave him behind. He is going to Rome, to wait till the order of Lord Hood is altered, which Sir Gilbert says will be one of his first measures.—[G.]

our Ministers in the choice of their foreign agents when such a person is sent to a court from whence his predecessor has just been recalled on account of indiscretion and incompetence. If this has been done to oblige Lord Egremont, it seems an ill-judged method of conciliating his future or rewarding his past support of the war. . . .

William Elliot showed me a long letter from Windham. It is full of cordial expressions of friendship to him, and of great disapprobation of the conduct of the war, and particularly of the expedition under Sir John Jervaise [i.e., Jervis, afterwards, Lord St. Vincent] and Sir Charles Grey to the West Indies, which he thinks will too much weaken that naval and military force which ought to be employed on the coast of Normandy and Brittany.* Since that letter was written the expedition has sailed. Lord Howe, with the whole Channel fleet, has been in pursuit of a small detachment of French Men-of-war from Brest ever since Monday the 18th of Nov., and there was yesterday no accounts from him or of him. The wind has been East or North-East all the time, and it is too much apprehended that after drawing him to a great distance and leaving the Channel unprotected it will be found, that they have been able to outsail him. In the meantime, Lord Moira, it is supposed, cannot venture to proceed from Portsmouth, while such a strong

* Jervis had just been made a Vice-Admiral. In the next year he effected the capture of Guadeloupe and Martinique. It will be recalled that in September, 1793, Nelson first appeared at Naples and met Lady Hamilton. Lord Hood had despatched him on a special mission to procure ten thousand troops from Turin and Naples after the surrender of Toulon. On September 24, however, his sojourn ended abruptly, for the *Agamemnon* was suddenly summoned to some French ships off Sardinia. And Sir Charles Grey, afterwards the first Earl Grey, was the father of the Statesman and the second Earl.

naval force remains in Brest (supposed to be still sixteen or eighteen ships of the line), and every day brings accounts of successes obtained against the Royalists by the troops of the Convention.

I hear that Monsieur Barthélemi has succeeded in completely defeating all our negotiations and those of the allies in Switzerland. This intelligence comes from Mallet du Pan, who is now in that country in our pay.* Lord Robert Fitzgerald is certainly no match for Barthélemi.

Lady K. told me to-day a very remarkable history of Lord Robert. When at Paris he had been much attached to Madame de Souza, a very handsome and amiable young woman, the wife of a Portuguese of an advanced age. It seems neither the husband nor any of their acquaintance believed there had been anything criminal in this attachment, and though she was with child by Lord Robert, she had contrived to conceal it from her husband, and was actually brought to bed in his house, without his knowing anything of the matter. To prevent suspicion she came downstairs to dinner two days after her delivery, but this effort cost her life. She was taken ill, and died very soon afterwards. Her maid, who was the only confidant, was dreadfully affected by her mistress's death, and in a fit of agitation and despair revealed the secret to the husband. The child, a daughter, lived some time, and when Lord Robert (about a year ago) married Miss Fielding, daughter of the late Captain Fielding of the navy, and niece to Lord Winchelsea, she meant to have taken the child to take

* Mallet du Pan, the famous adventurer and soldier, was allied to the English house of Mallet. The French had just invaded and annexed the Basle territories.

care of it, but it died on the way from Paris to Switzerland. [*Here follows some tattle about Lord Edward Fitzgerald.*] Both he and Lord Robert appeared for some time and probably were, much affected by the melancholy consequences. . . .^{*} But they both married very soon. Lord Edward married Pamela, the English girl, who had been educated by Madame Genlis (Sillery-Brubart) as a companion to Mademoiselle d'Orleans. It was said, just before that marriage took place, that Mr. Sheridan was to marry her. He certainly had given great signs of being much in love with her, when she was in England, with Madame de G. and Mdle. d'Orleans in 1791 and 1792.

Bushey Park. Thursday, December 5th, 1 p.m.—In the conversation which William Elliot and I had together, on our way to town, on Monday last, I found him still full of the idea that the Ministry ought to take Burke into the Cabinet. He mentioned this to me on our way from Brussel[l]s, and it seems so much digested in his mind, that, considering his intimacy with Burke and that he was very much in all his political secrets last winter, and has been in his confidence for several years, I am persuaded Burke's own wishes are to be a Minister, and that he will endeavour to prevent Windham from taking office till he can bring that to bear. Elliot's plan is, that Lord Chatham should be made President of the Council ; Burke, First Lord of the Admiralty ; Windham, Secretary of State ; and Lord Spencer, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Burke is so unpopular with many people of all parties,

^{*} Lord Edward was the gallant hero who died for Ireland in 1798. The brothers, of course, were sons of the first Earl of Leinster and cousins of Charles James Fox.



LADY PAMELA FITZGERALD.

From an engraving.

and has such an indiscreet contempt for the persons and the measures which he does not approve of, that I am afraid such an appointment would give great dissatisfaction. I think nothing but some very desperate turn of affairs will induce Pitt to sacrifice so much of his power, as he must do, by admitting such a colleague into the Cabinet.

William Elliot was to go to Beconsfield [*sic*] last Tuesday. I find Windham came to town on Sunday or Monday. They probably have met at Burke's and concerted some plan of conduct for next winter. In Windham's letter to W. Elliot, he desired him if he saw me to thank me in his name, for the letter he had received from me from Brussels. I have preserved a copy of that letter, the purpose of which was to advise him to come into office, if he could bring some friend into the Cabinet with him, which I thought at that time (and I still think) he might do. He offered, last spring, to accept the Seals if they would give Sir G. Elliot a place with him in the Cabinet. That they objected to, as also to Lord Spencer, whom they were willing to make Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. They afterwards offered the government of Madras to Sir Gilbert. He accepted this appointment if he could persuade Lady Elliot to consent, but, on going down to Minto for that purpose, he found her so averse to the thought of removing to the other side of the globe, with a family of six children, some almost infants, that he afterwards declined. It was then settled that he was to go as Secretary to Ireland. In the meantime the siege of Dunkirk was undertaken, and the Ministers were so sanguine in their expectations of the immediate success of that enterprize that Dundas sent one of the Messengers by express to Minto, to desire

Sir Gilbert to come to town, and proceed to Dunkirk under a Commission for the civil government of that place. He came to town accordingly, agreed to undertake the Commission, and was actually making preparations when the siege was raised. Then happened the surrender of Toulon, and a commission to that place was proposed. When he first accepted that appointment it either was not intended, or at least was not mentioned to him that he was to have any colleagues.

It was during a conversation he and I had together, dining *tête-à-tête* at the Spring Garden Coffee House, while he was preparing to go to Dunkirk, that I mentioned to him my strong desire of quitting the law, and that I should extremely like the office of Under Secretary of State in the Foreign Department, if the emoluments could be raised to £2,000 a year. I found afterwards that he took an early opportunity of mentioning this to Pitt and Dundas, and at the same time expressed himself very strongly concerning my qualifications. I understand that they did not think there would be great difficulty as to the income. It is, it seems, intended to raise all the salaries of the Under-Secretarys of State to £1,500, and the additional £500 could easily have been managed in the form of a pension to Lady K. But they showed great delicacy about interfering, by recommendation, even in Lord Grenville's department. They were to mention the thing to him, which they did. But I have heard nothing of it since, and in the meantime, the scheme of going as Secretary to the Commission to Toulon occurred, the whole of which transaction I stated in detail in a letter to Windham, of which I have a copy.

Mrs. Cornwallis, the widow of the late Archbishop of

Canterbury, and sister to Mr. Charles Townshend (frequently called "Spanish Charles," having been Secretary to the Embassy to Spain with Sir Benjamin Keane, and to distinguish him from his cousins the late Charles Townshend Chancellor of ye Exchequer, and Charles Townshend brother to Lord Sidney) who had been here from Thursday till yesterday was talking over with Lady Guildford several circumstances which they recollected relative to the Queen on her first arrival in England.

The Duchesses of Hamilton and Ancaster (Miss Panton), then two very handsome women, had been sent to Mecklenburg to conduct the Queen to England. She was extremely sick on the passage. She was very ill-dressed and wore neither rouge nor even powder. Her youth, sixteen, only made her extraordinary ugliness, which those circumstances heightened, more remarkable. She could speak no English, and but bad French. She came round by the City Road and Paddington, and down Constitution Hill to the garden door of St. James's, where dressed in a full court dress and a large hoop, she descended from her coach, and was received at the door by the King. His attendants watched his looks, and thought they discovered a great struggle to conceal the disagreeable surprize he felt on seeing her so very plain and awkward. She found in the Palace some of the handsomest women in England and among the rest Lady Sarah Len[n]ox, to whom the King had shown so much attention that her brother and relations had formed the plan of marrying her to him. She used to walk in the terrace before Holland House, near the Kensington Road, and the King when he rode by would frequently stop and talk to her. The great difference between her and the Queen must have formed a very striking contrast.

The Queen arrived at 4 and was married at 7. Next day all the ladies in town were to be presented to her. She stood with the Duchess of Hamilton behind her to tell her who were to salute, and who only to kiss her hand. All the Duchess said was, as each came in her turn, "*Saluez, Madame,*" or "*La main, Madame.*" When it was over the Queen retired more dead than alive.

The Queen was a long time before she could be persuaded to wear powder, and she has never worn rouge. Her hair used to be combed light over a roller, which showed the skin through the roots, than which nothing can be more frightful. The first time she spoke English was in answer to one of the annual addresses of the Bishops. She said—"I thank you for this attention"—and then turning to the lady in waiting said, "*Dieu merci, j'ai commencé.*" She speaks now remarkably good English. On her arrival she gave her snuff-box to the King, who returned it to her next day, and she has ever since amply availed herself of that tacit permission to take snuff.

I have been reading the life of Cervantes, prefixed to the Academy edition of "*Don Quixote.*" It is observed there, that although poetry was the predominant passion of Cervantes, his poetical works (of which there are many) are in no respect comparable to his writings in prose. It has often happened that great prose writers have had the same ambition of being poets with Cervantes, and have succeeded as ill. It is related of Plato that he had entertained the vain hope of surpassing Homer, but that once, after reading some of the most sublime parts of the *Iliad*, he was so struck with the inferiority of his own poetry that he collected all his



QUEEN CHARLOTTE.
From an engraving by Thomas Burford.

MSS. in verse, and forming a pile of them, set fire to it, repeating at the same time the line by which Homer makes Thetis call upon Vulcan, when she applies to him for a new set of armour for Achilles—only substituting his own name for that of Thetis.

Cicero endeavoured to rival Lucretius, but though it is not fair to judge of his poetical talents by a line clearly meant to be ludicrous, and which Juvenal has mentioned as if he thought Cicero had intended it seriously, yet he has not obtained a place among the great Latin poets, and probably never will, notwithstanding all that is said by Middleton, and by a better judge—at least a greater master of poetry—Voltaire, in his Preface to the Tragedy of Catiline.

As few professed writers of prose have succeeded in poetry, so few professed poets have excelled in prose. To my taste, the prose of Milton is very bad, and Pope's is generally disliked. Voltaire, indeed, is a great exception. But though his prose is elegant and lively, how inferior is he in true eloquence to J. J. Rousseau, who was but a very middling poet. Swift, one of our best, if not our best, prose writers, was a neat versifier rather than a poet, and Addison himself hardly deserves that title. Dryden, indeed, has left, in some of his Prefaces, some of the best writing in prose, in our language, but perhaps he could not have executed any long work with equal success. Dr. Franklin, whose prose has very great merit, says he used to exercise himself in writing verses in order to acquire a command of synonymous words and expressions. It was not unlikely that he tried to be a poet and failed. But it is also probable that the making of verses is a good useful exercise for those who wish to acquire variety and harmony of style in prose. Indeed

I suppose all good prose writers, nay, I believe, all men of a literary turn, have tried to make verses, but that they have had the prudence and good sense to suppress their unsuccessful efforts in that way. . . .

END OF THE FIRST JOURNAL.



KATHERINE ANNE (NORTH) LADY GLENBERVIE
From a lithograph by Ingres.

JOURNAL II.

[April 1811—February 1815.]

Bath (68 Pulteney Street), Saturday, 6th April, 6 a.m.
—We had to dine with us, yesterday, Sir Robert and Lady Wilmot, his son by his first wife, Mr. Wilmot, with his wife, who is a daughter of Mrs. Horton.* Her mother is a sister of Mr. Davenport, a pupil of J. J. Rousseau, and Lord Crewe's successor in the representation of Cheshire. We were only those four, ourselves, and Clifford King, who has been here with us about a fortnight.

In the evening came Dundas, Chief Baron of Scotland, his wife and daughter, and Mrs. (Saunders) Dundas, the wife of Robert Dundas, Lord Melville's son, and now President of the Board of Controul,† Mrs. Holroyd, Lord Sheffield's sister, Admiral Sutton, brother to Sir Thomas, with his wife, one of the daughters of Baron Hotham, and Mrs. Barnard, with her husband, generally called in derision "Jacko" Barnard, and Mrs. Bowen, Lady Guildford's sister, and Mrs. Mills, a daughter of the late Archbishop of York, Dr. Markham.‡ William Dundas is here with his brother, the Chief Baron, but

* The Hortons were Staffordshire friends of Sheridan, and the Wilmots were friends of his and of his second wife.

† Lord Melville is, of course, Henry Dundas, the soul of Pitt's administration, whose impeachment so desolated the great Minister and perhaps contributed to his end.

‡ He was a tutor to George IV., and a connection of Law, Lord Ellenborough.

shirked the party. The Chief Baron's wife is his first cousin, being a daughter of Lord Melville, who is his uncle. Her father and grandfather were Presidents of the Court of Session.

Nothing can be more different than Mrs. S. Dundas (Robert's wife) and her sister, Lady Westmorland.* Mrs. Dundas is a person of certain quiet, strong good sense and very domestic. Lady Westmorland, even before her attempt to stab herself and her eccentric travels in Spain, Portugal, the Mediterranean, and Barbary, was affected, capricious and absurd. The former is homely and plain in her countenance and person—Lady Westmorland, a professed beauty—with brilliant colours, fine light brown hair and a good figure. Can these circumstances of complexional difference have contributed to the formation of such different characters and dispositions? There is a like contrast between the persons, and manners, if not characters, of the Chief Baron and his brother William. The Chief Baron is a cheerful lively unaffected little man—William, a tall, stiff, affected coxcomb—perhaps with more parts, but offensively important and assuming.

68 *Pulteney Street, Bath. Tuesday, 16th April, 6 a.m.*
—The interval of time since the 6th has been totally barren of incidents to me, except that on Friday and Saturday last we received a great series of letters from Fred. Douglas dated from different parts of Sicily, and one from Fred. North at Alexandria but in momentary expectation of setting out for Cairo, from whence I think it probable he will visit Jerusalem. Our own Frederick's

* This was the younger Lady Westmorland. The elder, also a beauty, was a friend of Sheridan, and godmother to his son Tom.

letters bring delightful accounts of his health, strength and spirits, and most satisfactory proofs of his good taste and good sense, both in his observations on what he sees and in his discrimination and delineation of characters. He and his uncle were to meet before this time at Zante, thence to pursue their projected tour through Greece to Constantinople.

Fred. North tells us, with a serious face, that he has given orders for the purchase at Cairo of a slave with a tail. He says that such are not unfrequently met with there. That there is a race of them in the interior of Africa. That they are of a diminutive size, mischievous and stupid and therefore fetch a less price than those without tails. Is this a quip?

68 *Pulteney Street*. 1st May, 11 a.m.—We have been here since the 19th of March. But that long period has been productive of nothing worth putting down. Yet we have passed our time very agreeably, in the society of quiet good-humoured cheerful agreeable people—Lady Louisa Lennox and her daughter, Lady Mary, the mother and sister of the present Duke of Richmond—are delightful persons. The mother *un peu brusque et mordante*, but perfectly well-bred, good-humoured, good—though witty—and which has been to us the greatest of her charms, the sense to have taken very much to us. So has Lady Mary, who is, as far as we can judge from observation, and report too, in this back-biting place, perfection—cheerful—lively—highly bred, but unaffected and unassuming—and so good-looking, with a good figure, that one is surprised, and even indignant that she is still a maiden of not less than fifty. She has fine teeth but her eyes are too little.

. . . . Lord Hood is the Lord Hood of the last sixty

years; the Chief Baron of Scotland, lively, frank, open, and good-natured, his brother William . . . so unlike his brother, that Livingstone thinks there has been some knavery in the case, a suspicion which my recollection of the mother's reputation might perhaps confirm. "Honest Blunt," as Lady Ch.[arlotte] has christened Mrs. Robert Dundas, is also here with her children. She is the very reverse of her strange, if not mad, sister Lady Westmorland, blunt, unaffected, glum, but sensible and good.

We have had, during our stay, glimpses of George Ellis, Lord Malmesbury, of that eccentricity, Harc, and his disagreeable father, of General and Mrs. Tarleton, &c., &c.* [*Others are mentioned. Of Lord Gwydyr, he says,*] he is as affected as Lord Gwyder [*sic*], as he was when Sir P. Burrell, and as much of something between a *whining* Strephon and a man *à bonne fortune*, a bad profession at all times, but, as age comes on, ridiculous.

We are going at two to-day to Clifton; to-morrow to White Mead in Dean Forest; next week to Whichwood Forest and Wroxton, and on Monday se'nnight I hope to our dear Pheasantry. [*The place at Bushey left to Lady Glenbervie by Lord North.*]

I have been reminded, since I have been here, of several anecdotes of Lord Guildford, when Lord North. Perhaps I have mentioned some of them before, and very lately, but my memory begins to fail, with my hearing

* George Ellis was the friend of Sheridan, Frere, and Canning. His verses, first in the "Rolliad," afterwards in the "Anti-Jacobin" are among the best of their kind. He attended Lord Malmesbury (Harris) to Lille during the attempted negotiations for peace at the close of the preceding century, and the editor of these papers found and published same MS. verses which Sheridan then addressed to him. Tarleton is the handsome officer of Reynolds' portrait, and the unhandsome dealer by "Perdita Robinson."

and eye-sight, and I have not the former volumes to turn to. So here they are.

[The first of these is coarse, without being funny. Of the next, the first is new, the second old, and neither of them very striking. None the less these latter are subjoined, as, at least, they are short.]

About the time when Sir J. Macpherson attempted to make a figure in the House of Commons, he began a speech by addressing the Chair, "Mr. Speaker, I flatter myself." Several interruptions happening, he repeated the same words over and over again, on which Lord North said to the person next him, "Why won't they suffer Sir John, who has been flattering others all his life, to do the same thing by himself?"

Sir Robert Philipps, after supporting Lord North's administration for some years, applied to him for leave to drive through Buckingham Gate to his house door in St. James's Park. Lord North told him "that is a favour I have not the power to grant, but I will make you an Irish Peer,"—and in fact, he was very soon afterwards, but for other reasons, though Lord North could not resist the joke at the time, created Lord Milford.

Wroxton Abbey, Sunday, 12th May, 8 a.m.—We left Bath on the 1st, dined, and slept at a magnificent New Hotel at Clifton (where we overtook Sir Charles and Lady Mary Ross), proceeded next morning to the New Passage, where, as the weather was very rough, we remained till next morning. On Friday, the 3rd, we had a delightful passage of twenty minutes, and arriving at the rail-way near the Lidney turnpike, where the Rail-way [*sic*] Caravan waited for us, we went in it for about three miles along the beautiful valley which runs from

Lidney to near the Northern boundary of Down Forest, till we reached White Mead. Then we met Milne, and continued at that place till the Wednesday following (May 8th). During that time I held a Commission for setting out nine Inclosures for planting, when about 2,000 more seeds were set out, making in all within the last three years, about 6,000 in that Forest. The plantations already made seem to promise great success, and the work in progress is going on in a satisfactory manner.

The Comtesse Oeynhausen and her three daughters (Portuguese Ladies of great rank, and the mother, of great but equivocal celebrity), who have taken a house between Lidney Park and Chepstow, came along the railway in the Caravan to partake of a Déjeuner alone with us last Tuesday. The mother gave me her Portuguese translations in blank verse of Horace's "Art of Poetry"—and in rhyme of Gray's "Elegy" and Goldsmith's "Hermit"—and showed me three Cantos of a Poem she is composing on "Botany," of which she has done me the honour to inscribe the third Canto to me, and also a translation, already completed, of Pope's Essay on "Criticism." Of these she is also to send me copies. I understand her poetry is in great repute in Portugal. The Poetical works of Boc[c]age, which I have, and who is reckoned (as she tells me) their best modern Poet, are dedicated to her.*

We went through a most beautiful and romantic scene on Wednesday in a little open Chaise, along the sides of steep hills either covered with groves of majestic oak,

* Why should Lord Glenbervie call the mediocre French versifier, Maria Anne Du Perdu Bocage, a "Portuguese" poetess? She may have been of Portuguese origin, as he says the Countess D'Oeynhausen was.

or now planted for a succession of navy timber, on the West side of the same Valley which we had entered near Lidney, till crossing the beautiful trout stream which divides the whole of that valley—receiving on each side many tributary streams and which is called the Canop—we arrived at the new woodman's Cottage on Terridge Hill and enjoyed perhaps the most magnificent prospect in England. From thence, after a second breakfast, we went by Newnham to Gloucester. The next day we dined with Sir Charles and Lady Mary Ross, and slept at Cheltenham, and the next day reached this place to a late dinner. We found Lord and Lady Guildford alone, but Miss Hayman joined us yesterday. We go to the Pheasantry to dinner to-morrow, and are to dine and assist at a Ball at Kensington on Wednesday.

Miss Hayman told us yesterday a diverting inpromptu *jeu d'esprit* of Sydney Smith's on Jeffrey.* He met him one day riding on a little Jack-ass, and accosted him thus: "Jeffrey, I am glad to see you—

As witty as Horatius Flaccus,
Not less a Jacobin than Gracchus,
As short, but not so fat, as Bacchus,
Thus riding on a little Jack-ass."

Kensington Palace, Friday, 14th June, 10 p.m.—Lady Gl[enbervie] came into waiting here yesterday. The

* Lord Jeffrey, the Judge and Edinburgh Reviewer. Lord Glenbervie misquotes the lines as given in Sydney Smith's memoir:—

"Witty as Horatius Flaccus,
As great a Jacobin as Gracchus,
Short, though not as fat as Bacchus,
Riding on a little jackass."

The occasion of this inpromptu was the sudden appearance of Jeffrey at Heslington while the children were playing with the donkey, and their father was out walking with Mr. Horner and Mr. Murray. Jeffrey mounted the steed, and the returning wit, overjoyed to see him, saluted him with the stanza.

Princess and she have been to dine with the Duchess of Brunswick. I find they are returned and are walking in the Garden, but as I have come here unexpectedly to both, I shall not attempt to join them. H.R.H. will probably dismiss Lady Glenbervie before supper. I shall remain here till to-morrow after breakfast.

Various occasions have happened since our return from Dean Forest which vexed me and left no spirits to carry on my journal for some time.

The death of Lord Melville, suddenly, about ten days ago, has affected both Lady Glenbervie and me very much.

The grand fête at Carl[e]ton House, on the occasion of the King's birthday, which was to have been given on last Wednesday se'nnight the 5th inst., being the day after that anniversary, and was postponed and also again last Wednesday, now stands for that day week (the 19th). If it takes place we are to go to it. But it is much doubted whether it will. The King has had a worse relapse than ever, and is now entirely under the management of Dr. Willis and his men. Some ascribe the two postponements to that melancholy circumstance, and that the Queen entreated that it might be so. As that reason still continues, it may probably be quite given up. But others believe that it has been deferred merely because the magnificent decorations and expensive erections in the garden were not finished.

It is near or quite two months since the Princess Charlotte has been here.

Office of Woods, Wednesday, 10th July, 11 a.m.—Lady Glenbervie came out of waiting yesterday forenoon. The day before, the Princess gave a great *Déjeuner à four-*

chettes [*sic*] to such of the French Royal Family as chose to come. They had all been invited. But the King excused himself on account of a fit of the gout with which he had been attacked since the Prince's fête, and Madame d'Angoulême (daughter to Louis XVI.) sent word, two or three days before, that she had been seized with a *fluxion de tête*. Her Ladies sent word they must remain with their Mistress, and the Gentlemen of the King wrote, for excuse, some that they must remain "*auprès de Monsieur le Comte de Lisle*," and others that he had commanded them to remain with him to receive S.H.M. Monseigneur the Duke of Cumberland. The King and his family were at Wimbledon at the Prince of Condé's, who sent for his excuse that he could not leave his royal guest. In short, none of the party at Wimbledon came, but *Monsieur*,* and the Duc de Bourbon and all their gentlemen did, and his two sons, Les Ducs d'Angoulême and de Berri, with theirs. The Duchess of Brunswick and the Duke were also of the party. The Duke told his mother that the Duke of Cumberland, whom he had met at a review an hour or two before, said to him, "You need not hurry yourself to go to Kensington. None of the French Princes will be there. I know they are all to be at the Prince of Condé's." He had probably invited himself there with the hopes of furnishing an excuse to them for staying away, in order to mortify the Princess.

There sat down to table forty persons. The only Englishmen were Lord Chichester, Lord St. Helens, Sir William Drummond, St. Leger, and myself. The English ladies were Dowager Lady Lonsdale, Dowager Lady Harcourt, Dowager Lady Essex, Lady Willoughby de

* Afterwards Louis XVIII.

Eresby, Lady Perceval, Lady Crewe, Lady Glenbervie (in waiting), Lady Ch[arlotte] Lindsay, Miss Garth, and Lady Mary Erskine (in attendance on the Princess Sophia, at Gloucester, who was there). The only French ladies were Madame de la Ferronay, a very handsome little woman, wife to one of Monsieur's gentlemen; La Comtesse de Rouillé, natural daughter to the Duc de Bourbon; and Madame de Perigord, sister to St. Leger, and married to a near relation of Talleyrand's. The rest of the forty were all attendants on the four French Princes, except Monsieur and Madame de Haechall, who belong to the Duchess of Brunswick. Monsieur (whom I have frequently met) is very good-humoured, easy, and unaffected, and very particularly so on that occasion. Puysegur, one of his gentlemen, who lives much in English society and is often at the Princess's, observed that day to Lady Ch[arlotte] Lindsay the great good humour and good nature of Monsieur, and said he is always so. "Seulement depuis qu'il est dévot il ne faut plus dire la moindre chose qui aye rapport à l'amour ou la médisance, et vous savez que sans un peu de médisance on ne va pas bien loin." He is himself very witty, but *très-médisant*.

We are going on Monday next (15th July) for two months to Brighthelmstone.

Brighton, Thursday, 8th August, 4 p.m.—We have been here since the 15th of July, and I find my health, sleep, and appetite much improved by the sea air on this elevated situation and the warm sea-bath.

I have been much shocked by reading in the *Morning Post* of yesterday, which I received this morning, among the account of deaths, the following paragraph:

"Died, on Monday evening (20th inst.) in the 61st

year of her age, Mrs. Hankey, wife of Robert Hankey, Esqr." Her maiden name was Anne Penton, daughter and sister to gentlemen of that name, who were successively members for Winchester. She was born January 3rd, 1750, being six years younger than me. I had the pleasure of forming her acquaintance in the beginning of the winter of 1772 at her cousin, Mrs. Colmore's, and the most intimate friendship subsisted between us from that time till the year 1789, when I married. We never met after that time. She was the person to whom the little copy of verses on the death of a bull-finch inserted in Mercer's poems was addressed, and is meant by "Una" in Mercer's poem occasioned by those verses. I had called her *Una* in another little poem. She had a pretty, delicate face and person, though from weak health she had from my first knowing her something of a sickly look. She was then twenty-three. She had a very cultivated taste and understanding, and a most friendly and feeling heart. Her husband's mother was daughter to the famous Sir John Barnard,* and his sisters were Sir Thomas Sutton's mother and Lady Hotham, wife to Sir Beaumont Hotham.

Brighton, Friday, August 16th, 1811, half-past 6 a.m.
—I wrote to Sir Thomas Sutton to hear whether my dear departed friend had suffered much in her last illness, and I received from him a most consoling, though most affecting answer. It will be found among my papers. He is her husband's nephew. It was at their house, about the year 1774 or '5, I think, when he was studying at Magdalen College, Oxford, that I first made his acquaint-

* The Alderman and Member for the City of London, a noted merchant and politician (1685—1764).

ance, and our intimacy has continued ever since. He is a worthy honourable, religious man, a perfect gentleman, and a ripe scholar in ancient as well as modern literature. The Regent had made great preparations for a splendid Fête at his Pavillion here on the 12th inst.—when he entered into his fiftieth year. All the Cabinet were to come to it, and to sleep during their stay at Lord Chichester's at Stanmer. But some days before, H.R.H. sent notice that he did not mean, considering his father's present most lamentable situation, to celebrate his birthday here or anywhere else. That resolution has been generally applauded by all thinking people. It seems, indeed, an odd thing in H.R.H. and his brothers, the Dukes of York and Clarence, that of late years they have always given great entertainments on their *own* birthdays. I used for several years to dine with my neighbour, the Duke of Clarence, on his. For the last two years before this he had dropped the custom, but only on the ground of economy.

There seems to us a good deal of wit in the following epigram, which the Dean of Battle brought us the other day. He could not tell us the author.

When Theseus from the fair he ruined fled,
The nymph adopted Bacchus in his stead,
Which Allegory, in my humble thinking,
Means that deserted ladies take to drinking.

I am going to dine to-day at Mr. Philip Metcalfe's, a gentleman of large fortune,* who has travelled a great deal, and possesses a fine collection of pictures in his house in Hill Street, and has a taste to judge of them and enjoy them. He is now old and has been blind several years, but still likes and enjoys society, and his fortune (though it arises from being out of the head

* See Mr. W. P. Courtney's "Eight Friends of the Great."

of a great distillery) and accomplishments have enabled him to live always on the best.

Mr. Metcalfe's blindness has reminded me of what Lord North said to Colonel Barrè, on their meeting on the Pantiles at Tunbridge soon after they had both lost their sight. Lady Glenbervie, who was walking with her father, having named them to one another, Lord North said, "Colonel Barrè, I am very glad to meet you. We have been long political enemies, and yet, I believe, there are no two men in England who would be now more happy to *see* one another."

A very little before Mr. Wallace and Lord Ashburton (Mr. Dunning) both died, they met at Salthill where, in the last stage of decay, they had each come by accident, for the benefit of the air. They had been always rivals at the bar and in the pursuit of promotion as Members of Parliament, and were of such very different characters that there had never been any cordiality between them. Dunning was infinitely more ingenious, and had a great deal of sarcastic wit, and even a quaint sort of eloquence. Wallace professed nothing of that sort. He was dull and illiterate, except in that technical branch of his profession—Special Pleading. But he had great natural sagacity and strong sense. He therefore generally succeeded better with the juries in Guildhall and Westminster, where they were for years daily matched against one another. Wallace, of course, was more often employed for plaintiffs, as they (*i.e.*, their Attorneys) know beforehand that they have to retain counsel. But when they met, after all the bustle of their rivalry was over, a sort of reconciliation and mutual testimony of respect for the respective qualities and eminence of each took place, which, according to the account

of a friend of Wallace who was present, was very affecting.

The total want of trees and shade at this place gave rise to a joke of Jekyll's, which I never heard till the other day. Somebody was expressing great dislike to the place on that account, when he said, "Well, I did not think that anybody could take *umbrage* at Brighton." This is something like what Count and General Lally said of his Council, soon after he took possession of his Government of Pondicherry: "*Je vois bien qu'on est directement sous le soleil ici, car on n'y trouve pas l'ombre d'un honnête homme.*" I had this anecdote from his son.

Mr. Blanco, or White,* a Spanish son of an Irish father, who was British Consul at Seville, dined with us yesterday. He is author of the periodical paper, called *L'Español*. Pope little thought when he talked of "A joke on Jekyll or some odd, old Whig," alluding to the formal gravity as well as integrity of Sir Joseph, that there would be another Joseph Jekyll, and a near relation of his contemporary, one of the most celebrated jokers of the succeeding age.

Wednesday, 21st August, half-past 6 a.m.—We had yesterday forenoon a most melancholy sight from our windows. Poor Lord Hamilton, carried on a chair from his house in this Crescent to a carriage, and Lady Hamilton extended on a couch, with their little infant, Lord Paisley, to another. He has burst a blood vessel in his lungs twice

* Advocating the British cause in Spain, Joseph Blanco White, of Seville, whose perpetual oscillations in creed displayed a restless mind, was at this time, after being a priest, settled in England as a free-thinker. He took orders in the English Church, but after a time turned Unitarian. Coleridge said of his sonnet on "Night and Death" (in the *Bijou* of 1828) that it was the finest and most grandly conceived thing of its kind in our language. See Sir H. Holland's "Reminiscences."

within this fortnight, and looked feeble and pale as death. His younger brother, Lord Claud, died of a consumption at Madeira above two years ago; his mother, Lord Abercorn's first wife, had died of the same distemper, and also an accomplished full sister of his, five or six years ago. Lord Claud was a most promising and popular youth, and, indeed, so is—I fear we must soon say—*was*, Lord Hamilton, though in the exterior he has something of his father's lofty demeanour. His sister, Lady Aberdeen, is at this very time ill with a consumptive cough at Tunbridge—where he is gone to join her, perhaps to die with her. Lady Hamilton is a beautiful young creature, not, I believe, twenty years of age. But she was taken very ill a few days before they went away from fatigue and anxiety in attending on him. She had a sister with her, Mrs. Stewart. They are daughters of Mr. Douglas, brother to Lord Morton. Mrs. Stewart is the sweetest, gentlest, most elegant, and most beautiful creature I almost ever saw. Her husband, General Stewart, brother to Lord Galloway, is just returned from Portugal, wounded, and with the Walcheren fever still upon him.

Lady Glenbervie reminded us last night of a saying of her sister, Lady Charlotte, which diverted us very much. The 87th Psalm had been one of the Psalms of the day, one of the verses of which is :—

“My lovers and friends hast thou put away from me, and *hid mine acquaintance* out of my sight.”

Lady Charlotte said she thought the *latter* part amply compensated for the former.

Sheffield Place, Tuesday, 10 September, 8 a.m.—We left Brighton yesterday at 4 p.m., having been there ever since the 15th of July.

My health and spirits are, thank God, in a great degree restored by the air, exercise, and tepid sea-baths. I mean to return there about the 9th or 10th of October, when Lady Glenbervie will go into waiting and join me there or meet me at this place towards the middle of November. We had in general very fine weather, and for that season a house delightfully situated, No. 6, near the center [*sic*] of the Crescent, from whose windows we had a full view of one of the noblest objects in nature, the open sea, often covered with ships and light, nautilus-like pleasure and fishing boats sailing and rowing in all directions, and of one of the ugliest and most ridiculous productions of Art, a full length statue of the Prince of Wales, of a buff colour, in the complete uniform of his Hussar regiment, with a round hat surcharged with feathers, and an enormous quantity of hair turned up under his hat in the manner of that part of the costume of ladies about thirty or forty years ago, which they called a "Chignon." The person who built the Crescent on speculation, a Mr. Otto, a West Indian, had this frightful thing cast at Coades's, the manufacturer of artificial stone, and erected it on a high pedestal in the center, in order, as was said, to flatter H.R.H., and obtain admission to the parties at the Pavilion. But the Prince's taste was too good for such a bribe, and the effect was so different from what the foolish man expected, that the Prince never yet can hear his name mentioned with patience, and will not even permit Lord Chichester to present the son to him, a deserving young man now in the Sussex Militia. All we inhabitants of the Crescent would willingly have subscribed any reasonable sum for the removal of the eye-sore, or even have contrived to have it clandestinely demolished in the night. All but one,

Mr. Perkins, the rich brewer, who has a permanent residence there, and, "such and so various are the tastes of men," is said to have bought it to secure its permanency as the chief ornament of his marine villa. The statue, however, has had one of its arms broken off, which produced a ridiculous mistake of Montie [?] Lewis one day when he came into the Crescent to call on Lady Glenbervie. We saw him examining the sculpture at great length and in great detail, with his glass at his eye, being very short-sighted, before he came up-stairs to us, and soon after he joined us, he said that was a singular sort of compliment to Lord Nelson to have his statue erected there to represent him without the arm he had lost.

Our society at Brighton was mixed, and shifting, but not numerous, and very good. Mr. and Mrs. Steele; Lady Theodora Viner, her son and daughter; Colonel Murphy, Irish, Spanish, and English, a well-informed and cheerful military merchant, partner with William Gordon, nephew to the late Lord Aberdeen, his nephew Mr. Menville, Mr. George and Miss Jonstone, whose dinners, balls, and music were frequent and very good; Lord and Lady Charles Somerset and three daughters (than all of whom nothing can be conceived more disagreeable, nor, I believe, in essentials less respectable); The Baron and Baronne de Montalembert, he natural son to the late Baron, she the daughter of a Mr. Forbes, an East Indian, who wrote the "Picture of Verdun," both great walzers, and insufferable coxcombs; Philip Metcalfe, now blind and seventy-nine, but both cheerful and hospitable, with an excellent cook, an excelling cellar, and a good house, and two nieces, pleasant, sensible, unaffected women, and both great readers with happy

memories ; Lord Dundas, whose regiment of Militia, the North York, are in quarters at Brighton ; William Frankland, his Lieut.-Colonel, and formerly my fellow-barrister—a man so abounding in paradoxes that his conversation consists of nothing else, and which he maintains with great apparent seriousness, but with perfect good humour, rather inviting than resisting contradiction. He amused Lady Glenbervie very much. He is her old acquaintance. Captain and Mrs. Warner, of that Regiment ; Mr. and Mrs. Robb [?], he a withered Nabob, she a conversable good-looking half-sister of the humdrum Mrs. Charles Rawley of Petersham ; Lord U. Ossory and his two daughters, *Lady Anne* (so christened to conceal her illegitimacy) and Lady Gertrude ; Dr. Warren, son to the most agreeable as well as one of the ablest physicians I ever knew ; Lord and Lady Hamilton ; her sister, Mrs. General Stuart [*sic*], whose beauty and eloquence I scarcely ever saw equalled ; her husband Major-General William Stewart, brother to Lord Galloway, slightly wounded at Talavera, Fuente D'Onor, or Busaco, and still afflicted by the dregs of the Walcheren fever. He distinguished himself very much at Albuera. Mrs. Stracey, daughter to the late David Scott, Lord Melville's (?) righthand man in Leadenhall Street ; Mr., Mrs. and two Miss Colmans, and latterly, a few days before our departure, Lady Downshire, whose son, Lord Arthur Hill, is a Cornet in the Prince's Regiment, and Lady Louvain. Lord Worcester is also a Cornet in the same regiment, and was at Brighton. Besides these, and a few others, I sometimes went to Lady Aldborough's parties. She is my old fellow-servant in the Irish Government, for when I was Chief Secretary her Ladyship, then Mrs. Stratford, was *mâîtresse-en-titre* to the Lord-

Lieutenant. There I met the Dowager Lady Hiram [?], Widow Sneyd—formerly Miss Manners, a natural daughter of the Rutland family ; Mrs. Francis, sister to Sir John Craddock ; Mrs. Daniel, niece to Lady Cecilia Johnstone's husband, and during the last three days Lady (Sir William) Hamilton, whom I also dined with at Mrs. Cowell's, the wife of a merchant in London.* Lady Hamilton is no longer so enormously, so monstrously fat as she has been for some years. On Sunday evening I saw her perform, I daresay, one hundred different attitudes, and fat though she still is, nothing can be conceived more graceful. No pictures of Madonnas, Bacchantes, Nymphs, Devotees, Nuns, Espiègles, &c., &c., &c., no statues are to compare to this sort of living painting and sculpture. Her face is still beautifully expressive, and she had the art, by the happy management of a loose Amaranth coloured shawl over her head, and white robe, to conceal or make you over-look, her corpulency.

The Duke of Queensberry left to Lady Aldborough's father £10,000, and to Lady Hamilton £1,000 a year. Lady Aldborough has succeeded to her father's legacy, but the payment of all the Duke's legacies is suspended by a suit instituted by the Duke of Buccleugh. If the

* The famous "Emma." Since vindicating, in 1905, her right to reward for procuring the watering of the British Fleet in 1798, the editor found some fresh corroboration. In the Dropmore papers of the Historical MS. Commission, vol. 4, p. 238, is a letter of Maria Carolina, inclosed by Sir William Hamilton in a dispatch to Grenville, which shows that so early as June 11th, 1798, the Queen of Naples had written, in a secret letter to Lady Hamilton, that all ports should be opened, and refreshment secured for the British Fleet. This was in pursuance of the letter which he reproduced. To the many appreciations of Emma's genius for interpretation of the antique in her "attitudes," should be added an interesting passage in Windham's Diary (p. 232). The fastidious critic and statesman admitted that Mrs. Harte's display seemed to form "an epoch in the history and study of antique grace."

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Duke of Queensberry had died intestate (and he is said to have wished to burn his will when on his deathbed) Lady Hamilton's husband, Sir William Hamilton, if he had been alive, and, as he died before the Duke, the brother of Sir William and father of Lady Aldborough, who I think survived him, would have succeeded to all his immense personal estate. They were, it seems, his nearest of kin, by I know not what intermarriage—for he was very remotely connected in the paternal line with the chief branch of the Douglas family, being only descended from an illegitimate son of the E[arl] of Douglas who fought, won and died on the field of the battle of Otterburn. Sir William Hamilton and his brother were lineal male descendants, like myself, from that main stock. Lady Aldborough and I therefore, being both sprung from old "Bell-the-Cat," as well as the King himself is, and the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Selkirk—call both one another, and his Majesty, cousins.

One of our great comforts at Brighton was the vicinity of Lord and Lady Chichester. We dined with them once or twice every week, and besides the great beauty of Stanmer, we enjoyed there the society of as happy, respectable and agreeable a pair as is anywhere to be met with.

Tunbridge Wells. Friday, 13th September, half-past 7 a.m.—I came over to this place yesterday forenoon, on a visit to the Miss Berrys and to carry back Lady Charlotte Lindsay, who is also on a visit to them, to her sisters at Sheffield Place to-morrow. One of my hostesses (Agnes), for the other was indisposed, took me to dine at Mr. Chinnery's, where we had an excellent dinner, choice wines, choice spirits, and a considerable



EMMA LADY HAMILTON.

Engraved by C. Knight from a drawing by Sir T. Lawrence.

portion of beauty, for Lord William Spencer and Viotti were there, and that beautiful *blueish* stocking, Lady Charlemont, besides little Miss Chinnery, who may claim a place among the geniuses as well as with the beauties. The rest of the dinner company were Lord Charlemont,* the honest, the cheerful, the frank, and the good-humoured and good-natured husband of a wife who, though so enamoured of genius and talents as to think Sir Henry Englefield much more dangerous than Lord Grenville, seems to love her husband more than any of the Wits or Literates, the Payne Knights and Rogers's who daily offer their frigid incense and pedantic vows at her shrine.

Mr. and Mrs. Chinnery are, in the Society of London, in some respects, the rivals of Mr. and Miss Johnstone, whose splendid dinners and waltzing balls we partook of at Brighton. They are, both the first and last of them, of obscure or illegitimate birth. The Johnstones being natural children of the late Governor Johnstone, and Chinnery the son (legitimate, I believe) of a writing master who taught half the fathers and mothers of the lords and ladies who frequent his house. Johnstone has no rank, no situation in life, but that of an M.P. and no other personal description except that of a Nabob or Indian *parvenu*. Chinnery's highest pretensions are that, having been private secretary to George Rose, he has attained the station of one of the four First Clerks of the Treasury.

Yet, by a command of money, which Johnstone is said to have acquired by contracts and cards, and which nobody knows how Chinnery has acquired, the ambition of good company, good houses, excellent cooks, and

* Son of the Lord Charlemont of Irish fame.

excellent cellars, by knowing who *is*, or *wishes to be* with who, by frequent dinners and musical and dancing parties, in both which accomplishments the two young ladies, Miss Johnstone and Miss Chinnery excel, they contrive to purchase the society, or at least the presence, almost whenever they please, of all that is most distinguished for rank, beauty, youth, talents, and wealth in the highest or most fashionable walks of life. But the Chinnery parties seem to me more select and more exquisite than those of Hanover Square. Chinnery, though a coxcomb, and but ill-disguising under tolerable French and Italian, and a profusion of civility, the quill behind his ear, has a better *ton* and more vivacity and lightness of conversation, makes a better bow, and has a better address, than Johnstone, whose manner, looks, person and conversation are in the highest degree clumsy and ungraceful. As for Miss Johnstone and Miss Chinnery they are not to be compared together. Miss Johnstone has fine eyes and a pretty face, with beautiful teeth, which she constantly contrives to display by a perpetual good-natured but unmeaning smile. She plays and sings well, and although she is almost a dwarf and her short person is very like a stumpy barrell [*sic*], dances both with grace and activity. But she has no conversation, no ideas, no other talent except that of setting her company a-going either to walze or to sing and play. Besides she is nearer Mrs. Chinnery's age than Miss Chinnery's. Miss Chinnery is a very pretty, lively, alert girl still under twenty, with good features, black eyes, eyebrows and hair, a clear complexion of natural red and white, a neat person, obliging manners, frank and easy conversation, without being forward or obtrusive, and talents as well as taste, and skill in music in a superior degree.

She is also said to write very pretty verses and I believe draws. Viotti has lived in Chinnery's house, I believe, ever since the birth of the daughter—scandal might perhaps insinuate that his residence there is of a little earlier date, but I do not believe that exact chronology would justify this. However, she has been and still continues to be without interruption, the daily and favourite pupil of that first-rate musician for taste, knowledge, and execution, and who adds to such various merits in his profession that of being a very agreeable well-bred and well-informed person in all matters which it becomes a man of the world and of good company to know.*

Next to him, as inmate of the House of Chinnery, is William Spencer, nephew to the Duke of Marlborough.

A man so various that he seems to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.

But his parts, alas, are parts that none can trust. He is very profligate, and is ruined in his fortunes, having, it is said, been often in jail for debt, a sort of *flétrissure* when the result of misconduct, which nothing can obliterate from the minds of others, nor from a man's own. I have read his poems, which he has lately collected and printed in a little volume, quite through this morning. They are very pretty and may rank high among

* Giovanni Battista Viotti (b. 1755 in Piedmont) started as first violinist in the Royal Chapel at Turin. From 1794—8 he was leader in the orchestra of the Italian Opera at the Haymarket. He quitted his post for Holland and, afterwards, Hamburg, but returning to London in 1801, set up in the wine trade. After the Bourbon restoration, Louis XVIII. invited him to direct the Royal Academy of Music in Paris. In 1822 he re-settled in London, where he died in 1824. He was considered the best violin performer of his time and composed much music for that instrument.

Des vers de Société, or poetry by a *Person of honour*. But they have no very transcendent merit, and, which is not easily pardoned in short and occasional poems, abound with several inelegant and unclassical neologisms of language, particularly the practice, so much abused by Darwin* and other modern poets, of turning nouns and neutral verbs into verbs active. Thus he makes a frosty air *fade* a rose, and talks of a lady who *gardens* her flowers, and showers that *dew* the grass. His amorous poetry has another and greater fault, that sort of strained, metaphysical *volupté* which the modern French admire, and which characterises the sentimental songs of Morris† and approaches to indecency or fine-spun bawdry in those of Moore. William Spencer is all high spirits, great good humour, coaxing civility, and irresistible drollery and pleasantry. But never solid, never steady, and for facts constantly trusting to his imagination without caring what his memory may sanction or disavow.

With such talents, such acquirements, for he is a perfectly good scholar in ancient lit[t]erature, and at the same time possesses a familiar knowledge of the three modern foreign languages, French, Italian and German, and with such distinguished birth and connections, one cannot help lamenting that he has so misused all those enviable advantages, and that what Lord Hervey

* Erasmus Darwin, physician, grandfather of Charles Darwin, and the botanist-correspondent of Rousseau, was also a versifier. He wrote the "Botanic Garden," and "The Temple of Nature" (b. 1731, d. 1802.)

† Captain Charles Morris (1745—1838), the bard of the Beefsteak Society and ally of the Prince of Wales, had served in the American War, after which he exchanged from the Seventeenth Foot-regiment into the Second Life-guards. His songs were published in 1840 as "Lyra Urbanica."



MRS. HENRY TIGHE.

From an engraving from a miniature by Comerford, after a picture by Romney.

addressed to Hammond is so much more applicable to him—

To Madrigals and Odes that wit confined
That might in Senates and in Courts have shined.

We had a large addition to our party at the Chinnery's after dinner. Among others that disagreeable coxcomb Jackson,* late Minister to the United States, and his German has-been demi-rep of a wife, my friends Mr. and Mrs. William Gordon, Lydia White,† and pretty Miss Chaloner, with two ugly sisters, &c. Miss Chinnery and Viotti sang and played delightfully, and Mrs. Gordon very well. Viotti also drew heavenly sounds from that, in all other hands but his, disagreeable instrument, the fiddle.

Lady Charlotte,‡ the Berrys, and I are to dine to-day at Lord Charlemont's.

Tunbridge Wells, Saturday, 14th September, half-past 8 a.m.—At dinner, yesterday, I sat next our beautiful and amiable hostess, who showed me, after dinner, the MS. of the pretty copy of verses in poor Psyche's (Mrs. Tighe's) Poems addressed to herself.§ The party on the whole was not so gay, nor the fare so sumptuous as at little Chinnery's, but Lord Charlemont's unaffected cheerful good sense and hospitality had the better scope from the absence of William Spencer, whose incessant

* Francis James Jackson (1770—1814) was Minister to the United States in 1809—11. After serving as secretary of legation at Berlin and Madrid, he had been Ambassador at Constantinople in 1798. His much younger brother, Sir George (1785—1761), was also a distinguished diplomatist.

† Lydia White, the eccentric *saloniste*, was satirised by Byron in "The Blues" as "Miss Diddle."

‡ Lindsay, one of Lord Glenbervie's sisters-in-law. Another was Lady Sheffield.

§ Mary Tighe, *née* Blackford (1772—1810), published her somewhat insipid "Psyche" in 1805.

talk and display, and artificial spirits are often over-coming, and, in his situation and circumstances, still more frequently unbecoming.

The learned, silent, and saturnine Lord Aberdeen dined there, and also Ward,* and we had some discussion on the comparative merits of Xenophon, Thucydides, Polybius, and Herodotus. Ward began these topics by declaring that he thought the "Memorabilia," one among many of other proofs of the great inferiority of the Ancients to the Moderns, and that it was a very stupid, dull and uninteresting book. The rest of the company seemed to hear this with silent surprize and some little awe of his invective wit—but I could not hear it with patience, and immediately expressed the very opposite opinion. His opinion, however absurd, did not so much surprize me, as it came from a man who dislikes and despises, or (which is in worse taste still) affects to dislike and despise the writings of Shakespeare.

I carry back Lady Charlotte Lindsay to Sheffield Place this morning.

East Cowes Castle, Thursday, 19th September, 7 a.m.
—Lady Glenbervie and I came to London last Sunday (the 15th). She was to have accompanied me hither and in my survey of the Forests, but was prevented by a severe attack of that sort of headache to which, alas, she is so subject, and which required immediate cupping and several days of rest and quiet. I set out on Monday (16th) in company with Mr. Nash, the owner of this hospitable, beautiful and magnificent Mansion and

* The well-known wit and politician, of whom Madame de Stäel said that he was the sole sentimentalist left, yet of whom Rogers wrote:—

"Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it.

He *has* a heart—and gets his speeches by it."

pleasure grounds—for some description of which see my letter to Lady Glenbervie dated yesterday.

Yesterday I surveyed, in the company of my fellow-Commissioner, Mr. Wickens, of Mr. Arnold, . . ., of Mr. Turner, Deputy in New Forest, and of Mr. Nash,* the whole of Parkhurst Forest—by riding round the bounds, and into the center [*sic*] where there are two or three eminences which command a view of the whole.

Last night I had a long history from Mr. Nash of the erection of Sunderland Bridge, which, according to him, was first projected by himself, and the design stolen from him by Mr. Burdon. This recalled to my recollection the following epigrams, which perhaps I have already noted in this Diary. Old Lord Pembroke had great pretensions to architecture, and claimed the merit of being the projector and builder of Westminster Bridge. When it was finished, some flatterer of his addressed the following couplet to him—

To all your other titles, we'll annex
That last, that greatest title, *Pontifex*.

In about a year afterwards, one of the piers gave way, on which Doddington (Lord Melcombe) said to Lord Pembroke, "I think we must now change a little the two lines made last year—and make them run thus—

With all your other titles we'll enact
Your last, your greatest title, *Pontefract*.

Pontefract, or as pronounced—"Pomfret," is really an existing title of nobility.

There was a question, when the measure of building a bridge at Westminster was in contemplation, whether

* John Nash (1752—1835), the well-known but stucco-loving architect who enlarged Buckingham House into Buckingham Palace, and transferred its "Marble Arch" to Cumberland Gate.

the piers should be of wood or stone, on which Lord Charlemont says, " Pray let them be of stone—we have *wooden peers* enough at Westminster already."

Whichwood Park, Dean Forest, Monday, 7th October, 6 a.m. [1811].—I passed a week from Sept. 21st to the 28th in the New Forest. The last of the quantity (?) of land wanted to make up the 6,000 acres permitted to be enclosed at the same time, are now fencing in and planting. The islands are in a satisfactory state, and the whole business is likely to be concluded with less difficulty than I had foreseen. *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*, has been of great use. Milne and I slept at Bath on the 29th and at Gloucester on the 30th, and we have been here (in rainy boisterous weather) from the 1st of October. We are going to Gloucester to-night. Tomorrow to Cheltenham, on Thursday to meet Dawkins, who was with me all the time in New Forest, in Whichwood Forest, and to dine and sleep at his house on Thursday the 10th. To dine and sleep at Wroxton the 11th. To get, if possible, to Bambridge (Wat Smythe's) to dinner on the 12th. On the 13th to survey Whichwood Forest, settle the roads there with the Inclosure Commissioners, the Fencing and Planting with Lewer, and the Lodge and Cottages with Nash and Turner. Then to get to London, if possible, and sleep at William Garnier's at Droxford that day. [*He details the rest of his itinerary, including a stay at Farnham Castle.*] . . The Frederics were well and happy at Constantinople on the 25th of June. They were going soon to Alexandria and Cairo, and, thank God, propose to return home in the Spring. My chief object in going to Wroxton is to try to obtain a little more certainty about

Banbury for Fred D—, and to see if we cannot yet buy Ellesfield with our trust-money.

The Crown Inn, Sevenoaks, quarter past noon, Monday, 21st October.—Here I have just breakfasted on my way to Tunbridge Wells, having dined and slept at the Prince of Wales' at Blackheath. I obtained nothing very satisfactory on the subject either of Banbury or Ellesfield from Lady Guildford. I did not attempt to come on either subject with Lord Guildford, and she was too full of her jealousy of all the brood of Mrs. St. Leger; of the *tracasseries* between her servants, the Domestic Chaplain and Curate of Wroxton, Townshend, who, it seems, having failed in an attempt to seduce her Ladyship's Maid (of the *proper* name of Wash) has accused her of an intrigue with the foreman of —, the architect; of her planting in the grounds, and arrangements within doors—to attend very seriously to what interests me a good deal more than it does her. She assures me that it is Lord Guildford's wish to bring her nephew in for Banbury—but that he thinks he cannot desire D. North to give it up if he chooses still to be the member. That D. North has told him he shall never marry, and that he has made a will giving his estate to him, and, after him to Fred. North. That the last contest cost him £5,000, which he expected Fred. North and the Bishop of Winchester (as next in succession to the estate) to contribute to the payment of, which they have not done. That how can he tell whether Fred., Dr. — and he will think alike in politics. That he hates Perceval so much that even the Prince should never prevail on him to support him in Parliament. That he will sooner see Banbury at the Devil than incur

the expence of another contest, &c. As for Ellesmere [*sic*], the Treaty for exchanging it against the estate of Trinity College at Wroxton is still depending, but that the College are insisting on having some other property added. I think I foresee that the matter will hang on in fruitless negotiation during Lord Guildford's life.

I completed the tour I had chalked out when at White Mead, except that instead of going on the Tuesday to Farnham, I returned directly to London on that day, having a load of pressing business to wind up before my new absence.

I had, before I left London to go to the Isle of Wight, an interview with the Prince Regent on the subject of Marybone Park. [*A long discussion follows about this now uninteresting affair in which the Prime Minister Perceval, too, was concerned.*]

I dined and slept every day at Kensington except on Saturday, when I dined at Hampton Court with Mrs. Wilmot and heard the first Act of her new Tragedy called "Alphonso," and slept at the Pheasantry, and yesterday, . . . the Princess brought me and Lady Glenbervie (with little Billie*) in her carriage to Blackheath, where we dined with the Duchess and supped at Montagu House. The Princess has removed all her plate, household *batterie de cuisine*, and servants to Montagu House, to remain an indefinite time. She seems tired of Kensington, and disgusted with it, and complains that nobody comes to her there.

On Saturday the Princess Charlotte dined, it seems, with her mother at Kensington. Lady Glenbervie says she hardly spoke to her mother or even answered her. It seems the day before, she and Lady de Clifford, and

* The mysterious boy *protégé* of the Princess Caroline.

nobody else, dined with the Prince at York House. Perhaps her dryness to her mother was in consequence of instructions from her father. Lady Glenbervie says she is grown tall and very graceful—but that she is forward, dogmatical on all subjects, buckish about horses, and full of exclamations very like swearing. She was sitting with her legs stretched out, after dinner, and showed her drawers, which, it seems, she and most young women now wear. Lady de Clifford said, "My dear Princess Charlotte, you shew your drawers."—"I never do, but where I can put myself at my ease."—"Yes, my dear, when you get in or out of a carriage."—"I don't care if I do."—"Your drawers are too long."—"I do not think so—the Duchess of Bedford's are much longer, and they are bordered with Brussels lace."—"O," said Lady de Clifford in conclusion, "if she is to wear them, she does right to make them handsome." Nobody was present on this occasion but the mother, Lady de Clifford, Lady Glenbervie and Miss Garth. The Princess talked a great deal to Miss Garth, who was once her sub-governess.

On a former day when the daughter dined at Kensington, before Lady Glenbervie came into waiting, she asked Miss Garth how William did, and what was to be done with him. "I suppose," says she, "he will be in the army—in the 15th"—smiling visibly. Miss Garth looked grave.—"Oh," says the Princess, "I know all that perfectly." It is shocking, very shocking!—I am not sure whether I have mentioned above, the report that first the Taylor, and then General Garth were only cloaks, and that this mysterious William is the Duke of Cumberland's, who is Colonel of the 15th Dragoons.

Billie is also a mysterious child. He is pale and

sickly, and, I think, will not live. His reputed father and mother are workpeople in the docks at Greenwich. They come sometimes to see him. They think he is their son. Their son was fetched from them immediately after the mother bore him, and the whisper is that he was sent off immediately to Germany, and Billie substituted for him. Shocking! very shocking!

Brighton, Thursday, 24th October.—I arrived at Sheffield Place and remained till Monday, when I came to this place.

Brighton, 1st February, 1812, Saturday.—On the 3rd of November I went to London and the day after to Blackheath. On the 9th, Lady Glenbervie came to London. On Tuesday, the 10th, we went in our carriage all round Marybone Park. Milne and I returned to this place on Wednesday the 11th, and Lady Glenbervie having come a day or two afterwards to Sheffield Place, I went and fetched her over to this place, where, except one excursion of mine of three days to London in the beginning of January—or rather to Marybone Park—and three visits to Lord and Lady Hampden at Glynde, of a day or two each, we have remained constantly at this place. Poor Lady Glenbervie has been indisposed and confined almost entirely to the house for the last six weeks. She is now better and we go away to-morrow. We shall either sleep at Ryegate [*sic*] and get to the Pheasantry on Monday morning, or, if she is able, get home to-morrow night. On Wednesday or Thursday we go to London, and Lady Glenbervie into waiting at Blackheath on Sunday, the 9th.

The following is a burlesque imitation or rather para-

phrase of a jingling Greek epigram which Dr. Gregory, of Edinburgh, had printed a year or two ago, with the ludicrous offer of a premium of a leg of mutton and his crops for the best imitation. He accompanied it with several of his own, and of other persons. Mr. Palmer, one of Windham's Executors (with Chaff Legge), who is here and whose wife is a relation of Mrs. Gregory's, lent a copy of the pamphlet the other day to Trevor, who with his usual facility made a score of bad imitations, in as many minutes. I sent him mine this morning with a note saying I hoped it might entitle me to a slice of the leg of mutton:—

'Twere Wisdom to toil and turmoil after riches,
 To procure a *light heart and a thin pair of breeches*,
 (What else can they purchase but gewgaws and toys ?)
 But 'tis folly to toil and turmoil after riches,
 Since I've got a light heart and a thin pair of breeches,
Which, without them, goes through the world my brave boys.

ANOTHER

If the less a man drinks
 The more wisely he thinks,
 The wisest, methinks,
 Is the man who ne'er drinks.
 But since drink, or not drink,
 / ne'er wisely can think,
 How foolish to think
 It more wise not to drink !

[*The remainder of these jingling lucubrations is omitted.*]

Brighton, Sunday, 2nd February, 9 a.m.—All my books and papers of business being packed off for London, I have amused myself this morning with the life of Cimon, by Plutarch, and have met with this expression which, I remember, struck me when I formerly read it twenty-six years ago.

He says, "Cimon undertook a certain expedition, Βουλομενος ωφελεισθαι δικαιως τους Αθηναιους, τας απο των φυσει πολεμιων, ευποριας, εις την Ελλαδα νομιζοντας" (vol 3, p. 213). It has been, or used to be, a common thing to describe the French as our *natural enemies*. But modern philosophers, philanthropists, cosmopolites, metaphysicians, and political economists have banished the phrase from the neological diction of our times.

I am glad to find a description dictated by sound reason, and tending to wise policy of so ancient and respectable a date.

16th June, 1812, *Whitehall Place*.—This long chasm has proceeded from a complication of causes. The ill-health of my dear wife; my own ill-health and ill spirits; oppressive and thankless business in the exercise of my office—anxiety about my son who returned from Greece and Turkey last July after an absence of 2 years, his election for Banbury, the very inconvenient and unexpected expence attending it—his difference in opinion with me on some essential points of parliamentary duty, &c., &c.—something of all this will be found in my correspondence.

But what has affected me most in this intervening space was the gross and ignorant and ill-founded attack on my conduct in the proposed improvements of the Cr.[own] Revenue in the case of Marybone Park. This virulent and unjustifiable attack was made by that *accusateur officieux*, Mr. Creevey—and though afterwards refuted with spirit, truth and full success in the House of Commons by Mr. Wharton, one of the Secretaries to the Treasury, remained unanswered for a week or fortnight. For this, too, I must refer to my correspondence.

Creevey has tried to obtain eminence (unsuccessful attempt!) by personalities in the absence of the parties concerned. He accused Fred. North of inhumanity. He attempted to charge Fred. North's brother-in-law with corrupt administration of the Cr.[own] Revenue. Perceval answered him on the ground of the absurdity of the facts alleged by him. But this was late at night in a thin and tired House. Next day Creevey's speech appeared in all the papers (sent no doubt by himself) without a word of Perceval's answer. Before a new opportunity occurred poor Perceval was murdered.

Last winter we saw a good deal of the Dowager Lady Sefton* at Brighton. Some of her contemporaries who were there recollected an anecdote concerning her early life which amused [*sic*] very much. Lord Sefton (or Molyneux) had been a Roman Catholic. She had a very assiduous lover in Hugo Meynell, then one of the fashionable men of *bonnes fortunes*. When Lady Sefton was with child of the present Lord, Lord North said he supposed the child would be a *Hugonot*.

Whitehall Place, Thursday, 17th June, 1813, 12 o'clock.
—Mr. Whitbread having undertaken the principal management of the affairs of Drury Lane since the rebuilding of the New Theatre, and previous to its opening, he and the other Managers or Trustees advertised a reward for the best Prologue or Address to be spoken at the Opening. A number of Competitors appeared, and among others, Whitbread himself. None, however, were approved of, and Lord Byron was applied to almost

* It was on this lady at Brighton that Sheridan once played the practical joke of having her arrested, for unlawful gaming, by a police officer.

immediately, or not above 24 hours before the opening was to take place. His address, which was spoken, fell far short of his reputation, and on publication rather diminished than added to his fame. The rejection of the others gave rise to one of the most humorous and popular publications that has appeared since the *Rolliad* and the *Anti-Jacobin*. It consists of supposed rejected addresses by Cobbett, Lord Byron, Lewis, "Anacreon" Moore (as he is called), Walter Scott, William Spencer, Crabbe, Southey, &c. The really rejected addresses have been published since, but Whitbread's is not among them. It has been seen, however, by several of Whitbread's friends, and is said to be very heavy.* He is a hard-headed man of a powerful coarse intellect with the dispositions and many of the qualifications of a Demagogue. His great ambition seems to be eloquence and wit, for neither of which has he much natural or acquired endowment. It seems in his address he had said a great deal about the New Theatre risen from the ashes of the old, with several couplets on the parallel case of the Phœnix. Little Moore, who dined here about a fortnight ago, told us he had asked Sheridan that morning what he thought [of] Whitbread's performance, who answered that he had treated the *Phœnix* like an upholsterer. [*Sheridan really said like a "poulterer."*]

Whitehall Place, Sunday, 20th June, 2 p.m.—I dined at Blackheath on Thursday last. Lady Glenbervie has

* This is the address (sent in for the competition) of which Sheridan said that it described the stock Phœnix as a poulterer would describe his stock. Whitbread, the Radical M.P., who reorganised Drury Lane, quarrelled with Sheridan, who considered the treatment meted out to him and his son Tom as hard and unfeeling. It will be seen that Lord Glenbervie takes the same view of Whitbread's temperament.

been in waiting there since the 9th. The party consisted of the Princess, Lady Glenbervie, Mr. Charles Burney, (nephew to Madame d'Arblay), Dr. Young, a Professor at Glasgow, Mr. Payne Knight,* and that most conceited of all pedants, Dr. Parr.† I had scarcely ever been in his company before, and the exhibition that day was a perfect comedy or rather farce. It seems his general custom is when he dines anywhere to go in his morning coat and walking wig to the place where he is to dine, followed by a boy who carries his fine cauliflower drop wig in a sort of band box, and a black velvet coat with silk frogs (what Dr. Charles Burney in allusion to Parr's Greek learning calls the "*Frogs*" of Aristophanes). When he arrives he arrays himself in this Costume, and I believe went through all that operation in the ante-room at Blackheath. He was ushered in by Payne Knight and received by H.R.H. as if he had been the Head of Christianity of which I shrewdly suspect there is no very great portion in his own head, for which not *very charitable* conjecture, however, I have no other grounds than 1st the sort of easy familiar levity with which he imputed in what he thought a pure Attic style of jocularly, atheism to his friend Payne, and puritanism to my countryman the Greek professor; and 2ndly, as to Christian morality, the recollection of his mean and shabby conduct in the affairs of

* Richard Payne Knight (archæologist) had visited Sicily and Italy in 1777 with the German artist, Philip Hackert, and up to 1806 he sat in Parliament. He was a friend of Sir William Hamilton. Goethe translated and included his diary in his "Life of Hackert." He bequeathed his fine collection to the British Museum in 1824.

† Dr. Samuel Parr (1747—1825), the Whig Dr. Johnson and the tutor of Lady Byron, had been both an older schoolfellow and an understanding preceptor of Sheridan at Harrow. He was a pedagogue-wit, half pompous, half pithy.

Lord Chedworth.* He is certainly a man of parts, and learning. But his parts are not near the level of his obvious though not avowed model, Dr. Johnson, and his learning is considered by the few very learned erudites who still remain, many degrees below that of the late Porson, Gaisford, the good Dampier, late Bishop of Ely, and Dr. Charles Burney. His display, vanity, affected gesticulations, grimaces, leers, ogling of the Princess, and the rest of the company, to make her think he admired her, and to see if she sufficiently admired him, his gross flattery of the Princess, and in turns of all, his eruptions of ludicrous vanity mixed with protestations of the humility and ignorance of good company of a country parson, his perpetual adjustment of his wig, his grinning delight and enjoyment of our silent admiration, all these things, and others beyond any power of description, made one think that Jack Bannister, Liston, Emery, or Dowton, in their gayest and most ludicrous veins could not represent a clever, coxcombical, pedantic person so as not to appear under-acted to those who have witnessed Parr performing in the manner he did last Thursday. He is to act again to-night at Kensington. I do not expect that this repetition will go off so well. His exertion must flag I fear, and the attention of H.R.H. most probably will—so will Lady Glenbervie's, mine and Payne Knight's. Dr. Young is not to be there.†

It was part of Parr's plan to flatter him grossly (though

* John Howe, fourth Baron Chedworth (1754—1804), of Harrow and Queens' College, Cambridge, was an extreme Whig who bequeathed £3,000 to that receptacle of extreme Whig bounty, Charles James Fox. He published some annotations on Shakespeare.

† Probably Dr. John Young, the Professor of Greek at Glasgow, who died in 1820.



REV. SAMUEL PARR, LL.D.

From an old engraving.

with every now and then a fling at Scotch literature and the presbyterians). Young received both the flattery and the flings with unmoved taciturnity and composure. Lady Glenbervie and I ascribed this to stupidity. But Thomson told me next day that he is a great mimic, and that he was probably studying how to *take off* the Doctor at Edinburgh and Glasgow. Thomson is to be of the party, and Sir Henry Englefield. I fear the severe taste and fastidium [*sic*] of the first, and a sufficient share of those qualities, as well as his own love to show off, of which he once pleaded guilty to Lady Glenbervie in Sir Henry, will contribute to render the Doctor's success less brilliant to-day. *Nous verrons*. I shall never be ambitious of a third night of this harlequin-Dr. Faustus. I cannot help mentioning two circumstances however in Parr's behaviour the other night, which gave Lady Glenbervie and myself great pleasure. He took several opportunities of praising her father's character and talents with great force and justice too, and with every appearance of sincerity and feeling. Once he got up from his seat on the Princess's right hand and came round to shake Lady Glenbervie by the hand with expressions that drew tears from her eyes. At another time he proposed her health and her father's memory without consulting the Princess or asking her pardon, as he generally did every two minutes when he was going to say anything which he (? thought) highly courteous and urbane.

The other circumstance was an avowal to the Princess that he did not like Sydney Smith, and should not like to hear him preach. Her questions were so put as to prove an expectation that he was an admirer of both. He said Smith's sermons had too much of the Scotch accent—looking at Young—but meaning (as he admitted

when I gave him to understand that I interpreted him so) that there was too much of the Edinburgh Reviewer in his sermons. Lady Charlotte is also to be of the party. She will be much diverted and will, by her good nature and keen sense of the ridicule of the thing, clap him on the back as it were, and encourage him in his part. It will be entirely new to her; she never was in his company before.

Whitehall Place, 24 June, 1813.—Last Sunday Dr. Parr showed more of his natural character and was much less entertaining than on the Thursday. He is not a professed (I believe), but a servile imitator of Johnson's; he might condescend to say rival. He affects Whiggery, as Johnson did Toryism. He has more learning but much less genius, and seems a strange heterogeneous mixture of violence, vanity, buffoonery, and pomp. The Princess had exhausted her attentions to him on the first meeting, and now took much more pains to please Thomson—as an Edinburgh Reviewer—and the friend (as she supposed) of Brougham.*

It is rather singular that though I lived so much with Windham, Cholmondeley, Goldsmith, and other friends of Johnson's, and he lived from 1778, when I began to be a fixed inhabitant of London, till 1784, I never was under the same roof with him, nor ever saw him but once as he was getting into a hackney coach. I never was in company with David Hume, nor with Gray nor Mason, nor Sterne; frequently with Garrick, Foote, Murphy, Colman the elder, Sir Joshua Reynolds, &c.

Fred's book has been reprinted in a corrected second

* Thomas Thomson (1768—1852) the antiquary and jurist, who was a close friend of Sir Walter Scott.

edition, and its fame seems established, and on Monday night he made his début in the House of Commons, in a short speech on the thirteenth Resolution concerning the East India Company, with great and general approbation and cheering. I had slept at Kensington, and before we were up received, with other letters, one countersigned by the Speaker, folded so as to make me think it enclosed some official paper printed or written. I therefore put it by unopened till I should dress, observing to Lady Glenbervie that I hated in general to receive official letters, though from the Speaker I never had received any not accompanied with some marks of friendship or kindness. While my hair was combing, I opened his packet and read the most gratifying account my most sanguine hopes or even wishes could have anticipated. When I carried it to Lady Glenbervie she burst into tears and sunk on her knees with fervent expressions of gratitude and thankfulness to God.

[Here follows the Speaker's letter of congratulation on this—to Lord G.—most interesting occasion. Lord G. "hopes to preserve this document as a title deed."]

I could not help going down to the House of Commons about four o'clock, when I received congratulations from almost every member I saw; from men I had never spoken [to]; from party men whose acquaintance I had avoided, or who had avoided mine.

What a blessing to have lived to see the son of my dearest wife, the only male descendant in the second degree of such a father-in-law as Lord Guildford, so launched in the world (a member of the House of Commons for the hereditary Borough of the North family), one of the most popular young men in the best society of London, of acknowledged principles of religion and

honour, and already, at the age of little more than twenty-two, distinguished as an elegant writer and a promising public speaker.

Madame de Stael arrived in London on Friday evening, and for several days had a levée at Brunet's Hotel in Lincoln Fields; so crowded that it was difficult for a carriage to pass through the number of those ranged before her door. We had seen her often when she was here in 1793, when most of those who had known her in her father's zenith of power in France, thought it right to avoid seeing or noticing her. All her principal works have added to her celebrity since that time, and her adventures, literary, political, and others, have rendered her an object of great curiosity at least, and in some respects, and with many persons, for various motives, an object of great interest or attention.

I saw her at Lady H. Barnard's on Monday evening and am going to call on her this morning. She was at Lady Jersey's * assembly on Saturday or Sunday, and presented to as if she had been Queen of Sweden, but Lady Hertford would not be introduced to her, and Lady Castlereagh, with difficulty and in a manner by force, submitted to that degradation. The motives for this are as yet mysterious. She is just come from Sweden, where she has resided many months in great apparent confidence with Bernadotte. Is the coyness and aversion of the great favourite here, and the wife of the War Minister an indication of dissatisfaction with our new and good ally, the Crown Prince? She has with her

* Lady Jersey, wife of the fifth Earl, was the daughter and heiress of Child the Banker. She kept open house for art, talent, and the party leaders. Her generosity to Byron, amid the general coldness on the eve of his departure from England, was always warmly remembered by the great poet.

her son and daughter—Baron and Baronne de Stäel. Is there to be any drawing-room, and will the two ladies be presented; and will this Swedish magnate be received at the Regent's *levée*? Lady Melbourne asked me those questions last night, as if she were not better acquainted with the Regent's secrets than me.

My son has already seen a great deal of Madame de Stäel. I hear he is under an *accès d'engouement* about her. I may be sorry for it, but yet cannot but be moved that by such a tendency to *engouement* he proves himself, as they say, his father's own son. Some woman said to me at Mrs. Davenport's last night, "*On dit que votre fils n'est occupé que de Madame de Stäel. Voilà comme vous auriez fait à son âge. Il chasse de race.*"

Same Day, 6 p.m.—I have had a long conversation to-day with William Palmer, one of Windham's executors, on the subject of his life now writing by George Ellis. He afterwards mentioned a French distich which the Chevalier de Vaudreuil repeated to him, as written on Madame de Stäel by an old acquaintance of his and hers.

"Corinne se consume en efforts superflus !

La vertu n'en veut pas !—Le vice n'en veut plus !"

Friday, 25 June, 1813, 7 a.m.—Madame de Stäel had fixed twelve o'clock yesterday for several ladies and gentlemen to call upon her, and I had agreed with them to meet them there. She had also sent me a message by my son that she would certainly be at home at one. I went at twelve, and again at half-past twelve, and was told she was gone *à un déjeuner public*. Query, where?

* "Superfluous efforts Corinna consume,

Virtue bids her begone—and Vice finds her no room."

Query, if her son was at the Prince's levée yesterday, for I found there was one, though not till it was too late for me to go to it?

It seems foolish to put down such trifling circumstances about this eccentric woman. But nothing else is talked of in the society we live in—whether good company or *blue*.*

The Princess of Wales is all anxiety to have her come to Kensington, and I understand had commissioned Lady Davy† to endeavour to bring her the second or third day after her arrival. She has not been yet, and I find from Lady Glenbervie that H.R.H. begins to grumble and find this very extraordinary, meaning, I suppose, very impertinent. But we believe she will not go to Kensington, as it seems she takes every opportunity of saying flattering things of the Prince, his talents, his measures, &c. She has repeatedly mentioned a letter of his which she had seen, as a most favourable specimen of his talents; and the other day, when Fred. met her at dinner at Lord Lansdowne's, she started the subject of the Catholic question, and volunteered in defending the proceedings of Government in that business in a sort of debate with him. Fred. says that, except in that instance, her conversation that day had nothing particular—that she took her fair share in common with the other guests, and did not attempt to shine or declaim.

* An expression become general for people (especially women) who are, or affect to be, learned. I believe it originated in the supposition or fact that many of the literary men who frequented Mrs. Montagu's used to walk to her assemblies in blue worsted stockings. *Vide* Hannah More's poem called "*The Bas Bleu*." Stillingfleet, at Bath, as is well known, was the originator of the blue stocking in the *côteries* of the *femmes savantes*.—[G.]

† The beautiful and rather frivolous wife of the famed Sir Humphry.

Fred's double success—as an author and an orator—and his very agreeable manners and style of conversation have rendered him quite *l'homme du jour*. He had eleven invitations to dinner a few days ago for the same day. His young friends flatter us extremely about him; but sometimes I think I begin to perceive a slight tincture of envy in the congratulations and praises of some of them. . . . Alas! for human nature. How much more natural and more easy it is to *envy* than to emulate.

Fred's obliging manners and warm and kind heart can never *provoke* envy, but those qualities have not power to subdue it. It will pursue merit like a shadow, and the true consolation is, according to the ingenious expression of our best ethic poet, that like a shadow it proves the substance true.

Our apprehension is that Fred's great popularity—the demand for him in the best and most seducing setts, his love of society and amusement, his ambition to please and succeed in his various cast of parts, as an agreeable as well as a clever man, as a man of pleasure as well as a candidate for political fame, our fear is that the temptations and efforts to be the *omnis homo*—*l'homme universel*, may exhaust his constitution and nerves—that he may be, what the Chevalier de Boufflers says of himself, he was *Bourreau de ses sens*.

I have just written a note, in imitation of her own *guindé* sort of sentiments, desiring to know if she [Madame de Stäel] will be at home this morning, and hinting at her dining with us at some distant day. A copy will be found among my papers.

Saturday, 26th June, half-past 8 a.m.—I received a

very plain unaffected answer from Madame de Stäel to my affected note. I am going to see her this morning. I read last year a little volume of short novels of hers, and containing also one by her father, and an account of him, which, of course, is a sort of panegyric. Those by her are very good—her father's very indifferent. She is now in treaty with Murray, the bookseller, for the publication of a new work.

Three late French publications or re-publications, two of which I read a month ago, and one I am now reading, have amused me. One is by a M. de Montespan; one volume, on the Particularities in the lives of the principal Ministers of France under the three last Kings. It was lent me by the Speaker and recommended by him. Another—a short tract—"Sur la Littérature (Française) pendant le 18ième Siècle," reviewed in the *Quarterly Review* last Christmas. The third, which I am now reading, is a re-publication here of "Souvenirs et Portraits," par M. de Levis, 1780—1789. It has had a great success in France. The Preface contains some very just observations on the difficulties and impropriety of publishing the whole truth by contemporary historians and biographers. Of course the author contrives a plausible exception for publishing *véridiques* lives of such public men or women or marked personages as Maurepas, &c., &c., &c., as make the subjects of his work. I have as yet only read *his* life—or, rather, *court exposé anecdotique*—concerning him as a Minister.

Monday, 28th June, 7 a.m.—General Alec, or Alexander, Hope is returned from his second Military Mission.*

* Sir Alexander Hope (1769—1837), the second son of the Earl of Hopetoun, had served in Flanders as aide-de-camp to Sir Ralph Aber-

He dined yesterday at Lord Hampden's, his brother-in-law, where I called in the evening, but he was gone. As far as I could make out from Lord Hampden's ill-articulated pronunciation and the discreet reserve of the General as represented to me by him, we have little good to expect to hear from the North, whether the Armistice is followed by a congress or by a renewal of hostilities. My own conjecture is that there will be a congress, a Continental Peace and a Treaty to enforce what Buonaparte calls "the principle of the Peace of Utrecht." Will Sweden be included in this Peace and be a party to this Treaty? My further conjecture (which, of course, is worth nothing and goes for nothing) is that it will, and [that he] will be the chief gainer by both the Peace and the Treaty.

Yesterday I was satiated with Madame de Stäel. I dined with her (one of eighteen) at Pigou's, and met her afterwards, at what called itself an early party, at Lady Davy's. She distributes her attentions with due proportion, according to the rank, celebrity in science or literature, &c., of those she meets. Yesterday I had more than my share, for the circumstance of former acquaintance counts for little, or is, perhaps, rather an item of discount. But I was either the most disposed, or, perhaps, more habituated than any of those who sat near her to speak French. She opened towards the end of the repast on Buonaparte, whom she painted as odious to men and women; and Mr. Pitt, whom she pronounced to be infinitely his superior as a statesman and politician. This with a loud voice, and to an audience consisting for the most part of professed enemies of the character and

cromby, and he became Governor of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and, later, Lieutenant-Governor of Chelsea Hospital. He sat in parliament for two successive Scottish constituencies.

memory of Pitt. I do not suppose that to be a description applicable to the brother-in-law of Lord Grenville, but there were there Robert Smith (vulgarly Bobby [Bobus] Smith) and his wife, the sister of the second Lady Shelburne and aunt of the present Lord Holland; Mr. Wishaw,* Mr. Rogers, &c., all, I believe, strenuous oppositionists but myself, that is, strenuous as far as talking and writing goes, for we had no members of either House, except Lord Carysfort and Smith. He was an old acquaintance of her former *séjour* here just twenty years ago. Both he and I made her acquaintance at Madame de Flahaut's. Smith says she was for a twelvemonth here at that time. I think more. But her daughter—a gentle, pleasing person—told me her mother had only been a month in England formerly. Had her mother told her so? The girl is but sixteen.

Lady Romilly told me at Lady Davy's that, before I arrived, Madame de Stäel had talked to Lord Castlereagh of Canning's talents and eloquence, and had also said to him that she believed England to be the only country where a Minister may change his political opinions and still remain in office. Has she so little read our newspapers and conversed with Englishmen or about England—she who, among other works, is going to write the History of Europe for the last twenty years—as to have said all this *par ignorance et étourderie*, or was it said on purpose? Her character for good-nature inclined me to believe and say this must have been the case, but I found nobody candid or indulgent enough to think that possible. If she said it on purpose, what a sample of her politeness; and if she is here, as many suspect, as a sort of agent of Bernadotte's, and that he is or wishes

* For Wishaw, see Eliz, Lady Seymour's "Pope of Holland House."



MADAME DE STAËL.

*From the engraving by Hopwood of the picture by Madame
Le Brun*

to pass for being friendly to this Government, what a specimen of her diplomatic talents! I hear from herself and others that the Regent sat by her on a sofa at Lady Heathcote's Ball two or three nights ago in earnest and very obliging conversation for three-quarters of an hour. On the other hand, it transpired in her conversation yesterday that she is now *in relation* with Lucien Buonaparte, through the intermission of Dulau[?], the bookseller. This may be in their character as authors. But it may be also as politicians. She panegyricized Lucien as lavishly as she had abused his brother.

Whitehall Place, Tuesday, 29th June, half-past 7 a.m.
—The Regent went on purpose to Lady Heathcote's ball or assembly last Friday to see Madame de Stäel. She told me that he sat by her three-quarters of an hour, and was "*on ne peut pas être plus aimable.*" Lord Hampden, if I heard him right—but he cannot articulate and I am deaf—told me on Sunday that the Prince had given the same account of her. Others report that H.R.H. declares her to have been detestable. Perhaps all this is reconcilable.

I am going to-day to dine at Kensington, where Lady Glenbervie has been in waiting since the 9th of this month. The state of things at that prosecuted Court is deplorable.

I have for some time thought of reviewing some of the late French publications for the *Quarterly Review*, and have this morning begun a sort of introductory sketch of a review of "Souvenirs et Portraits" par M. de Levis. Shall I have time and spirits to go through with it? and if I do, will not Giffard or Murray treat it as I

apprehend they have done some attempts of our friend Lepres?

At Lady Crewe's last night Rogers told me the following singular circumstance of Sheridan. He says he found him on the morning of that day reading the *Memoirs of Grammont*, and in English. He hardly knows any French, and is, partly probably from that reason, a great anti-Gallican in literature, as well as in politics.*

Pheasantry, Thursday, 1st July, 1813, half-past 8.—This morning I have written twenty-five wide-spread pages of intended review, and now think I shall be able to finish it and soon. I mentioned my intention to Murray's editor of the *Quarterly*, Tuesday last, and have already mentioned it to Lady Glenbervie. I shall say nothing of it to anybody else.

Kensington Palace, half-past 6 a.m., 3rd July.—I dined yesterday and have slept here. Our scanty party was the Princess, Sir H. Englefield, Lady Glenbervie (in waiting), and myself. *Les Affaires de la Princesse vont en empirant, ce qui fait mener une vie triste à Lady Glenbervie, et si sa vertu, son esprit, et sa prudence ne lui servoient pas d'Egide, une vie peu convenable. Je n'aime pas m'expliquer d'avantage, même en écrivant confidentiellement à mon fils, car je commence à regarder tout ce que je mets dans ce journal comme adressé à lui.*

I think of calling on Chas. and Lady Ch[arlotte] Greville to-morrow in going to the Pheasantry. I have come to like him and have always admired her. She

* This is hardly fair. Sheridan seems to have understood French, though he did not speak it well, and till 1798 was all for France.

has almost appeared to me in her looks, her person, her movements, turn of mind and conversation, to be what Tibullus says, of his [inamorata]—

“ Illam quicquid agit, quoquo vestigia vertit
Componit furtum, subsequiturque decor,”

so happily imitated, or, rather, paraphrased by Milton—

“ Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.”

I have often tried to give the full and more close sense, and have this morning hit on the following :

Each act, each word—where'er her steps she bends—
A furtive grace composes and attends.

“ *Agit*,” I think, may be fairly understood to comprehend conversation as well as action more especially so called.

Many stories are current about Madame de Stäel, some new, others less recent, but again put forward on the occasion of the sensation she now makes and the great run after her in what is called in the newspapers the fashionable world. This is like the practice of the print-sellers, who, when a politician orator makes any distinguished figure, a general gains a battle, or some favourite author, who has been long quiet, publishes a new work, take the prints of them which had lost their vogue from their drawers and portfolios, and again exhibit them in their shop-windows. When Madame de Stäel first published “ *Delphine*,” it was generally, and, I imagine, truly, believed that she intended to represent Talleyrand in the artful and wicked Madame Vernon. They had been intimate, but had been on the worst terms for a considerable time. At one of Talleyrand's great dinners some awkward person asked him if he had read “ *Del-*

phine." "I have not," said he. "My constant avocations make it impossible for me to read any new books, but I am sure whatever Madame de Stäel writes must have a great deal of merit. I have heard one extraordinary thing concerning this recent work of hers. They tell me, '*qu'elle s'y a peint elle même, et moi, en femme.*' "

Whitehall Place, Monday, 5th July, half-past 6 a.m.—Yesterday I went to the Pheasantry to look out some books *pour servir à mon essai pour le Quarterly Review*. I dined with the Grevilles at Weston Green, and came to town from thence to sup with William and Mrs. William Spencer in Curzon Street. At Greville's I met nobody but the family, and her brother, the Duke of Portland. The party at Spencer's was made to produce or exhibit together *en parallèle*, Madame de Stäel and Madame Moreau, the wife of the General. They had never met before, and, if left to their choice, will seldom meet again. Nothing can be more different. Madame Moreau is gentle, quiet, precise—something in her manner like the late excellent Pattie Vernon, of whom mention is made in a former volume. She may have been pretty, and has still an agreeable countenance. She is lately arrived from Bordeaux, but had passed five years with her husband in America. The contrast between her and the other wonder is so great, that I could find but three circumstances common to both, *viz.*, that they are both Frenchwomen, that they both speak English very tolerably, and are both under the most rigid and fierce proscription by Buonaparte. There were at Spencer's besides Madame de Stäel, who begins to appear to me conceited and *dédaigneuse* for the old and *peu marquans* like myself;

Mrs. and Miss Rawdon, Lady Gladys Fielding, daughter by his charming first wife (*née* O'Grady) of my fellow-traveller at Vienna and in Hungary; Lord Ilchester (then Lord Stavordale), Miss Berry, who, in beauty and blueness, begins to flag sadly; Ward, Sir H. Englefield,* Mr. Eustace (a Roman Catholic clergyman, author of a fashionable classical tour in Italy), Viotti, with young Chinnery; Mr. and Mrs. William Jackson, Hooker, Lord Rosslyn, Hallet, a fellow-Commissioner of Spencer in the Victualling office, and author of the Review of Payne Knight's "Principles of Taste" in the *Edinburgh Review*, where he made the conceited and ignorant blunder of treating a verse of Pindar which Knight had introduced into a Greek imitation of Gray, as nonsense and not Greek. Hallet is, however, acknowledged to be a very good scholar, and his manner last night was far from presumptuous, so that I suppose the above unlucky or lucky circumstance may have a petulance by which he used to be characterised. I had never seen him before, but in the course of ten minutes' conversation with me he made another literary blunder. I was saying that Madame de Stäel's *genre* was eloquence, not *esprit*, in its confined sense of point, epigram, repartee, &c., and that one tries in vain to recollect any *bons mots* of hers. He said certainly my general observation of her was right, but that he had heard one very witty saying of hers. He then repeated the hackneyed saying of the other Madame *de Stahl*, a woman quite different, except as to gallantry, viz., "*qu'elle ne s'était peinte qu'en buste.*" I set him right, but softened his fall by admitting that the mistake was natural.

* Sir Henry Englefield (1752—1822), several times mentioned before in these pages, was a scientist and antiquarian writer.

Madame de Stäel and her daughter had dined at York House.

Yesterday the Opposition shook their heads at Lord Wellington's victory.* Most said it would do no good, others that it would be highly beneficial to Buonaparte by bringing his armies of Portugal and Spain nearer home. Others again acknowledged that they were sorry for it, and in this they were believed, though not in their reason (their *ratio justificativa*), namely, that it would, or ought, to induce [Wellington?] to abandon Spain and recall our army to defend Ireland.

Whitehall Place, Tuesday, 6th July, 1813, 11 a.m.—
 The Prince gives a grand breakfast to the Queen and his brothers and sisters, and a selected party to-day—selected, it is believed, by himself and Lord Yarmouth, his Lord paramount.† There are great jealousies and heart burnings about the invitation omissions on this occasion as well as at two or three suppers and balls last week.

Wednesday, 7th July, 1813, half-past 7 a.m.—Lady Glenbervie and I have the same opinion of the new sect of namby pamby poets—Shenstone's Ballad seems to have been their prototype. In my early acquaintance with her in a walk among the trees at Wroxton, we were talking on this subject, when I made the following extempore stave in the style of that once popular poem:

I talked to my Delia of love,
 She blushed, yet confessed it was sweet ;
 So we wander'd about in the grove,—
 And we sat upon every seat.

* Of Vittoria when he drove the French across the Pyrenees.

† Yarmouth and his red whiskers have been satirised by Moore.

She showed them to her father, who thought they were in the true style of the original. They contain an exact account of what we had been doing.

Kitty Chester is and was a great admirer of Wordsworth. Lady Glenbervie used to laugh at this taste of hers, and sent her one morning a ditty in his manner concerning the love and marriage of Tom and Mary. This lofty poem opened with a description of their walking from their village several miles to the church, where they were married. I supplied the following narrative of two little natural incidents which happened in the course of their walk. [*Lord Glenbervie's mediocre muse does not warrant a transcription of this very coarse parody.*]

Whitehall Place, Thursday, 8th July, 8 a.m.—Mr. Toler—now Lord Norberry, and Chief Justice of Common Bench in Ireland—was Solicitor-General when I was Chief Secretary. He was reckoned a lively, good-natured man, but hasty and violent in politics, ready to enforce his argument at the Bar or in Parliament by a challenge, or provocation to compel one. In society he was good-humoured, and an habitual and sometimes successful punster. Sometimes his puns, if Prior's definition is correct (a perverted word's ambiguous sense), were entitled to a higher name. Witness what he is reported to have said lately from the Bench, where his love of a joke still continues to prevail over the gravity of the judicial character. Sir Fred. Flood, a barrister of little business and mean talents, having a cause to plead before him, began to open his client's case in the following words: "My Lord, my *unfortunate* client." Here he hesitated and

stopped, and then repeated the same words two or three times, without getting further. After exercising a certain amount of patience, a virtue soon exhausted with his lordship, the Chief Justice said to him, " Pray, go on, Sir Frederick. You have the Court clearly with you in what you have said hitherto."*

Toler did not pass either for a learned or an able lawyer. The Attorney-General, while I was in Ireland, Mr. Wolfe, was both, and possessed all that prudence, temper, and moderation which were wanting in the other. The atrocious and affecting circumstances of his murder are well known.†

Mrs. Toler had been created Baroness Norwood sometime before the Union. He was one of the Union Peers, and, standing next *after* me in the date of his nomination to the Privy Council, the warrant for my patent gave my peerage priority to his. His correspondence, to induce me to relinquish that priority, will be found among my letters. It was a slight matter, but I saw no reason for relinquishing it.

Lord Alvanley, Toler's contemporary Chief Justice of Com. Pleas in England, had the same irresistible propensity to a jest after as well as before he was raised to the Bench, but he had better talents and more law.

Whitehall Place, Saturday, 10th July, 10 p.m.—Lady Glenbervie's waiting finished to-day, and her sister, Lady Charlotte Lindsay, has succeeded her. I called on Lady Charlotte this morning, and find from her that H.R.H. is in wretched spirits.

* This story—like to many—has been repeatedly postdated, and accredited, in more recent days, to (I think) Lord Westbury.

† Arthur Wolfe, first Viscount of Kilwarden, was murdered by the rebels in 1803, during the Emmet insurrection. Toler was a violent and buffooning reactionary.

On Monday we are to have a dinner of sixteen people to meet Madame de Stäel, and Lady Glenbervie has a party that evening for the Stäels and Madame de Moreau. As the Report of the India Company's New Charter Bill has been put off in the House of Commons till Monday, I fear five of our sixteen may disappoint us—Mr. Canning, Mr. Ward, Mr. Wellesley, Mr. Ch. Greville, and my son.

Whitehall Place, Monday, 12th July, 9 a.m.—I went on Friday evening last (9th July), the day Lady Glenbervie came out of waiting, to Mr. de Lorme de Lisle to see him and Madame de Lorme act *La Méfiance et la Malice* and *Le Tableau Portant*, which I have not seen before since 1770, forty-three years ago.

Lord and Lady Liverpool were there—Lord Liverpool asked me if there had been found among Lord Guildford's (North's) papers a manuscript account, written by his father, then Mr. Jenkinson, of the circumstances of Lord Chatham's resignation in 1761. It had been once intended to be published, but George Grenville* prevented this on the ground that it was too favourable to Lord Chatham. He says his father lent it to Lord North, and that it was never returned. I have never seen it, but promised to look over the papers again to see if it is among them. He says the King, some years ago, had copies made of all his correspondence with his different Ministers fairly copied in a regular series, having kept copies of all his own letters at the time of writing them.

Whitehall Place, Sunday, 18th July, 1813, 9 a.m.—On Monday we gave a dinner of fourteen covers to Madame

* The "gentle shepherd" of Lord Chatham's invective on the Cyder Bill, and a senior in the great clan of perquisite-absorbing Grenvilles.

de Stäel, and Lady Glenbervie had a party in the evening for her and Madame Moreau. Our dinner company were Madame de Stäel, Lady Donegal[1] and her sister Miss Godfrey, Miss Pigou and Lady Glenbervie, Baron de Stäel, Mr. Canning, Mr. Stratford Canning,* Sir H. Englefield, Mr. Wellesley, Mr. Pigou, Mr. Ward, my son and myself. Mdlle. de Stäel and Mr. Charles Grant† were invited, but she was over fatigued with the balls of the former week, and Grant was detained in the House of Commons by the third reading (I believe) of the India Bill.

Madame de Stäel has sold her copy of her book " Sur les Allemands " (which was suppressed in France, and two thousand copies burnt) to Murray, Frederic's Editor, for £1,500. Dulau [?] offered her £1,100.

Fred's book is now printing in a third edition. No prose publication for many years has had such a run, and congratulations and compliments on that subject continue to pour in upon us from every quarter.

The Prince has during the last and foregoing weeks given several balls and a breakfast at Carlton House, where the people invited were of all ranks and in no respect select. But none of the Princess's Ladies, nor my son, nor I were invited. My Deputy, Mr. Nash, was there, and when the Duke of Gloucester asked if I had been, I said, " Yes, by my Deputy, Mr. Nash, for . . . *qui facit per alterum facit per se*." H.H. was graciously pleased to laugh very heartily, whether tickled by the

* Afterwards Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the son of Stratford Canning, banker and uncle of George Canning, who and whose wife were the intimates in early days of the Sheridans.

† Afterwards Lord Glenelg, who in the 'thirties was to introduce the bill abolishing West Indian slavery.

goodness and originality of the joke, or flattered by the supposition that he understood Latin, I cannot tell.*

My loyalty and admiration of Lord Wellington have induced me to take a ticket for the Fête at Vauxhall next Tuesday. The Princess of Wales has declared her intention of going there, which it is thought has embarrassed her Royal husband very much. Will he have courage to encounter her? *Vedremo!*

Pheasantry, Thursday, 22nd July, 3 p.m.—We came here yesterday to a late dinner, after which I have spent the greatest part of my time in bed, having been up all night till yesterday morning at 6 o'clock at the Fête at Vauxhall in honour of the Victory at Vittoria, planned by the Regent, but in truth given by one hundred and twenty Stewards nominated or approved by him, who paid fifty guineas each for fifty admission tickets to be distributed gratis by them, and about one thousand two hundred other persons who paid two and a half guineas each for a dinner ticket. The entertainment therefore cost altogether eight thousand guineas, and consisted only of a dinner of turtle soup, cold meat, bad fruit, indifferent wine and wretched attendance. The illuminations were handsome, the fireworks, though directed by Colonel Congreve, very middling, the refreshments ill-managed, the sort of supper or suppers worse and more scrambling than on a common night at Vauxhall, and no arrangement, or, if any, miserably executed for arriving and getting away, so that though the ladies (none of whom were to come to the dinner) were to arrive at ten, those who set out

* The Prince knew Latin quite well, and the "joke" could scarcely have excited the smile even of politeness.

in their carriages at nine could not get there till two or three in the morning, and hardly anybody could get away before five or six. The Duke of York presided at a table in the great sal[oon] where the Princes, foreign ministers, &c., dined. At other tables in that room and under a very large tent the rest of the company sat pell-mell, nobles and tradesmen, high and low, on awkward benches as ill-accommodated as Lord Wellington and his staff can ever have been in the bustle of a campaign. The first intention was that the Prince of Wales was to have appeared there in the evening with the Ladies of the Royal Family, but the Princess of Wales having announced her intention of going, it was found out (and so announced in a sort of official paragraph in all the newspapers) that it was inconsistent with etiquette that the Regent should be a guest on such an occasion. The real reason was universally believed to be that he had not courage to encounter the Princess. Her avowed motive for going was to show that she was not afraid to encounter him, on which occasion Lady Glenbervie applied the following passage in Shakespeare—"He's no swaggerer! He will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back with any show of resistance."

The Princess sent to Sir Charles Flint for tickets—he being the distributor of the dinner tickets. But he had been instructed to say the application must be to the Committee of Stewards. On application to the Committee, the answer was there were none left. She then sent to Lord Gwydir, one of the Stewards, who sent her the number she wanted. H.R.H. and the Duchess of York were the only Royal ladies who went, though I understand the first intention was to have a magni-

ficient Pavilion for the Prince, the Queen, and all the Royal Family. It was the general opinion that it was impudent in the Princess to go, and pusillanimous in the Prince to stay away.

I called on Madame de Stäel yesterday. She is coming to pass some time at Richmond about the middle of August.

The Prince is said to have been much affronted by her excusing herself from going to his breakfast by pleading a prior engagement to go to Lord Darnley's in Kent for a few days. He afterwards, however, called on her at the House she has taken in George Street, Hanover Square, and remained two hours with her. An absurd saying of her concerning Buonaparte, viz., "*Qu'il n'est pas un homme—qu'il est un système*," has been much bandied about. They say the Prince asked her what it meant. I suppose the interpretation must have been *Obscurum per obscurious* [sic] *. It may be said of her, more intelligibly (and quite as wittily) "*qu'elle n'est pas femme, elle est phénomène*." Lady Glenbervie, as we were talking of the affectation and quaintness of such apophthegms, hit off several that seemed to me excellent, among others that "*Pour former un être parfait il faudroit la tête d'un homme sensé avec le cœur d'une femme sensible*."

Pheasantry, 27th August, 1813, half-past 12 p.m.—On Monday, the 2nd of August, we slept in town, and on Tuesday went to Eden Farm (Lord Auckland's) where we staid till Friday (the 6th), dined on that day at the Dean of Windsor's, and returned to this place next day (Sat., 7th August). On Monday we dined at Mr. or

* This must be another of Lord G.'s "jokes."

rather at the Miss Berry's at little Strawberry Hill, a small Villa adjoining to the true Strawberry *Hill*, which as little deserves the name as the *Bergen* in Holland, near Haarlem, which are hillocks of sand not three feet above the level of the sea, though Boerhaave, in describing in his book on " Botany " a plant indigenous there, says, "*habitat in montibus nostris.*" Miss Berry's beauty is at last almost quite gone, and her spirits much abated, though not softened. She is certainly a lively clever woman, and, for a woman, well informed. But she has no wit, and her notes and prefaces to Lord Walpole's works and Madame Du Deffand's letters are downright dull. For a lively person she has the greatest sterility of language in conversation, never in her life finishing a sentence, but supplying all the concluding part with gesticulation and exclamation.

She and her sister have had the art of establishing a very agreeable *côterie* at their house in North Audley Street, where in the winter they have select parties twice or thrice in every week, chiefly by invitation, besides often *des petits dîners*. These parties consist of the best society in London, and are something on the model of Madame Geoffrin's, except that their fortune and their house are both small. Rank, beauty and talents are to be met there, and also persons who have nothing to boast of in any of these respects. Yet there is something in the usual assemblage which gives some recollection of the Hotel de Rambouillet, an appellation which has not failed to be applied to their society. I believe Horace Walpole met with them abroad, and on Mrs. Clive's death invited them and *le bon homme de père* to occupy his habitation of little Strawberry Hill. He is said to have offered to marry either of them, first, *comme*

de raison, the eldest (Mary), undertaking *d'avance* to claim none of the unsentimental privileges of a husband, and expressing the only motives for the proposal to be that he would by the marriage, under the settlements of the Orford estate, be enabled to charge it with a liberal jointure. Some say he only proposed to Mary. She, or both, declined this great addition of rank and fortune—a conduct which was certainly highly disinterested. Perhaps over-much so. At least I have heard that question mooted with great subtlety and refinement by many of their female acquaintance. Mary was much the handsomest. Yet she has had many fewer lovers than Agnes, who is also much less clever, and always seems to be straining uphill in trying to cope with her sister. To me, and it would seem to the generality of men, there is something hard and dogmatical in Miss Berry's manner which repels. . . . [*Here follows some bad gossip about the Berrys: also about their friend, Mrs. Damer, to whom Lord Orford left Strawberry Hill.*] Strawberry Hill, Little Strawberry Hill, and a Nursery Garden, where there is a very pretty Lodging house, form an island, by the intersection of three different roads. The Lodging house was occupied two or three summers by Miss Cary Vernon (one of the Queen's Maids of Honour) and a French Comtesse de Beon. . . . Miss Berry . . . had long a tender and sentimental passion for General O'Hara, who was the British General at Toulon, and was made prisoner there. After his release he was appointed Governor of Gibraltar and died at that place. He had corresponded for a long time as *amant en titre* with Miss Berry, but she had the mortification, on his death, to discover that he had had a kept

mistress during their long courtship to whom, and his children by her, he left every thing he had to dispose of. . . .

On Thursday last we dined at Sir Thomas Sutton's. George Mercer, who is with his father and family in house at the Teddington Gate, has dined with us repeatedly, and he and Gill have amused us very much by singing and playing together, Greek, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and English songs. Mercer's voice and both their tastes are exquisite. They accompany themselves, Mercer on the pianforte, Gill on a Spanish guitar, which he has had made under his own directions in London. Their foreign airs and words they have chiefly picked up recently from ballad-singers in the streets, but how different are these *arie de piazza* from the coarse, harsh, temporary music and poetry of our streets. The following is an Italian translation of a Greek song, the music also Greek, which they have sung repeatedly—

Chi ama la caccia, i cani, i cavalli,
Chi ama la giostra, i passi, i balli,
Chiascuno, a suo modo piacere si da,
Va bene—va bene—lasciamo—lo la,
Chi ama una donna assai meglio fa.

Chi ama la guerra per cogliere gli allori,
Per farsi denari, per aver grandi onori
Chi ama viaggiare per curiosità,
Va bene, &c.

Chi ama esser prete, e poi non far niente
Eviver burlando la povera gente,
Chi fugge l'amore per necessità
Va bene, &c.

Chi sempre seri libri si rompe la testa
Chi fa il galante con quella e conquista,
Chi sempre si studia a dir falsità
Va bene, &c.

Madame 'de Stäel came to live for five or six weeks at Richmond last Friday. She has lately lost her youngest son (aide-de-camp to the Crown Prince Bernadotte). He was killed by a stroke of a sabre, in a sudden affray at play.

I called on her yesterday, and am to dine with her on Saturday to meet the Mackintoshes, who come to her for some days on Friday. She has desired me to carry Mercer with me, and he has just promised to go. Hitherto they are not acquainted. Madame de Stäel told Sir James Mackintosh the following anecdote of Buonaparte. When Livingstone, the late American Minister, was presented to him by Talleyrand, Buonaparte, wishing to make some commonplace remark in what he thought the American taste, said, "*Monsieur, notre vieux monde est bien corrompu.*" Livingstone understood French but very little, and besides, was very deaf. After Buonaparte had repeated the observation several times without being understood or heard, he said to Talleyrand, "*Allons, Mr. Talleyrand, expliquer lui ce que je viens de dire—vous en savez quelque chose.*"

When Buonaparte called on Necker, at Coppet, and was holding some political conversation with him, the daughter entered into the subject, on which Buonaparte is said to have turned to her with this question, "*Madame comment élevez vous vos enfans ?*"

Some of Talleyrand's friends having expressed their surprise that he should have married so stupid a woman as Madame Grant (who it seems is supremely so) he said, "*Personne qui n'a pas été l'amant de Madame de Stäel peut s'imaginer le plaisir qu'il y a à épouser une sotte.*"

He was sent, some years ago, to announce to her the

determination that she should quit Paris and France immediately. On being shown into the apartment where she was, she told him she was much flattered by his visit, especially as she had begun to despair of ever seeing him again. His reply is said to have been, "Really, I am so much engaged by public business that I am obliged to neglect all the duties of society, but I could not think of your leaving France without paying my respects to you." "What do you mean?" said she, "I have no thoughts of such a thing." "I beg your pardon; I assure you you are to leave Paris to-morrow morning." He then announced Buonaparte's mandate to her.*

Madame de Stäel's great intimates have become William Spencer, Sir H. Englefield, Sir James Mackintosh, and the Duchess of Devonshire.† Sir Henry, and the Duchess of Devonshire are her near neighbours at Richmond. . . .

[Noting that he is at Hampden on Wednesday, 25th August, Lord Glenbervie takes occasion to write eight pages on the intricacies of the Hampden pedigree. These are omitted.]

Hampden, 26th August.—On Saturday last I dined with Madame de Stäel at a house she has taken for two or three months at Richmond, near *her friend* the Dowager Duchess of Devonshire. The

* There is a better story than this about her notice to quit. A mutual friend remonstrated with Napoleon to the effect that her meddling with politics did no harm, that she was formed on antique model—was in fact a statue on a pedestal. Madame de Stäel was reputed to own ugly feet, and Napoleon answered "Ah, ces pieds-de-Stäel."

† *I.e.* The late Georgiana's great friend, and successor, Lady Betty Foster.

party was herself, her son and daughter, a young Genevan *ami de la maison*, Ward, George Mercer, Sir James Mackintosh, and myself. The Duchess of Devonshire came in the evening, with a Baron d'Arnheim. Ward was witty, good-humoured, and capricious. Madame de Stäel very good-humoured in bearing his odd sort of jokes. Mercer and the son sang and played. Lady Glenbervie was invited, but as Lady Charlotte was at the Pheasantry, excused herself on the pretext of having company with her.

Lord Hampden has twenty-two or twenty-four large volumes of MSS. correspondence and papers of his father, all arranged chronologically and docketed by his father. He says he gave free access to them to Mr. Cox, when he was writing the Walpole Memoirs, and leave to transcribe what he pleased, but not to publish anything without his consent, and that he has published things he should not have given his consent to.

Pheasantry, Monday, 20th September, 1813, 7 a.m.—Frederic North returned from his absence of above four years and a half about a fortnight ago. I found him here last Saturday when I myself arrived from my tour to the Forests. We dined all four, Lady Glenbervie, North, Fred and myself at Madame de Stäel's yesterday. She is writing an historical and, I suppose, what she thinks an epic poem according to her notions of perfection in that walk, *in prose*, on the story of Richard Cœur de Lion. She said she is to have no mythology, meaning what is commonly called machinery, in it. I asked her afterwards if she liked to intermix descriptions of the scenery of nature, landscapes, rivers, mountains, founts, &c. She said "No," that her plan was to confine herself to strong emotions, their causes and effects. I ventured

to refer to the delight Ariosto sometimes takes in landscape painting. He happened to occur to me as a very great poet, and, strange as it seems to me, one sometimes classed among epic poets. She said "No, nothing but emotion." Lady Glenbervie has heard that she sometimes acknowledges that she has no taste for the beauties of inanimate nature. I think I have remarked that this defect, or misfortune, is very common in short-sighted people, and her daughter told me that her mother is very short-sighted. She talked less than usual yesterday. In general, she bears down every attempt of other persons to have their share in the conversation. Miss Berry, who called here yesterday morning, declaimed and gesticulated with a considerable degree of personal feeling and recollection about this characteristic of Madame de Stäel. She had been doing so a day or two before to Lady Glenbervie, who, recollecting the first lines of the parody on Southey in the "Rejected Addresses," said Madame de Stäel should repeat them, as a sort of notice due to the companies she goes into—

I am a blessed Glendoveer—a :

'Tis mine to speak and yours to hear—a

Madame de Stäel declaimed against the English custom of the women being expected to retire after dinner before the men. I flattered her by telling her that if she would set the fashion in her own house, I was persuaded her example would be followed, and we should owe to her the abolition of this vestige of barbarism.

Whether this had been concerted before between her and Sir James Mackintosh, who with Sharp [*i.e.*, "Conversation" Sharp], her own family, and Raucourt formed the rest of the party at dinner, or [whether] it was a sudden surprise in his mind from gallantry to her and

to Lady Glenbervie, I can't say, but as soon as she had warned the Ladies and set them the example of getting up, Sir James Mackintosh [the historian] laid hold of Lady Glenbervie's arm and we all, gentlemen and ladies, followed higgledy-piggledy into the drawing room. [*Lord Glenbervie here indulges in a moralisation on the differences between English custom and delicacy and the French.*]

Southey is appointed Poet-Laureate, with the salary of £100 a year and a pipe of wine, having made it a condition that he should not be obliged to write anniversary Odes. So that good, or bad, old custom is abolished.

Ward, it seems, wrote the criticism in the last *Quarterly Review* on Rogers's "Columbus." It is, in his true manner, seasoned with sarcasm and persiflage. He hates Rogers, and there is no love lost between them. Sharp told me that the Review of the "Giaour" in the *Edinburgh Review* was intended as a sort of retribution, Ward being meant by certain insinuations about frivolous and slender criticism. Sharp seemed to imply (though he did not directly say) that the article was clubbed between Rogers and his intimate crony (friendship would be a word ill applied), Lord Byron.

It seems quite certain that Moreau is dead. That single death hath slain ten thousand and twice ten thousand of Buonaparte's enemies.

[*On this page is inserted an extempore profile of Madame de Stäel (from memory) by Lady Glenbervie. —"Very like and scarcely a caricature."* It is hideous.]

We talked of etymologies (as Boswell would say). Lady Glenbervie seemed to hit on the probable derivation of flirt and flirting in the more modern sense,

when it is used for a coquette, male or female, or rather for a sort of general love-making man, or coquetting woman. To flirt being to practise that sort of thing. Lady Glenbervie's conjecture was that these words have been formed from the French familiar phrase of "*conter fleurette*." To have "a flirting way" is an expression consigned to history by the evidence of Mrs. Lisle in the "Delicate Investigation."* "Why, how now, Madam Flirt!" [and] "To flirt a fan," are modes of speech of older date.

The subject of pre-existence was started, and Madame de Stäel said she amused herself by thinking she might have been Aspasia, though without her beauty, and *with* the virtue which Aspasia could not boast of.

Pheasantry, Tuesday, 21st September, 10 p.m.—We met the Prince of Orange, and his son, who had come [as] messenger from Lord Wellington's Army with the news of the Battle of Vittoria, at Park' Place after we left Hampden. He told us that Lord Wellington's old nurse always follows him on a mule. That he always wears white neck-clo[a]ths and that she washes them, and that she is always treated with great respect by the army.

Fred. North told me to-day different anecdotes of the Queen of Naples. She used to send for him to drink tea with her. Her grand-daughter, the Arch-Duchess, had just been married to Buonaparte, which had made her furious, and in spite of our ideas of her intercourse with the French, wrote a furious letter about the marriage which had fallen into Buonaparte's hands. On Fred.

* This was the celebrated book, hastily suppressed, on the Princess Caroline.

North's mentioning the marriage to her she broke out with great violence, called Buonaparte a *mule*, and exclaimed, "*Ma petite fille est déjà grosse d'un Mameluke.*" It seems it is a very general opinion that Buonaparte is not the father. The King of Rome goes commonly by the title of "*il bastardetto*" in Rome, and by the same ("*le bâtard*") at Paris.

Pheasantry, Wednesday, 22nd September, half past 7 a.m.—The Queen of Spain used to call Lord William Bentinck "*le gros Caporal.*"* The common soldiers call Lord Wellington, from his never wearing a black stock or neck-clo[a]ths like most other officers when in the field, "*the Beau.*" They, however, give him this appellation in good humour, like the *sobriquets* that are frequently given to popular characters among their intimate friends. He is extremely popular with all ranks of the army, and with the Spaniards themselves, though so proud, national, and jealous of their English allies. His name among them is simply "*el Lord,*" like "*el Cid.*"

When Frederic North took leave of the Queen of Spain and told her he was going to Constantinople, she bade him give her love to the Sultan, and tell him he was the only one of the four Emperors in Europe she had the smallest regard for. These anecdotes he told us himself. Being a man avowedly *sans conséquence* in love and politics, polite, familiar, entertaining, and curious, he has the faculty of acquiring the confidence and intimacy of old ladies, and old gentlemen too, of all ranks

* Afterwards (1833) Governor-General of India, and the friend of Macaulay. He was the second son of the third Duke of Portland, and had a long and distinguished military career. At this time he was serving in Spain.

and descriptions in society, and thereby acquires an inexhaustible store of anecdotes which he has the happiest talent of communicating.

Madame de Stäel said the other day, talking of languages, that the last perfection of improvement in the acquisition of a foreign tongue, was to be able to tell a story in it—*näivement bien*. I think the ultimate stage of such perfection is for a witty person to be witty in any language but his own. She said she found she could not narrate in English, and that no English person can in French. I wished (from a pardonable vanity, I hope) to refute this general position by an example. [*His familiar illustration—repeated, he says in French, after instances of slang had been adduced—in French, is given without some of the writer's circumlocution.*] A lady was complimenting Dr. Johnson for having suffered no improper or indecent words to find their way into his Dictionary. His reply was, "Madam, I find you have been looking for them there."

Yesterday riding with Lord and Lady Harcourt and Colonel Charles (or Amadée) Harcourt in Windsor Park. Lady Harcourt and I had a full dish of gossip about the great family in the neighbourhood. She says the Queen has no influence whatever with the Prince. That, as everybody knows indeed, he treats her now on all occasions with exaggerated respect, but that she never can carry the smallest point with him.

She says Mrs. Udney had an intrigue with one of the Princess Charlotte's music or drawing masters—that they used to be locked up together in Mrs. Udney's room, which opened into the Princess's, and that when any friend or intimate came there, and was going to open the door of communication, the Princess would say, "You

must (not) try to go there:—Mrs. Udney and — are there, and they always lock themselves in."

My bantering wife, who loves but to laugh and joke, looking at me just now, recollected and applied what the King once said to Gibbon at the levée. Instead of his usual enquiry, "Do you walk, Do you get out," (when he could not recollect any thing more applicable), on coming round to Gibbon, he said, "How do you do, Mr. Gibbon? Always scribble, scribble, I suppose." How little sensible must the great Gibbon have thought his Majesty of the dignity of History.*

It has been said (but probably from invention) that when Burke went, as the etiquette is, to pay his duty, at the levée on his going out of office, the King, who used to be uncommonly embarrassed and awkward on such occasions, addressed him in his habitual phrase—"Do you get out—Eh! do you get out."

23rd September, Wrotham (Mr. Byng's) Thursday, 9 a.m.—[Here follows in the Diarist's disconnected manner, a prosy discussion of the "Question of circulating faithful translations of the scriptures in all languages," with a newspaper cutting giving the letter from Dr. Johnson on the subject, written to the bookseller, Mr. William Drummond, in 1766, and included by Boswell.]

[The *Times* of September 16th, 1813, from which the letter is extracted, continues:—"I believe Mr. William Drummond was a Scotch gentleman of small estate who had followed the fortunes of the Pretender in 1745, and having returned (under the indulgence of Government)

* This story was applied by Rogers to the Duke of Cumberland, but the memory of Lord North's daughter is preferable.

about 1763, or 1764, settled in Edinburgh as a book-seller.”]

23rd September, Wrotham, 4 p.m.—Lord and Lady John Townshend are expected here to-day to dinner. He is the son of the Marquis of Townshend who was Lord-Lieut. of Ireland. She was Miss Poynts, first cousin to the late Duchess of Devonshire, and first married to Mr. Fawk[e]ner, a marriage said to have been much against her inclination, both because he was considerably older, and on account of a scandalous report which is said to have reached her ears that he (who was one of the most fashionable men of the day) had been engaged in an intrigue with her mother about the year of her birth. The daughter had been in a manner educated in Devonshire House, and continued to live principally in that society of easy manners after her marriage. There Lord John was successful in obtaining her affections, and exciting Fawk[e]ner's jealousy. A challenge ensued. After which Fawk[e]ner resorted to the more effectual remedy of a divorce by Act of Parliament, and Lord John, *en preux chevalier*, married her. This happened five or six-and-twenty years ago, and ever since that time she and Lord John have lived in great retirement, chiefly in the country, except that his attendance in Parliament on great Whig questions sometimes calls him to town. He is a lively, agreeable man—was a steady adherent of Fox, and contributed largely to the *Rolliad* and the Probationary Odes and Eclogues. The first and best part of the Eclogue called “Jekyll” was by him, and, I think, the Ode written under the name of Major Scott.*

* Lord John Townshend was an early, long, and close ally of Sheridan. For the whole Fawkes episode, much else about Lord

At St. Leonards, last Tuesday morning, we had during breakfast a great deal of conversation and anecdote on the subject of the Duke and Duchess or King and Queen of Wirtembergh [*sic*]. It seems the Princess Royal knows the irritability of his character and the imputations he laboured under as having contributed to the assassination of his first wife, the sister to our Princess of Wales. But she was very uncomfortable at home, and was determined to marry. He is said to use her so savagely as sometimes to beat her. He is like his uncle, extremely ostentatious. Fred. North says Stutgard is the most magnificent court in Europe. She writes to the Queen—" *Ma chère sœur et mère* " and subscribes " *votre sœur et fille.* " At our court she is always spoken of only as Princess Royal, but when any of the Royal Family write to her they send their letters to one of the Clerks in the Foreign Office, who puts the direction of Queen and Majesty upon them.

Buonaparte has always treated her with respect. When he first arrived at Stutgard he gave orders that none of his attendants should utter any thing derogatory to *ce digne roi, le père de sa Majesté la Reine de Wirtembergh*. L'Impératrice Josephine took her cue from him, and sought in every way to show her attention. Walking or driving out with her on a very sultry day, she took occasion to observe that her Majesty did not seem sufficiently provided against the heat, and taking a magnificent lace veil from her shoulders, threw it over her. It seems the Princess has been much flattered by this and

J. Townshend and his circle, and for the *Rolliad*, *cf.* the Editor's "Sheridan." He possesses a copy of the *Rolliad* in which Sheridan's own ascriptions of authorship have been annotated by Combe and Ridgeway (the publisher). The two ascriptions given in the text are accurate.

other civilities, and has shown this in her correspondence with her family. For my part this condescending goodness and protection seem to be signs and marks of inferiority and degradation. The Despots of the East generally throw a robe or kellaout of their own to such dependant sovereigns and ambassadors as they honour with an audience.

It is but fair to give the devil his due. Though Buonaparte's violence, arrogance and brutality are sufficiently notorious, the following anecdote which Lady Malmesbury told us, and which is perfectly well vouched and authentic, may serve to show that he still retains some sparks of humanity and kindness in his composition. A widow, Mrs. Mackinnon, now living at Reading, had a sister who, the family says, was privately married to Lord Nugent's (first Lord Clare's) only son Colonel Nugent, but as certain formalities were wanting in the marriage it was never acknowledged. They were father and mother to Admiral Nugent (who married the widow of Governor Johnstone) and General Nugent. After Colonel Nugent's death she married a Frenchman, and went with him to reside near Tours, in France, where there was a Royal Military Academy (a branch, I believe, of the *École Militaire*,—Mr. and Mrs. Mackinnon, being in bad circumstances, having retired to live near her from economy and for the advantage of giving a military education to their two sons. One, the late General Mackinnon who fell during the present campaign in Spain, the other Dan Mackinnon, a good-humoured, active, jumping, and tumbling sort of buffoon, also in the army, and a great favourite on account of his feats and good humour, under Lord Wellington. These lads brought Buonaparte acquainted with the two

families. The young men did not much take to him, being of a sullen, reserved disposition. But Mr. and Mrs. Mackinnon took a great fancy to him, foreseeing even at that time that he was likely to distinguish himself. In short, he lived with him quite as *enfant de famille*. Mr. and Mrs. Mackinnon after some time returned to England. He is dead, and she lives a retired life at Reading, having been joined by her sister and brother, who emigrated on the breaking out of the revolution. During her retreat, and since his elevation, she had frequently heard that Buonaparte took every opportunity of inquiry after her and her husband of every English person who fell in his way, saying they were most respectable people, and people to whom he was under obligations he could never forget. This being known, it seems many persons had at different times applied to her for her interference with Buonaparte on behalf of friends and relations, prisoners in France. But this she had always peremptorily refused, pleading that she detested his manner of proceeding, and would not ask for a favour from a man whose conduct had now belied all the hopes and prospects she had conceived of him. At last Mr. Bathurst disappeared.* Mrs. Bathurst is sister to the wife of the late General Mackinnon, and on the faith of this connection, she or her friends pressed his mother to write to Buonaparte for information about

* The strange case of Mr. Benjamin Bathurst, Secretary of Legation at Leghorn, who disappeared mysteriously in 1809, while on a mission from Vienna to London, is well known. Despite all efforts, his widow (the sister-in-law of this General Mackinnon) who remained in England, was never able to ascertain his end. He vanished while keeping his coach waiting for a few moments before the Hotel door. It stood ready to proceed with him on his journey through German territory, and it was generally, though unfairly, bruited that one of Napoleon's agents had done away with him. The whole story is too long for recapitulation here.

her husband. She consented and wrote a short letter reminding him of their former acquaintance, and mentioning that having been told that he had often inquired after her, she had been prevailed upon to write to him and to ask the favour of him to cause her to be informed of Mr. Bathurst's fate or to furnish Mrs. Bathurst with the means of travelling with safety in the prosecution of her own enquiries. This letter being conveyed to Buonaparte, she received a very early answer written with his own hand. In that letter he expressed that it had been highly gratifying to him to find that she retained the memory of their former acquaintance, that his respect and regard continued undiminished, that he lamented that the disappearance of Mr. Bathurst had happened in a place where he could not command, and that he had no knowledge on that subject, but he sent her general Passports for Mrs. Bathurst, and would take immediate measures for facilitating her travels and enquiries. Mrs. Bathurst, having made use of the passports, found offers of a great reward printed and stuck up everywhere in the dominions of France through which she had to travel, and orders to every *Commandant de Place* to further (her views) and furnish her with the best and most convenient means of passing through the dominions under his control.

Wrotham, 23rd September, half past 6 p.m.—One of Lord John Townshend's daughters* is going to be married to Captain Clifford, of the Navy, a reputed son of the late Duke of Devonshire. . . . [*Here a long chronicle of current scandal is inserted.*] . . . With all this irregularity of conduct, and an insipid uniformity of life, and very limited intercourse with the world, the Duke had

* See "Eight Friends of the Great," by W. P. Courtney.



GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

From an engraving by Bartolozzi from the picture by J. Nixon.

obtained a sort of respect in society. He was steady to his early friendships in private life and in politics, and of a quiet unobtrusive turn. He was taciturn, and seldom spoke except to utter some sententious observation, such as the following: Somebody had said that the late Duke of Cumberland, the King's brother, was not such a fool as he seemed to be, the Duke answered, "I believe it; nobody can be such a fool as he seems to be," and this with the slow drawling tone and manner peculiar to most of the Cavendishes. The first Duchess was beloved by all her friends, had a soft, winning, open countenance and manner which conciliated good will, and which she retained to the last after she had lost all her beauty and one of her eyes. When very young and handsome she became Duchess of Devonshire, and had numerous flatterers of both sexes and the admiration of the cleverest, the handsomest, the most fashionable, and the most profligate of ours. What wonder if she was not able to withstand the temptations which surrounded her. She played and lost immense sums of money which the Duke, a confiding or careless husband, repeatedly paid. . . . The Duchess had at times fits of devotion. Her mother is reckoned by worldly people a confirmed methodist. The Duke passed for a good classical scholar, and both he and the Duchess were well acquainted with modern literature. Verses by each have been printed in several miscellaneous compilations.

There is a portrait or character of the Duchess by Dutens, at the end of his "*Mémoires d'un Voyageur qui repose*."*

* Cf. Vol. 2, p. 524. She is depicted under the name of "Artenice." One passage will suffice:—"Artenice ne songeoit qu'aux intérêts des

Pheasantry, Monday, 27th September, 9 a.m.—We returned hither on Saturday to a late dinner and found Fred at home in excellent spirits. Yesterday was the twenty-second anniversary of our marriage, and it never recurs without my offering my thanks to heaven for an event (how unlikely in my early life that it should have happened!) which has been the source of such happiness to me, by uniting me with such a friend, such a companion, such a wife, such a protector of my relations, and such a mother to our son.

Pheasantry, 27th September, 11 p.m.—Lady Maria North was brought here to-day by Lord Bute, and is to pass a day or two with her aunt. It is the first time she has slept under our roof since she staid two months with us in 1798 at Dover Castle, of which the present Lord Guildford was then Governor, and which he had lent to us that autumn for the purpose of sea-bathing. Maria has not even eat a meal in her aunt's house since her poor father's death. She is a gentle, pleasing, cheerful girl, not handsome, but lady-like. I can never feel exactly for the other two neices as for her. She was born, I think, just at the very close of the year 1793—her mother having lain-in of her not many days before I set out for Dublin.

autres. Dans la société elle étoit naturelle, bonne, aisée. De la dissipation elle passoit sans effort à la retraite au sein de sa famille; elle s'y levroit à ses goûts, s'occupoit de son mari, de sa mère, de ses enfants, de sa sœur alors malade, avec la même satisfaction qu'elle en avoit fait voir pour les plaisirs du grand monde. Elle avoit de grandes ressources dans sa lecture, dans son goût pour les arts, dans quelques sciences même; car elle avoit la conception facile et prompte . . . Dans l'âge où les femmes sont encore les plus attachées au monde. avant d'avoir rien perdu de ses attraits ni de sa beauté, elle s'étoit retiré pour se livrer entièrement à sa famille, et à un petit nombre d'amis." Concerning the "fits of devotion" the editor owns an album which contains some of her prayers.

We are to have Madame de Stäel and her son and daughter, Sir James and Lady Mackintosh, Kitty Chester, the two Freds, Maria North, Margaret Gordon my great neice (who came to Lady Glenbervie before my return from the Forests) besides our two selves (in all twelve) to-morrow to dinner, and Lady Glenbervie is to have a very small party of neighbours in the evening, to which the Duke of Clarence has been invited. Miss Fitzclarence was also invited, but has sent an excuse.

The other day Fred North, who had met Tierney at dinner at Lord Bute's at Petersham, and carried him back to town, had a great deal of conversation with him about the state of domestic politics.* Tierney has always had a great deal of frankness on such subjects. He is not indiscreet nor yet *boutonné*, and hanging loose upon party feels little interest or occasion to conceal or withhold his sentiments, which are never expressed with violence either as to men or measures. He told North that he thinks Lord Liverpool one of the most prudent ministers and debaters in Parliament he ever knew, and that he is, besides, a man in the House of Lords who is ready to turn out in all weathers—a figure of speech formerly much in use in Ireland to describe ready and daring speakers, the last being a quality peculiarly useful, and therefore highly estimated in the Irish Parliament.

* George Tierney (1761—1830), educated at Eton and Cambridge, started at the Bar, was returned to parliament for Colchester in 1788, and joined the Foxites against Pitt. He chagrined Fox by not seceding with him in 1798, was embroiled with Grey, it was rumoured, by Sheridan, fought a duel with Pitt, joined Addington's Ministry and the Duke of Portland's, and when Grenville retired rejoined the Opposition. From 1817 to 1821 he led the party, and bid fair to become great. He joined Canning, under whom he held office, and finally quitted it in 1828 with that "transient and embarrassed phantom," Goderich. As brilliant as Erskine, he was even more perplexing: his beginning and his end have small relation to each other.

North asked him if he had the weight of former first ministers with his colleagues. He said, by no means. That the present ministers act pretty much uninfluenced by him or one another in their several departments, but that agreeing very well from the equality and comparative mediocrity of their talents, there was no inconvenient jealousy among them, and that to that cause, in a considerable degree, their late triumphant session was to be attributed. That for his part, he thought they had done very right in not admitting Canning among them, finding they had no occasion for his eloquence and pretty sure that if he had joined them quarrels about pre-eminence must soon have arisen. Fred asked them how he thought them treated by the Prince. He said, "in the most cavalier manner," of which as a sample he mentioned that the first time Lord Liverpool heard of his intention that Lord Moira should go to India was by a notice he received that the Regent had sent a message to communicate his pleasure that it should be so to the India House.* He might have added the most extraordinary fact that, at the time when poor Perceval first, and after his murder, Lord Castlereagh, were sitting, as members in the House of Lords that the Princess was fully cleared of the charges brought against her in the "*Delicate Investigation*," Sir John Douglas and others, but particularly Sir John, whose credibility was

* Lord Moira received this post as his sole reward from the master whom he had served so long and loyally. The Regent blubbered over him, as he once wept because his waistcoat was not so well cut as Brummel's. As is well known, he only chose Lord Liverpool to succeed Perceval out of a double spite, the one (inveterate) against Grey, the other against his old friend Sheridan who wished for Moira, but, failing him, for Grey, without the grasping and dictating Grenville. Both Grey and Grenville hectoring the Prince in their eagerness to assert a right to succeed to office, and they bullied Sheridan.

given up by that admission were actually under an examination at or near Carlton House by the Prince's private confidants, as to the very facts brought forward as the ground of that procedure. It is indeed true, I believe, that Lord Castlereagh had an audience on that occasion, and intimated a determination to resign if such a humiliating and indecent conduct towards him was not immediately put a stop to, and the consequence of this vigour of that minister and on that particular occasion was that it was put a stop to.

Pheasantry, Tuesday, 28th September, 7 a.m.—Sir James Mackintosh wrote the Review of Madame de Stäel's book on "Suicide" in the last *Edinburgh Review*, but his Review consists chiefly of a panegyric on her talents, and a great deal of cases, artfully put, in support of her original (and many think her yet present) opinion. Her first *début* as a writer was a sort of essay or declamation on the subject of Jean Jacques, who had then lately died (as was by many supposed) by suicide. That tract will be found in my library. She there openly justified suicide. I understand she does so in her book of the "Passions," which I have never yet read, or even seen. As to her other works, I never got beyond the middle of the third or fourth volume, I forget which—"Corinne" has great beauties and great defects. We shall see the merits and demerits of her work "*Sur les Allemands*," by-and-bye, and I have no doubt one of the principal objects of her visit to us in this kingdom is to write a book "*Sur les Anglais*." She will strive hard to flatter us, after her manner, and the greater part of the authors of her nation (I believe she was born in France) when they try to flatter us. But she will probably, like

all French, and indeed all theoretical travellers, make strange mistakes which to us will appear ridiculous and flattering us sometimes in a manner we do not like, and at other times for what we do not desire, will [win] very little applause either from our 'literati, our ladies or gentlemen of the world, or from the reading public at large—that is, the subscribers to circulating libraries in town, and booky societies in the country. Her book upon Literature, now swelled to two volumes, I read at Brighton the winter before last. She there decides as *ex cathedrâ* on the poetry and eloquence of the Greeks. Yet she has avowed since she has been here that she does not understand a word of Greek. I remember an anecdote Madame Geoffrin told me of the late Earl of Morton, an uncouth but learned as well as scientific nobleman, which this circumstance reminds me of. He had been for the first time in company with Voltaire (while Voltaire was still permitted to live there) and had come to her assembly in the evening. She was sitting in the last of a suite or enfilade of large rooms when she told me the story, and when Lord Morton entered. The apartment was, as usual, full of company. Wits, philosophers, grand seigneurs (scholars—though that race was rare, except those uncommon in colleges or convents) and foreigners of distinction of all nations. She said that as he hobbled along through the rooms and company towards her she heard him repeating in a very audible soliloquy, without looking to the right or left or seeming to see anybody, "*Oh la drôle chose, la drôle chose! Il critique Homère! et il ne sait pas un mot du Grec.*"

Madame de Staël's absurd theories about Northern and Southern Poetry are the subject of high and over-

strained eloquence in one of the last *Edinburgh Reviews*, and even the nonsense of tracing the genius of all English poetry—consequently of Chaucer (she never heard, certainly never read, a line of him), of Spenser, of Cowley, of Shakespeare, of Hudibras, &c.—to Ossian ! is palliated and almost commended. *Query*.—Who wrote that article? Murray tells me Mackintosh wrote several in that very review, and that they were in her opinion (and therefore, I suppose, in the opinion of his wits, Giffard, Ward, &c.) very indifferent. Playfair, I think, wrote the Review of “Corinne.”

[Here comes a cutting from a contemporary newspaper (The “Morning Post” of Tuesday, 28th October, 1813) giving an account of the life of General Moreau, who had died on October 2nd of the wounds received before Dresden on the 27th of August. And next, from the “Morning Post” of the same date, the following:—]

“The following is a copy of the original letter of General Moreau to his Lady, to which we subjoin a translation. It is in the handwriting of a man suffering much pain of body, but yet of clear and firm mind. His love of his amiable wife is mixed with anxiety for the great cause in which he had engaged. After having written a few lines with much effort, he gave the pen to his friend and Aide-de-Camp, Rapatel, who finished the letter which we have also published.

MA CHÈRE AMIE,—À la Bataille de Dresde il y a trois jours j'ai eu les deux jambes emportées d'un boulet de canon. (Ce coquin de Bonaparte est toujours heureux.)

On m'a fait l'amputation aussi bien que possible. Quoique l'armée ait fait un mouvement retrograde, ce n'est nullement par revers mais par decoussu et se rapprocher du Gen. Blucher.

Excuse mon griffonage. Je t'aime et t'embrasse de tout mon cœur.

Je charge Rapatel de finir.

V. M.

MADAME,—Le Général me permets de vous écrire sur la même feuille ou il vous a tracé quelques lignes. Jugez de mon chagrin et de ma douleur par ce qu'il vient de vous dire.

Depuis le moment où il a été blessé je ne l'ai pas quitté, et ne le quitterai pas jusqu'à sa parfaite guérison. Nous avons la plus grande espérance, et moi qui le connois, je puis dire que nous le sauverons. Il a supporté l'amputation avec un courage héroïque, sans perdre connaissance ; le premier apperell a été levé, et les plaies sont fort belles. Il n'a eu qu'un léger acces de fièvre lorsque la suppuration s'est établie, et elle a diminué considérablement.

Vous devez me pardonner tous ces détails, ils sont aussi douloureux pour moi à tracer qu'ils le seront pour vous à lire : J'ai eu besoin de courage depuis quatre jours et en aurai besoin encore. Comptez sur mes soins, sur mon amitié, et tous les sentiments que vous m'avez inspirés l'un l'autre pour le servir, ne vous alarmez pas, je ne puis vous dire d'être courageuse, je connois votre cœur.

Je ne laisserai pas une occasion sans vous donner de ses nouvelles. Le médecin vient de m'assurer que si cela continue d'aller ainsi, dans cinq semaines il pourra aller en voiture.

Adieu, Madame, et respectable amie, je suis bien malheureux.

J'embrasse la pauvre Isabelle,

Le plus dévoué de vos serviteurs,

Iann, 30 Août, 1813.

RAPATEL.

1er Septembre—Il va bien et est tranquille.

(" I have little doubt of its authenticity.—[G.]")

Pheasantry, Wednesday, 29th September, 1813, 7 a.m.—Madame de Stäel was not agreeable yesterday. She abused English dishes—especially those at table—English customs, and, by frequent insinuations, the language and literature of England. She wants to part with her house in London, and I suspect will not stay out her twelvemonth. I also begin to suspect that her principal reason for coming here was to study the English *à sa manière*, in order to write a book about them. The other might be to act, as far as she could, the part of a sort of agent of

the Crown Prince [Bernadotte]. But I think, in spite of her fame and vanity she may have begun to perceive that her effect as a novelty and a wonder is nearly gone by ; that she is already in her aphelion, and perhaps also that her finances are in the ebb. Perhaps she will still try Edinburgh, her original project, where she had announced that it was her intention to pass a winter in order to breathe that learned and philosophical air. Sir James Mackintosh says he dined with her lately at Lord Holland's, where the Comte de Puysegur was one of the party. They were very shy of one another. Indeed, nothing can be more opposite. He, a purist in Aristocracy, she, still an enthusiast for what she thinks liberty. He, *pétillant* with epigrams, *mots piquans*, *malignité spirituelle et ingénieuse*, a *grand persifleur*—*Mais d'un excellent ton* ; she—good-natured, serious, eloquent, but above the key of conversation, declamatory, affecting *profondeur* and discovery in taste, politics and morals. Both ugly, but Puysegur frightful. She told Sir James, afterwards, that Puysegur had been twenty degrees below the first style or *ton* at Paris (which I interpret to mean that he did not give in to the *Anglomanie*, or rather *Américanomanie* and *Encyclopédisme* which in her youth had with those courtiers and princes, churchmen and lawyers who were, or affected to live with or patronize, *les gens de lettres*, and to tutor ministers and politicians, and who frequented the house of her father, such mere wits and men of fashion were so considered and described). Sir James told her he had heard that the two most agreeable men in France were Narbonne and Talleyrand. She answered that Talleyrand, when he pleased, certainly was. That was never his pleasure when I saw him.

Whitehall Place, Monday, 4th October, 10 p.m.—Lord and Lady Auckland and their three unmarried daughters, Mary, the beautiful, Emily, and Fanny came to the Pheasantry to dinner on Saturday, and were to leave it this morning after breakfast. I left them there before breakfast. [*Lord Auckland's lack of conversational powers is next touched on, and his inclination to play cards in the evening for low stakes "but with great attention and eagerness and skill."*]

Way Park, New Forest, Thursday, 21st October, 1813, 6 a.m.—In my bed. [*Six pages treat of his old grievance regarding his work in the Forestry Office.*]

Yesterday, a family dinner. Mr. Rose,* Mr. William Stewart Rose (author of "Parthenope," &c., &c., &c.), Mrs. and Miss Rose, and Mrs. (or I believe now called Miss) Dewar. Rose's vanities and importance, his "vows to God," his "*unfeignedly* sorrys" and "unaffectedly glads" about everybody and every thing, are much softened down. His health is breaking and has been for some years, though he was able and proved himself ready to be a useful coadjutor of government during the last Session in all questions of finance and trade. Fred says that in some debate on finance a member of opposition (he does not recollect who) called him and Huskisson the "Nestor" and "Ulysses" of the Treasury Bench—a compliment or satire not inapplicable. Whitbread described Rose as the "Patriarch" of that Bench. I doubt if we old gentlemen

* This is the once perpetual incumbent on Pitt, George Rose, who, even in 1797, was at once Secretary to the Treasury, Clerk to the House of Lords, and Master of the Pleas, offices which together with other emoluments, brought him in ten thousand a year. It was of his infant son, about to be christened after the great minister, that Sheridan observed, "A Rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

like that sort of veneration. When your enemy or your friend begins to compliment you in that way, it is like telling you you are *hors de combat*. Why tell us so ; don't we know and feel it? "*Solve senescentem*," every man of common sense at my time of life and Rose says to himself. But the taste or habit of business, or the consequence that attends it, remains. Few men have the fortitude to put themselves politically, or, even as to their weight, whatever that may be in society, to a voluntary death. I doubt a little whether those who have done so are the happier for it. [*Lord G. next introduces a disquisition on the subject of old age, in the course of which Lord Macartney is held up as an example of a man who refused all public office after sixty, and retired into a private life, which was consoled and occupied by keeping a journal.*]

Rose told us the two following anecdotes.

About the time Lord Lansdowne's Administration was formed [*i.e.*, the Shelburne Administration of July, 1782], Pitt (his Chancellor of the Exchequer), Rose and Tom Orde (his two Secretaries of the Treasury) were to dine with him. He had come from an audience, after the levée, and coming into the room where they were waiting, he took off his sword with great eagerness, flung it on the table and said, " Well, I have been to the King, and he has promised to write to such and such persons, and among them to Lord North, requiring him, on the ground of gratitude, to support our administration. I suppose he will do so. But, if he do not " (raising his voice and acting as if he were going to do what he was going to say) " By God, I will tear his bowels out." Rose, says Orde (afterwards Lord Bolton), turned as pale as a sheet.

The other anecdote related to the late Chief Justice Eyre and his trial of Horne Tooke, &c.* I myself could speak to one part of it. I was then in the habit of attending the Privy Council and was present at all, or most of the examination of the witnesses, and papers, which led to the determination of Government to prosecute those persons for High Treason under that part of the statute of Treasons which makes it High Treason to compass the King's death, or that which makes levying war High Treason (I forget at the moment which, but the Reports of those remarkable trials will show). Eyre was then Chief Justice and a Privy Counsellor, and took a leading share in the examinations.† The great questions of law and expediency were whether the proceedings and writings of the corresponding or affiliated Societies amounted to one or the other of those two species of High Treason. Eyre showed an unequivocal opinion that they did, and, as his manner was, conveyed that opinion in a tone of firmness and confidence which, as became well known afterwards, induced the ministers (more than the official opinions of their Attorney and Solicitor-General) to direct the indictment to be preferred. A special Commission was appointed to try the parties, and the Chief Justice of Common Bench was put into the Commission, and was expected to be as decisive on the trials as he had been at the Privy Council, and, I believe, in private conference with the Cabinet.

* Horne Tooke (1736—1812), the famous Anglo-Jacobin and wit, author of "The Diversions of Purley," was the son of a poulterer, took holy orders, relinquished them, and became a mainstay of the revolutionary societies which Pitt prosecuted. This trial took place in 1794, when Tooke was acquitted.

† Sir James Eyre (1734—1799), Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in 1793, had himself been counsel for John Wilkes in 1763.



JOHN HORNE TOOKE, ESQ.
From an old engraving.

The indecision and timidity of his conduct in superintending the trial of Tooke, and particularly his charge to the jury, when he left the point of constructive treason entirely to the jury, without any consistent adherence to the sentiments he had declared elsewhere, with his submissive attention to the sarcastic and insulting wit of the prisoner, are notorious. Rose was present a part of the time under a subpoena, and he said to us, what everybody who was present said at the time, that Tooke appeared to be the accuser and Eyre the accused. It was on the occasion of the debates concerning these proceedings and after the acquittals that Windham described the persons so acquitted by the famous expression of "acquitted Felons," from which he never flinched, but received the furious attacks of the Whigs and Democrats, in and out of the House, with all the firmness of a Cato and all the playfulness of retort and ingenuity of argument so peculiarly his own. But these are, however, circumstances of public and parliamentary history. Rose's anecdote is this. He was then Secretary of the Treasury, and had been long, he says, the intimate friend of Eyre. Soon after the Trial he was pressed by him to go to dine with him at a country House he says he had somewhere at Mortlake. It seems (as Rose also said by accident) that Eyre had been omitted to be invited to some Privy Counsellor's or Judge's dinner given by Pitt. This he had construed into an intentional mark of displeasure and neglect, and talked of it as such with such a degree of vexation and despondency as absolutely to sob and cry during a great part of their way to Eyre's villa. He vows to God and unfeignedly believes without a particle of doubt that this chagrin and mortification killed him. He certainly died soon after, and made room

for Lord Alvanley, then Master of the Rolls,* who was afterwards thought by many to have died of a similar chagrin for having accepted that place and peerage from Addington, while his friend and patron, Mr. Pitt, was no longer the disposer of such things. I here only repeat the very general report and belief among all parties. Charles Yorke cut his throat because he had yielded to Lord M——'s persuasion, and taken the seals, his brother, the first Lord Hardwick, being then in strong opposition. Poor human nature! Chief Justices and Chancellors! Such slaves to ambition on the one hand, and the *Q'en dira-ton* on the other! [*After some doubts as to the strict accuracy of Rose's fading memory and a hint that he unintentionally embellished facts, Lord Glenbervie points out the value of corroborated evidence and instances the attestation, both by Dundas and Sir Walter Farquhar, of Pitt's tears in public on two occasions.*]

Southampton, Saturday, 23rd October, 12 o'clock.—I have just called on the Dowager Marchioness of Lansdowne in her castle which seems to overlook the world. It is a fine day, and the view was magnificent, both by land and water. She had not breakfasted, and had on a night-cap which I thought very knowing, but which every one of the four daughters, coming in to the breakfast room one after the other, exclaimed on as frightful, which her Ladyship humbly acknowledged, adding that she scarcely ever wore anything over her hair. She certainly looked very fresh and handsome in spite, or with the aid of her night-cap, and being towards twenty

* Richard Pepper Arden (1745—1804), who had been Solicitor-General in 1782 and Attorney-General in 1784, was one of the stock butts of the Foxite wit in the *Rolliad*. In 1801 he was appointed Lord Chief Justice of Common Pleas.

years younger than Lady Hertford, and nearly of her size, I cannot help thinking that notwithstanding her vulgarity and Irish brogue, she may prove a dangerous rival to that superb and puissant princess. That she is so already was the chronicle last winter, and the report continues to gain ground. Over the door of the round room, where Lady Glenbervie and I were received, and where we again drank tea and coffee after dinner, some years ago, is a bust of Massena, with the name in large letters. Her son-in-law, 'Colonel Mellish, and his wife were with her. I did not know him, though I had seen him formerly when a lad at his cousin, Lord Sheffield's.

Whitehall Place, Tuesday, 26th October, 5 a.m.—Fred. Adams and I arrived in town late on Sunday evening. We found Lady Glenbervie was gone to dine at Kensington. It seems there was a report current on that day that there was news arrived of an unpleasant sort. Fred. North had mentioned this in the morning, and at Kensington the Princess and Stratford Canning said they had heard so. Nothing further was specified but that the allies had met with some sort of defeat. Yesterday none of the newspapers I saw mentioned any thing of the sort. On the contrary the *Times* and the *Morning Post*, and in the evening the *Courier* and *Traveller* were quite triumphant. I did not happen to see the two favourite Opposition papers, the *Morning Chronicle* and the *Globe*.*

In the evening, however, a Gazette Extraordinary was published, part of which seems designed, though in a distant and obscure way, to prepare the public mind for

* The following rumours prelude the Battle of Leipsic—"The Battle of the Nations"—which, after October 16, 1813, caused Napoleon's retreat towards the Rhine, will be read with interest.

something, if not disastrous, yet of a nature to disappoint the very sanguine hopes the late events have excited. Such a circumstance, were it to reach the public ear on the sudden just before the opening of the Session, which stands for to-morrow week, might have an effect certainly very disagreeable and inconvenient to Ministers, and in my opinion, dangerous to the cause in which we are so deeply embarked. It used to be remarked that Mr. Pitt was generally very fortunate in having some great success to announce or enlarge upon at the beginning of a Session. It certainly was so, though many may think he was "*infelix operis summi*."

The Gazette on the present seems to me in some respects different from the accustomed forms. It contains extracts from a letter from Lord Aberdeen dated the 9th, written at Comotau (*where?*) and from Sir Charles W. Stewart (Lord Castlereagh's brother) dated 11th at the Head-Quarters of the Prince Royal of Sweden at Rottenburg. The extracts from Lord Aberdeen's Dispatch, which contains few facts and no dates, think it probable that Buonaparte may be able to break the circle which has been drawn around him, but that there is every reason to hope that this will be accompanied by the destruction of the greater part of his army. Sir Charles Stewart gives more details, but though the speculations are favourable they are not sanguine. He, too, seems to think a general may be looked for. Towards the end of the extract from his letter he says it is an event improbable, but possible, that the enemy may push with all his forces to Berlin.

But besides those extracts there is in the Gazette what is called "A Translation of Official Information communicated by the Governor of Berlin (*to whom?*) on the

13th at the moment of the departure of the officer " who brought Lord Aberdeen's and Sir Charles Stewart's dispatches, which concludes by this paragraph, " Although every possible effort is making to prevent the enemy from penetrating to this City, nevertheless we do not fail acquainting you, Sir, with the above (*viz.*, the advance of some of the enemy's corps by the way of Torgau and Wittenberg, and that General Von Thunen had been compelled to raise the siege of Wittenberg, and to fall back to Coswig), requesting you to apprize all persons attached to the English embassy as well as all other Englishmen residing in this City of this intelligence."

If a general battle is to take place one cannot help thinking of Buonaparte's past successes. Should Berlin be taken, despondency may again dictate submission to the King of Prussia. Probably by this time one or the other of those events may have happened. These are my reflections, which before night may be found to be grounded on imperfect knowledge of the facts, wrong in reasoning or totally inapplicable, for such is the general upshot of the daily speculations one hears from those politicians in society who have no better means of information than myself. I have indeed the discretion to confine my speculations to this Journal.

Whitehall Place, Wednesday, 27th October, 5 a.m.
From my bed. — Lady Glenbervie has just told me the following anecdote of the Empress of Russia (*Catin the second*) and Baron Dimsdale.* He was

* Thomas Dimsdale (1712—1800), who volunteered under the Duke of Cumberland against Charles Edward in 1745, was a physician who inoculated the Russian Empress and her family for smallpox. He was

or had been a Quaker. The Empress, who was informed of this, asked him if it was not a tenet of that sect to believe in sudden illapses of inspirations of the spirit, and to preach or hold forth extempore under the influence of such inspiration. He said it was. "Do not your women do so sometimes?" "Yes." "And do you believe that they are really inspired on such occasions?" "Certainly not." "I am glad of it," said the Empress, "for if you had I could not have entrusted you with the inoculation of my children." . . .

Yesterday Lady Charlotte Greville told me a sort of mysterious history of an officer of the name of Krause, a reputed German, but according to his daughter's account to Lady Charlotte, [he] was believed by his family to be a natural son of George the Second by old Lady Harrington.

Whitehall Place, Thursday, 28th October, 7 a.m.—Fred. North dined with us yesterday. Dr. Warren, Lady Charlotte, &c., &c., &c. North had been to visit the Duchesse de Pienne at Hammersmith. He told us the following dialogue said to have passed between her and Lady William Drummond at Palermo. Madame de Pienne is notorious—the other, far from being *en odeur de chastité*. Lady Drummond said, "Nothing can be so abominable as to take money as you do." "It is not so bad," replied the other, "as to *give* it as you do."

Waldershare, 29th October, 1813, 9 a.m. [*Mentions the presence of members of the Boycott family.*]

made State Councillor to Catherine and created an hereditary Baron in 1768. He returned to England, and in 1780 and 1784 sat in Parliament for Hertford.



LADY CHARLOTTE GREVILLE.

From an engraving by J. Young of the picture by J. Hoppner.

Sheffield Place, Monday, 15th November.—We came here from town to-day to dinner. Lord Sheffield is busy and amused with the publication of a new edition, with additions and omissions, of Gibbon's "Remains," to be in six vols., octavo.

Friday, 19th November, 9 a.m.—Fred. has sent me the following epigram on Ward which he says is current in London at present,

Ward has no heart they say—but I deny it ;
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it.

Brighton, Steine Place, same day, half-past 3.—We are just arrived. The journey has not disagreed with Lady Glenbervie.

Sunday, 21st November, 1813.—Madame de Stäel told to Lady Glenbervie and the other ladies when they retired the day she dined at the Pheasantry the following story. A town in Germany was on the point of being taken by assault, and the usual apprehensions were felt by the inhabitants. Some wit said, merry in the midst of terror (a very probable prediction, however), that one consequence would be, of course, that all the young and handsome women would be ravished, and all the old and ugly killed. A prude, but not ill-looking, heard this, and immediately retired to her room with her maid, and after bestowing very particular pains on her toilette, and on consulting her two flatterers or counselors, her maid and her mirror, turned with a sort of grim complacency to the maid and said, "*Hé bien je crois qu'on ne me tuera pas !*"

How much neater than the hackneyed and vulgar
"When will the ravishing begin ?"

Choveaux, my valet de chambre formerly, now Office

Keeper in the Office of Woods and Forests, &c., has a house in Maddox Street, where he lets out lodgings, and Mr. Raucart or Rocarte, the French-Swiss officer, young, handsome, and sickly, who came to England with Madame de Stäel, lodges or lodged in his second floor. She had, it was said, no room for him in the house she had, No. 3, Great George Street, and this was near. Choveaux says Mr. Raucart is constantly writing, and that his table is always full of all sorts of papers. In whatever other character he forms part of her suite, he probably acts as her secretary or amanuensis. One night in the autumn, about two or three o'clock, when the family of Choveaux and his lodger had been long in bed and asleep, they were wakened by loud and repeated rappings at the street door, and on going almost naked and half asleep, half terrified, it was found that it was a servant from Madame de Stäel's with peremptory orders to desire Mr. Raucart to go to her immediately. "*Il jalloit*" (said Choveaux, in telling me the story) "*qu'il y eut quelque chose qui pressoit beaucoup.*" Raucart put on his clothes and obeyed the call immediately.

Mrs. John Drummond (formerly Bab Chester, one of the Queen's Maids of Honour) is much acquainted with Dr. Hudson, Rector of St. George's, Hanover Square. She is a particular friend of Lady Glenbervie, *très-veridique*, and far from a *colporteur* of scandalous anecdotes. The other day, seeing Madame de Stäel's *Allemagne* lying on Lady Glenbervie's table, she told her that Madame de Stäel, as a parishioner of Dr. Hudson's, and having heard of his great character as a pious man and an eminent preacher, sent a message to him desiring him to call upon her, as she wished him to give her daughter some instruction in religion. In consequence

of this the Doctor called a few mornings afterwards and sent up his name, but it seems either the servant had heard and pronounced it indistinctly, or Madame de Stäel, not foreseeing his visit at that hour (she was still in bed), did not hear her distinctly. But she was ordered to shew him up to her bed-room. Accordingly he went, a good deal surprized to find himself taken into a bed-chamber, but infinitely more so when Madame de Stäel, the instant he entered threw her arms out of the bed, saying, "*Venez donc, mon cher Raucart.*" In a moment her mistake became very evident, and recovering herself and apologizing as well as the case would admit, she begged he would take the trouble to wait below and she would come to him immediately. That immediately, however, was so little precise, that at the end of the three quarters of an hour she sent him word by a servant that she was sorry she could not have the pleasure of seeing him that morning, and requested that he would call again. This, he declares, he never will. What inconsideration, ignorance or neglect of national *bienséance*, and of the station and claim to attention belonging to a man of Dr. Hudson's description ! And how incurable the impression this singular incident must have made on his mind. Strange, indeed, and more enigmatical than the most obscure part of her profoundest thoughts in writings, that a person capable of writing *Corinne* and *l'Allemagne* should have qualified herself still so little for writing *l'Anglais*.

When General Ramsay was here last winter he told Lady Glenbervie the following anecdote of his great-uncle, the great Lord Mansfield. When Mr. Murray was young at the Bar a cause of great expectation, and in which Sarah Duchess of Marlborough was interested or

interested herself very much, was about to come to a hearing when the party on the other side found that all the eminent counsel were either engaged by the opposite party, or were out of town, or ill. Mr. Murray's talents and eloquence had begun to be talked of, and recourse was had to him, when he distinguished himself so greatly and so successively [*sic*] that there was a decision in his favour, and he with his triumphant client and a party of friends agreed to celebrate their victory by a supper. When Murray came home, very late, he found a carriage at the door of his chambers, and heard from his clerk that there was a lady in the carriage who had waited for him three hours, and had said she could not go away without seeing him. On being shown up she told him that as soon as she had heard of the circumstances and events of that day she had hastened to his chambers determined that he should never be against her on any future occasion, and had therefore brought him a general retainer, presenting him at the same time with an order for £500. On perceiving or imagining some surprize and perhaps modest diffidence on the occasion, she added that he would not be surprised any longer on finding that she was Sarah Duchess of Marlborough. Before she went she begged him to take one piece of advice from her—*Never to sup out.*

[*Seven succeeding pages contain a dissertation on different kinds of wit, with some examples of jokes made by members of his wife's family, which may have delighted their circle, but which would scarcely delight ours.*]

Brighton, Monday, 22nd November, half-past 5 a.m.
—I began a letter to Madame de Stäel yesterday con-

taining observations on her book—of course panegyric—but not substantially beyond the truth of my sentiments concerning it.

I endeavour to collect *traits* of this extraordinary woman. Her portrait could only be drawn in that manner. Lydia White confirmed by her own personal testimony yesterday an anecdote of her which Hare had told us some days ago, but which we did not believe on his. Late in the last session after a discussion in the House of Commons which Sir James Mackintosh had assisted at, in, or under the Gallery, he came to dinner where Madame de Stäel was—either at Miss White's house or where she also happened to be. Of course Sir James narrated something of what had passed. Hence a long, and on Madame de Stäel's part, a more and more animated discussion between these two on the subject of the Trinity, she all faith and *science de l'âme*, Sir James placid, fluent, ostentatious of learning, but within becoming bounds of orthodoxy. At last Madame de Stäel's *verve* mounted so high in the regions of orthodoxy that she declared that no lover could ever hope for success with her who did not believe the Trinity. What a passport to *the heaven within her arms*, as a witty but more English poet would have said.

Brighton, Tuesday, 30th November, half-past 3.—Lady Glenbervie has just pointed out to me in Isaiah c. 14 (the First Lesson for to-morrow) the most sublime prophecy, which suits with a sort of awful correctness the past history and present downfall of Buonaparte. Having occasion to write a note to Lady Bathurst I have—protesting against the imputation of Methodism—

pointed it out to her. It ought to be read in all the churches.

Whitehall Place, Monday, 27th June.—Copy of the letter written by the Emperor of Russia (Alexander) to the Princess of Wales (the language and orthography the same as in the copy given Lady Charlotte Lindsay by the Princess, which was in H.R.H.'s handwriting).

MADAME,—Si Je n'ai pu présenter mes hommages à votre Altesse Royale je la prie de ne l'attribuer qu'à l'état dans lequel J'ai trouvé les choses à mon arrivé dans ce pays. Le délicatesse m'a imposé des obligations qu'il m'as [sic] été impossible d'enfreindre. Ces raisons sont les seules qui m'ont empêché de m'acquitter de mes devoirs envers vôte Altesse Royale.

Je la prie de recevoir l'assurance de ma haute considération.

Londres, le 10 Juin, 1814.

ALEXANDRE.

Though this was the date on the copy it must have either been a mistake in copying or made by the Emperor in the original, or else written long before the letter was sent, which was not till the day he set out for Portsmouth, viz., Wednesday, 22nd June.

Lady Glenbervie and I and the two Frederics set out for Spa on Friday next, July 1st.

[This little Diary of a tour abroad in 1814 is retained as of some slight interest to the modern tourist under transformed conditions. Much fashionable tattle is omitted.]

Wednesday, 13th July, 1814, 7 a.m., Hotel de Bellevue, sur le Parc.—We slept (Lady Glenbervie, Fred, D. and I) on Friday, 1st inst., at the Crown Inn, Rochester; on Saturday at the York Hotel at Dover. On Sunday sailed about mid-day in the "Drake" sloop-of-war (Captain Grant, master and commander) which Admiral

Foley, the Port Admiral at Deal, sent to carry us over and arrived late at Calais, having had an agreeable but tedious passage of ten hours. Quillacq's house (Dessein's formerly) being full we lodged at Ducrocq's, the Lion d'Argent.* We staid there all Monday. Fred. North had left London on the Saturday, joined us that evening at Dover, and has continued with us ever since. On Tuesday we dined and slept at St. Omers, on the Wednesday at Lisle, Hotel de Bourbon, Grand Place,† staid there Thursday. On Friday the 8th, at Enghien, having found Tournay too short a day's journey, and this place too long for Lady Glenbervie's health. We saw at that place (Enghien) from which the unfortunate grandson of the Prince of Condé derived his title, the magnificent but *delabré* country seat of the Duc d'Arenberg, and arrived here on Saturday the 9th.

Copy of Lord Castlereagh's letter to the Princess of Wales (given me by Lady Charlotte Lindsay, who copied it from the original:—

St. James's Square,
30th June, 1814.

Lord Castlereagh has been honoured with your R. Highness's letter of this date. He hopes to be enabled to submit to your R.H. in two or three days the draft of the bill proposed to be introduced in Parliament, the object of which will be to give legal effect to the arrangement agreed upon with your R.H. in the year 1809 extending the same [to] the augmentation to be made to your R.H.'s income.

Vide the proceedings in Parliament on this subject, and *Query* the rest of the correspondence of and with the Princess from Lady Charlotte Lindsay. The fore-

* This is where Sterne stopped on his first journey to France. On the "Sentimental" journey he stayed at Dessein's. Lady Hamilton stopped at Quillacq's.

† This is where Sheridan stayed on his elopement. Bourbon, of course, is a town; hence the "*de Bourbon*."

going was written before that of which a copy follows, and which was in answer to a former letter of the day before from Lord Castlereagh to H.R.H.

Copy:—

"The Princess of Wales acknowledges the receipt of Lord Castlereagh's letter of yesterday evening, which contains a proposal from the Crown to offer her a revenue due to the rank and station in which she has been placed. As no conditions whatever derogatory either to her rights, her rank, or her honour have been annexed to this act of justice, the Princess of Wales accepts it unquestionably in order to prove to Parliament that she is never averse to any proposal coming from the Crown to replace her in the proper splendour adequate to her situation, and to throw no unnecessary obstacles in the way to obstruct the tranquillity or impair the peace of mind of the Prince Regent."

30th June, 1814.—[Five pages relate the various stages of their journey.]

Spa, Thursday, 1st September, half-past 5 a.m.—The principal foreigners we have seen and known more or less at Aix-la-Chapelle and here have been of men, General Kleist, who commands for the King of Prussia, as he told me, an army of 150,000 men in this country. He says Kleist the poet was of the same family with himself. He is a large, coarse, vulgar-looking man.

Mr. Sachs, *Gouverneur Civil du pays de Liège sous le roi de Prusse*, of a mean appearance, and speaking wretched French and English, and disagreeable German. He is not a man of family nor a military man. He is a great friend of Jacobi.

[Other foreigners here mentioned are Baron Bouy, a

Swede, Baron de Forscles, also a Swede, and Count Blenhensee, a Pomeranian "poet and orator" "in the train of Madame la Comtesse de Montbrun, a Frenchwoman, rather pretty, the wife of General Montbrun, one of Buonaparte's 'Comtes' who was killed in Muscovy."

At this place we have found or been followed hither by—of English—Lord and Lady Tavistock and their child Lord Russell. Lord and Lady Bradford,* their daughter and son-in-law Mr. and Mrs. Whitmore, and two sons, one a captain in the Navy. Mr. and Lady Charles Greville, their sons Algernon and Henry and their daughter. The Dowager Duchess of Devonshire and Mrs. George Lamb [brother of Lord Melbourne, and a versifyer whom Byron assailed], Lord and Lady Morpeth with a son, Lord and Lady Harrowby with their handsome, accomplished and amiable daughter Lady Susan, and their son Lord Sandford, whose good qualities and passion for knowledge will make him as distinguished as his father if an unconquerable stutter shall not prevent him from rising to his proper level. Lady Clare and her daughter, Lord and Lady Huntley, Mr. and Lady Caroline Wortley, Lord and Lady Jersey, who have been at Paris, where she has made a great sensation. General Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd. She is a pleasing, prettyish woman and daughter to Lady Louisa Harvey of Chigwell, who was the reputed but unacknowledged daughter of Lord Nugent by his wife Lady Berkeley, &c.

Of foreigners our chief society has been General Comte de La Vauguyon, in the service of Murat, and younger son to the Duc de la Vauguyon, whose eldest son, the Prince de Carency [?], was formerly in England,

* Orlando Bridgeman, afterwards Lord Bradford, was outside the door during the Prince of Wales's marriage to Mrs. Fitzherbert.

and who is in a manner now shut out from Society on account of his disgraceful conduct and character. I do not know the particulars. Our general is a most agreeable, accomplished man, much the most so of any body of his sex we have met with. General Comt[e] Belliard, one of Buonaparte's Generals, created a Peer by Louis XVIII. He is a little, broad, stout man with a joyous countenance, fine black hair and eyes and fine teeth, but a reddish, undignified countenance. He is remarkably brave and all over wounds.

[Lord Glenbervie further mentions, among others, the Prince de Beauvau with his wife and two daughters, the Saxon Comte and Comtesse de Grunne, La Marquise de Baillet, and Comte and Comtesse de Lalen of Brussels.]

But the foreign lady who for beauty, accomplishments, elegance of mind and manners, has made the greatest impression by far has been Madame la Comtesse Talleyrand Perigord, daughter to the late Duke and present Dowager Duchess of Courlande, sister to the Duchesse de Sagan, and two others, and wife to the son of Archambaud, Talleyrand the Minister's nephew, who she married at the age of seventeen. She is now twenty, and has had three children, one of whom is dead. She is Talleyrand's great favourite, and is going to do the honours of his house at Vienna during the Congress. She speaks English correctly and prettily, though she has never been in England. She and Lady Charles Greville have been the flower of everything graceful in body and mind of our society. Old as I am, &c.—still, still, when with them, the power of beauty I remember yet.

Coblentz, 5th September, 6 a.m. Post-halting.—[An account of their journey from Spa to Coblentz. They

slept at Aix-la-Chapelle at the Grand Hotel on September 1st, in Cologne at the Hotel de Mayence on the 2nd. There follows a long account of the landlord of their Inn at Coblentz, and a hope that the good opinion formed of him will not have to be modified when the bill comes in. Sir W. Gell, soon to be mentioned, is the archæologist.]

Mayence, Wednesday, 14th September, 9 p.m.—The landlord's bill at Coblentz was the most exorbitant of any we have yet seen. How soon, alas ! the gay delusion passed. Farewell, foreigner, to sentimental friendships in the Kotzebue style with inn-keepers. We reached this place on Monday evening, when we found, at the Auberge of Les 3 Couronnes, that the Princess of Wales with her train, consisting of Sir William Gell, successor to St. Leger Capel Craven, also successor to him for the office of Vice-Chamberlain, has been put into Commission by her. But they have no Chamberlain over them, which made Lady Charlotte Lindsay say just now that she has more than one vice and not one principal. A third male attendant is Dr. Holland, and those three are dressed in a costume of her own invention, low black coats richly embroidered with gold bottom holes lined with crimson silk, waistcoats embroidered with gold, hats with high feathers and moustaches. She has but one lady with her—Lady Elizabeth Forbes. We remained at the Three Crowns all Tuesday, which, though reckoned the top Auberge, is very noisy and very dirty, and the resort of stage coaches and carriers. On Sunday I stumbled on the hotel called the Villa de Paris, and removed to it, finding an excellent apartment on reasonable terms, and unless the bill to-morrow morning affects

my purse and my temper like that at Coblenz, I intend to recommend this house to all my travelling countrymen.

[The party next moved to Mannheim, and from there through Carlsruhe to Strasbourg, where they were entertained by "honest Maréchal Kellerman," and saw Talma act as Hamlet and Britannicus. They next passed through Basle and Zurich to Morgenthal, and arrived on October 8th at a country inn near Geneva.]

We arrived last night about half-past six. *Les Anglais et Anglaises fourmillent ici encore. Mais heureusement pour l'état de la santé de ma pouvre femme les plus remuantes—Madame de Stäel et fille (avec M. Boncci[?]), Lady Davy et son mari, et surtout Lady Westmorland sont parties.*

Frederic and a Mr. Coleridge, nephew of the poet, came to us on Thursday morning from Geneva, where he has been resident and acting plays and proverbs with Lady Westmorland for near a fortnight. On our way here we paid a visit to a small interesting villa, which the father of our friend Madame de Montagu (now the Duc de Noailles), has hired ever since the beginning of the Revolution. He is now at Paris for the first time since that era with his second wife, Madame Golofkin.

Geneva, 12th October, 1 o'clock.—The house we lodge in belonged to old Mr. Cramer, the printer and friend of Voltaire. She [*i.e.*, his widow] was a clever woman and wrote very good verses. Our landlady, Madame Roguim, is his granddaughter. His son and her father made a *mésalliance*. She tells me her father was much acquainted with Necker, and used to act plays with Madame de Stäel.

Lyons, Sunday, 16th October, 3 p.m.—[*En route to Lyons they met with a carriage accident, and were obliged to stay at Lyons three days whilst repairs (costing £20) were executed. They then passed through Vienne, Montelimart, and Avignon, to Aix.*]

Aix, Monday, 24th October, half-past 9 p.m.—We arrived at Avignon on Saturday evening. The next day I dined at the Préfet's, Mr. des Mallet's, on the accidental invitation of his wife, who, through my banker, had informed us that she was an Englishwoman.* I found her an agreeable, accomplished, handsome woman, and her husband an intelligent, frank, obliging Frenchman. He had been Préfet of Ragusa some years ago, immediately after his marriage, and had taken his wife with him through Switzerland and over the Simplon to Venice, and thence through Dalmatia to his Préfecture, having been obliged to avoid the sea on account of Hoste's squadron stationed off Lissa. In their way to Ragusa they were once obliged to embark on an arm of the Adriatic, so that they might have been James Gordon's prisoners. In this passage they were in their skiff overtaken by a sudden and alarming storm, which having intimidated their patron, the Préfet, in imitation of Cæsar, said to him, "What do your fear?" "*Sachez que vous avez abord Le Préfet de Ragusa et sa fortune.*" He told me this with a good deal of pleasantry, and said this sort of encouragement had as little effect as he expected from his ignorant steersman. . . .

Marseilles, Friday, 28th October, 7 a.m.—We arrived

* He afterwards says that her mother was a Mrs. Scott, connected with Lord Minto's family. In his Spa jottings too, on travelling acquaintance, he speaks of a namesake as connected with the Marquise de Boufflers, who had shown him much attention years earlier in Paris.

here on Tuesday, October 25th, at l'Hôtel des Ambassadeurs, and on Wednesday went to see the *Avare* . . . , miserably acted. We were in the Maréchal's or Government Box, which Massena let us have in consequence of General Belliard's letter to him.

I find the road is so bad between Toulon and le Lac that I believe we shall be obliged to return to Aix, [from] whence to Antibes and Nice it is said to be very good. The distance from hence to Nice either way is the same, thirty posts.

Nice, Wednesday, 9th November, 8 a.m.—We slept at Brignoles, as we intended, on the 29th ult, in an apartment which had been occupied by the present pope when he was carried a close prisoner to France, and this spring by Buonaparte on his way to the island of Elba, and on the 30th we slept at Fréjus in the rooms Buonaparte had occupied for two or three days while waiting for the English frigate, Captain Usher, which conveyed him to that place. The first day he had dined quite by himself, on the second all the officers of the allied powers, including Colonel Campbell, dined with him. He had put up at the same house on landing at this place after having deserted his army in Egypt.

I came to Nice on Tuesday, the 1st, and Lady Glenbervie and Lady Charlotte followed me on the next day. We lodged in the Inn till the Saturday following, 5th November, when we removed to the small but convenient house called La Maison Succhi, situated in the suburb on the Antibes side of the town, through which the road passes which leads to the river and bridge which you have to cross before you get into the town. It is called the Quartier Anglais, from their preferring the houses

there, and our particular [one], *celui de la Croix de Marbre* from a marble cross in the neighbourhood of our house.

I amused myself the other night when I could not sleep in trying to imitate the epigram on Ward.

Damis n'a point de cœur ! Ah mon dieu ! quelle erreur,
D'avance il apprend tous ces *impromptus* par cœur.

18th November, Nice, Maison Succhi, *Croix de Marbre*, Wednesday, 6 a.m.—All persons of literature and taste in the French language agree in admiring the elegant *naïveté* of the following madrigal of Marot, which is cited by Marmontel in his "Art Poétique," and (to prove how much it is the fashion to know it at Paris) was repeated to me at Spa both by Madame de Perigord, whose taste and tact are so good, and the Marquise de Baillet. I amused myself the other night in trying to do it justice in English, and I am going to send my translation to both those foreign ladies.

DE OUY ET NENNI—PAR MAROT.

Un doux Nenni avec un doux sourire
Est tant honneste il le vous faut apprendre.
Quand est Ouy si veniez a le dire,
D'avoir trop dit je voudrois vous reprendre.
Non que je sois ennuyé d'entreprendre
D'avoir le fruit dont le désir me point ;
Mais je voudrois qu'en le me laissant prendre,
Vous me disiez, " Non, vous ne l'aurez point."

A gentle "No" said with a gentle smile
Is so becoming you must learn its use.
But to say "Yes" if ever you should chuse,
I fear I needs must blame so free a style.
Not that I ever can recoil
From seeking what my ardent hope pursues ;
But, when you yeild, I'd have you still refuse,
And say "No, no, You shall not" all the while.

Nice, 6th January, 1815.—The avocat Mars has lent me a little collection of epigrams where *sunt quædam (immo multa) mediocria*, but, whatever

may be the intrinsic merit of the following it has struck me as so applicable to our present Chancellor in England [Lord Eldon] that I must transcribe it.

Tanto ha quel Cancelliere
Di travagliar piacere
Che non si sa risolvere a sbrigare
Giammai nessuno affare.

The same epigrammatist, among the singular qualities which he had found united in a certain individual that though an old man and "for ladies' love unfit"—

"Fe da vecchio, il galante
E non sembrò ridicolo."

Nice, Thursday, 9th February, 1815, 8 a.m.—The following passage in the Twentieth Canto of the *Gerusalemme Conquistata* of Tasso was pointed out to me by the Cavalier Romei, a Sicilian lawyer who had been judge of the Tribunal des Douanes under the French Government, but is now displaced and selling his library. It is singularly applicable to the late Revolutionary History of France.

STANZA 76.

La Francia, adorna or da natura o d'arte,
Squallida allhor vedrassi in manto negro
Ne d'impio oltraggio inviolata parte
Ne loco dal furor rimaso integro.
Vedova la corona; afflitte e sparte
Le sue fortune, e'l regno oppresso ed egro
E di stirpe Real percosso e [t]ronco
Il più bel ramo, e fulminato il tronco.

[*And so, with a further Italian stanza (omitted) and a Fairchild-Family-like moralisation on his darling son Fred's birthday, our pleased and rambling Polonius bids us farewell.*]

THE END.

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